MY 27 '62

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JACKIE KENNEDY

The Saturday Evening

POST

May 12, 1962

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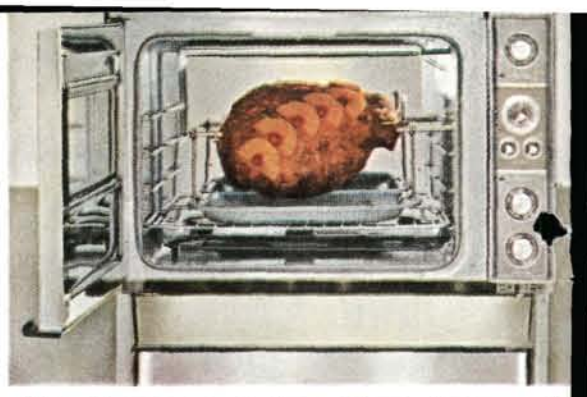

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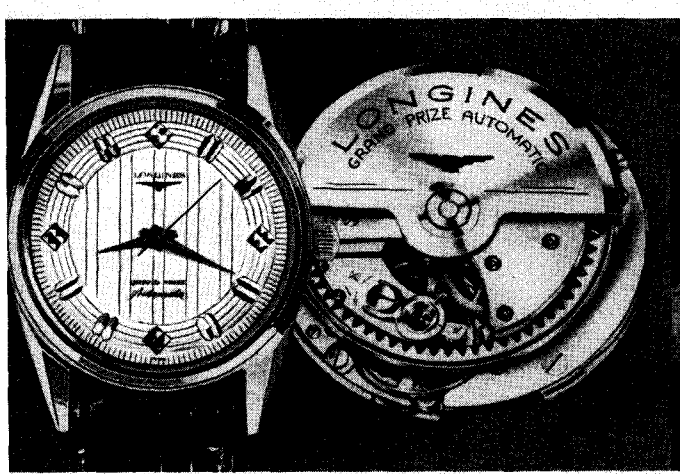

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Jackie's Friend. During the 1960 Democratic convention, Californian **Joan Braden**—wife of newspaper publisher Tom Braden—helped herd the faithful into Los Angeles Coliseum for nominee Kennedy's acceptance speech. "Bob Kennedy threatened to shoot me if the crowd was too small," Joan reports. It wasn't. More than 50,000 showed up in the blistering mid-July heat. After this triumph Joan (four months pregnant) moved on to Washington to help Jackie (also four months pregnant) organize women's activities for the campaign. Ever since, Joan and Jackie have been close friends. To obtain the exclusive *Post* interview beginning on Page 85, Joan (photo, right) accompanied the First Lady on her recent tour of India and Pakistan.

Other By-Lines. Nixon analyzer **Gladwin Hill,** who has headed *The New York Times* Los Angeles bureau since 1946, covered Nixon in '52, '56 and '60. . . . Philadelphia housewife **Esther Riva Solomon** spent one high-calorie month in the kitchen classroom of Paris's famed Cordon Bleu. . . . New York free-lance reporter **Irwin Ross** makes his *Post* debut with a profile of Harry (25-hour week) Van Arsdale. . . . Methodist missionary **E. Edwin LeMaster** related his Portuguese West Africa experiences to *Post* Associate Editor **Irv Goodman**. . . . Contributing Editor **Bill Davidson** dissects TV's Dr. Ben Casey with operating-room precision. . . . Veteran storytellers **Will F. Jenkins** and **Steve McNeil** reach milestones this week: We're publishing Jenkins's tenth *Post* story, McNeil's 100th. . . . Novelist-biographer-foreign correspondent **Vincent Sheean** is back in *The Post* for the first time since 1948 (when he wrote WHY I WILL NOT VOTE FOR WALLACE). . . . Pennsylvania Traffic Safety Commissioner **O. D. Shipley,** who wrote I SAY RE-EXAMINE ALL AUTO DRIVERS (July 29, 1961, *Post*), fires at another moving target.

The Cover. Red's friend Slim is lonely and likes to dance, and Blondie's friend Tiny is lonely and likes to dance. Thus, both parties agree to embark upon that hazardous venture known as The Blind Date—Scene I in artist Constantin Alajálov's retelling of life's oldest drama, Boy Meets Girl. But let's not be too sure that Slim's blind date won't become his little dumpling. For isn't love itself blind?

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LETTERS

Stirred Up Over Khrushchev

Dear Sirs:

You have done a great service by publishing the very heartwarming article, MY THIRTY-SIX HOURS WITH KHRUSHCHEV [by Luvie Moore Pearson, Apr. 7]. This article inspires us to look at world problems from a perspective based on historical, cultural and economic standpoints. There is no problem that remains irresoluble given eagerness to understand and reciprocate.

K. S. NAGARAJA
Department of Aeronautical Engineering
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Troy, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

An affirmation of the enlightening effect of getting to know "the enemy."

As one who has traveled in the Soviet Union, speaking Russian, let me assure Mrs. P. that all Russians are at least as engaging and peace-loving as Mr. K. . . . Congratulations on printing a fine article, which goes a long way toward showing that while Communists (like capitalists) have their evil side, they are still quite human and as convinced of their good intentions as are we. There is room on earth for both of us!

ARTHUR G. WEBSTER III, '62
Williams College
Williamstown, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Pearson *has* been brainwashed.... I hope the American public is not so gullible.

PENNY HAZELTON
Chula Vista, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I am glad to note that "the skeptical editors of *The Post* do not share Mrs. Pearson's estimate of Mr. Khrushchev's peaceful intent." . . . The kind of peace he wants is the kind he has in Poland, Hungary, East Germany and Czechoslovakia.

H. J. DELCHAMPS
Dover, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I was so angry when I read the article by Mrs. Pearson I threw the magazine at the wall. . . . Cancel my subscription.

NAME WITHHELD
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

His peace means a one-world commune controlled by the international Communist conspiracy.

C. RONALD SLAUGHTER
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I was simply *thrilled* to read Mrs. Drew Pearson's charming account of her visit with that kindly, jolly, warmhearted, friendly little Grandpa Khrushchev. . . . Like I always say—a man who had millions of his own people slaughtered can't be all bad. Anyone who wants "peace" that much means what he says.

DORIS URLIE
West Covina, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Cheers and more cheers for Mrs. Drew Pearson and her heartwarming, soul-lifting, makes-sense account of her visit with Nikita Khrushchev. I nominate her as our next Ambassador to Russia.

MRS. GEORGE SIGLOH
Kenmare, N. Dak.

Mostly Cheers for Jim

Dear Sirs:

As a Cleveland Indian fan I read your article about Jim Piersall [WHY DO THEY CALL MY HUSBAND CRAZY? by Mary Piersall as told to Al Hirshberg, Mar. 31] with some interest. Modern baseball needs colorful players like Jim.

RICHARD TREFNEY
Morrison, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

If Piersall wants to clown, let him join the circus. His antics have no place in major-league or any other kind of baseball.

MRS. RICHARD WESTHOFF
Spring Lake, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

To be honest with you, I thought Jim Piersall was a bit wacky, like most people do. But after reading your article, I understand his problems and think he is a very brave man.

JAMIE HOEFFEL (AGE 11)
Rydal, Pa.

Is Good News Needed?

Dear Sirs:

I agree with the Midwestern lady quoted in your editorial GOOD NEWS—WHO NEEDS IT? [Mar. 31] that news reporting has been sensational. The American masses (and our wealth doesn't change the legitimate use of that term as far as improved thinking is concerned) will buy and listen to news that plays on their fears and other sensations. . . . The tiny gripe I had against your editorial was its assumption that it was placing faith in the people at a time when the people show no sign of not being a mass.

ELEANOR D. REED
West Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your editorial. It restored my faith in humanity.

BRUCE WILLIAMS
Richmond, Ill.

Why There Is Hate

Dear Sirs:

Just as Harold Martin [RING OF HATE AROUND ISRAEL, MAR. 24] does not deny that today Arab leaders "in every public utterance repeat . . . that Israel must be destroyed," so, too, it cannot be denied that in 1948 (as has often been stated in open UN debates) the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem threatened equal destruction on those Arabs

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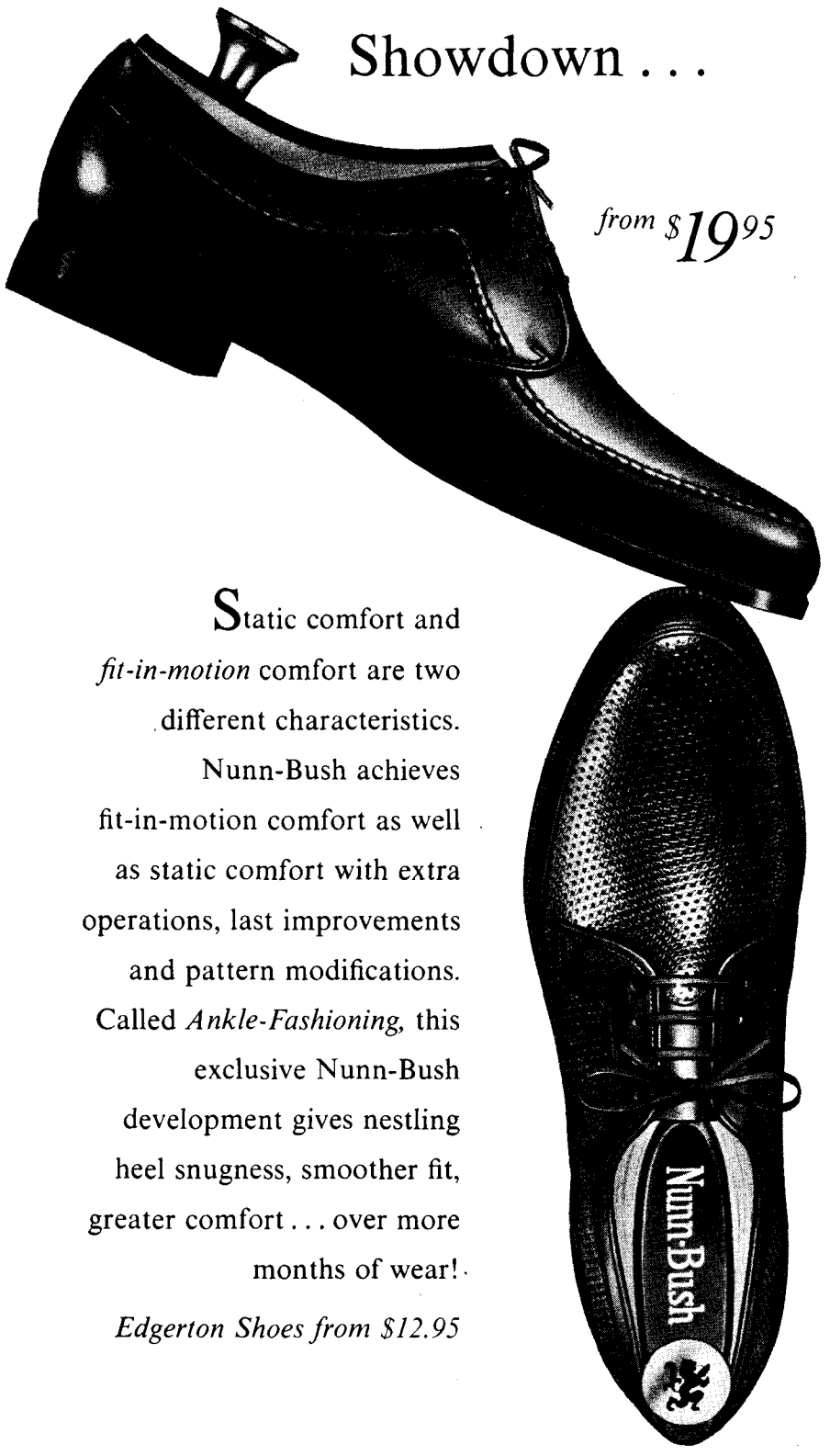

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LETTERS

who did not flee Israel to make way for the invading Arab armies. Indeed Arabs were forced to leave their homes in Israel. But it was their Arab leaders, and not the Israelis, who forced them to go. Mr. Martin's suggestion that the West diminish Arab distrust by conceding the Arabs' distortion of facts is contrary to all standards of justice.

JEROLD L. JACOBS
Amherst College
Amherst, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Arab children's hatred is for Zionism and Israel, not Jews. The article writer seems to forget that although "most of the children who chant this hymn, *Palestine Is Our Home,* with its overtones of hope and hate, never saw the Palestine to which they are determined to return," they are still the rightful owners of the homes and land called "Israel." Jews who today live in these homes and land are aliens, occupying them through aggression and an absurd claim dating 2000 years ago.

SAMI HADAWI, DIRECTOR
Arab Information Center
Dallas, Tex.

Stinging India's Wasp

Dear Sirs:

Regarding KRISHNA MENON: THE WASP OF NEW DELHI [by Peter Maas, Mar. 31], his Savile Row suit (which a worker in the "Worker's Paradise" could never afford—and neither can we after taxes for aid to Menon's India *et al.*) should be accompanied by a *red* necktie to show for what reason the wasp stings!

LOIS H. URON
Pitman, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Just because a rattler hasn't struck doesn't make it any less a rattler. I think we should heed the warning signs that are being rattled by Mr. Krishna Menon of India. Big India with its millions of people won't be the same thing as little Cuba. Are we forgetting already that Castro *wasn't* a Communist?

GERALDINE PEAK
Hillsville, Va.

Praise for Little Giant

Dear Sirs:

As an Oklahoman I highly approve the profile by John M. Virden on Carl Albert, our LITTLE GIANT FROM BUG TUSSLE [Mar. 24]. Isn't it wonderful to live in a country where a small-town boy can, by his own diligence and perserverance, make good, and in doing so benefit his home state, his political party and his country.

MRS. CECIL FARRIS
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

This is a fine article about a great American and a self-made man. I think it is timely too, pointing out, as it does, that an able, hard-working young man can go as high in our government as he aspires. We need more public servants like Carl Albert.

JAMES M. GAVIN
U.S. Ambassador to France
Paris

Phyllis Lifts Her

Dear Sirs:

A splendid article about PHYLLIS DILLER: THE UNLIKELIEST STAR [by Alex Haley, Mar. 31]. What Will Rogers did for the common man she has done for the housewife. It goes to prove there can be a lot of fun after forty.

GRACE BURROWS
Lodi, Calif.

Coming . . . in next week's Post

Communism's Failure

WORLDWIDE MARXISM:
A False Hope
By Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

THE PARTY IN AMERICA:
The Reasons for its Decline
By Harold H. Martin

Also:

Batting Champ Norm Cash of Detroit

High Fashion for Home Seamstresses

The Great Lakes: Whose Water Is It?

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
3–From Joan Braden. • 10–Robert Osborn. • 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25–Lawrence Schiller. • 26, 27–John Falter. • 28–Lawrence Schiller. • 29–Robert Huntzinger. 30–Hartley Alley. • 31–Robert Huntzinger. • 32–Jerry Cooke. • 33, 34–Erich Lessing. 35, 36, 39, 44–Jerry Cooke. • 49–Wide World. • 50, 53–United Press International. 54–Methodist Prints. • 56–Wide World; NBC. • 59–George Hughes. • 62, 64, 67–Bill Bridges. • 79–Kurt Ard. • 85, 86, 87, 89–Marilyn Silverstone.

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LADY BORDEN PINEAPPLE FANCY

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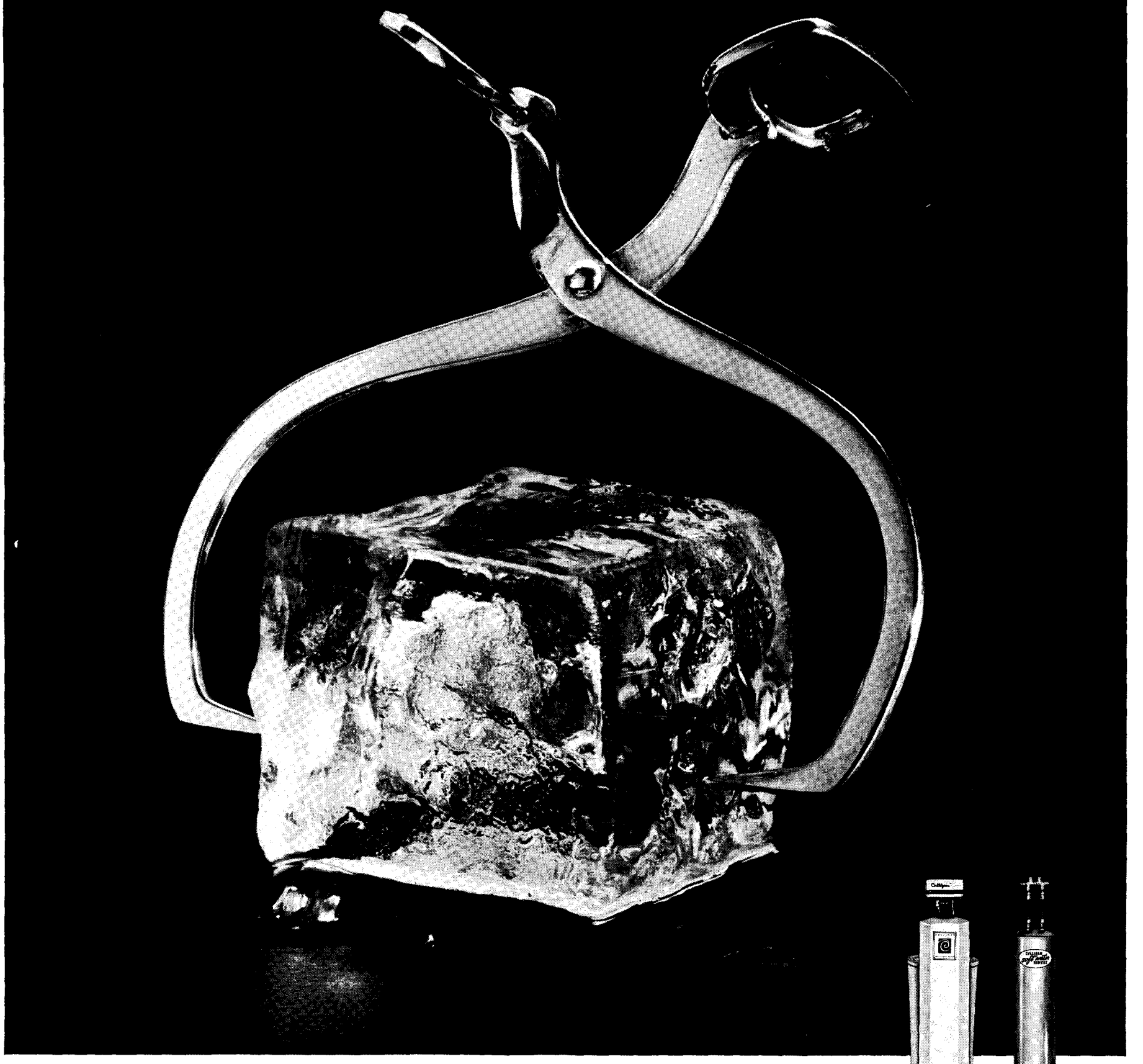
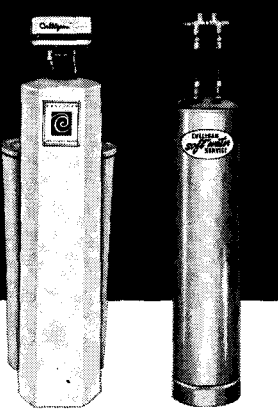
Hard water went out with the iceman



Let's face it. Hard water is old-fashioned. Worse yet, it's as unsubtle as a pair of tongs. It makes hands rough and red. It causes the ring in your bathtub, clogs plumbing, and what not. We help folks get new-fashioned: We simply connect one of our units to your water line. Then all your household water is soft and filtered all the time, automatically. Just call and say Hey Culligan Man. See? It's not hard.



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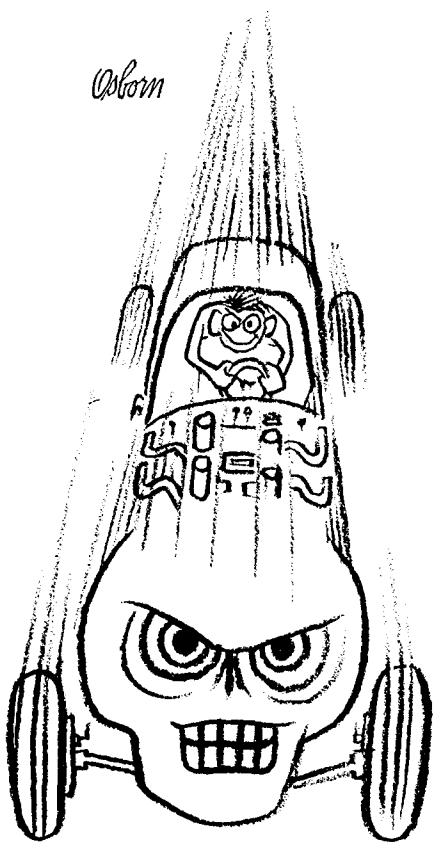
SPEAKING OUT

Why do we tolerate drag strips? They teach people to drive like MANIACS ON WHEELS

By O. D. SHIPLEY

Mr. Shipley, Pennsylvania's Commissioner of Traffic Safety, is a vigorous advocate of highway safety.



The idiot who forced you to pull off the road to avoid a head-on collision this afternoon, because he had passed where there wasn't safe room, probably didn't learn to drive like that by accident.

There's a school for that sort of driving, and it has come into being through a sad combination of youthful irresponsibility, parental indulgence and adult greed. It is the school of the hot-rod club, the drag strip and the kart track. Today it is spewing forth upon our crowded highways a class of young people trained to drive as rashly, as belligerently, as competitively as possible.

A lot of nonsense has been published about the great value of "letting young fellows get the speed bug safely out of their systems on drag strips," and about the educational advantage of permitting teen-agers to soup up ancient clunkers until they can challenge any car on the road. You hear a lot, too, about the great sport of letting anyone from five-year-olds to their grandfathers career around a paved lot in a tiny racer called a kart.

Before you fall for that plausible baloney, check with a few police and traffic-safety experts. Some years ago, when hot rods and drag races on the open highways first became a menace, a number of officials did go to the trouble of setting up off-highway drag strips in the hope that youngsters could race safely and learn, with adult supervision, something about safe driving and the rules of the road. It was a happy thought, but it didn't solve the problem.

A minority of hot-rod drivers—those belonging to the more responsible national organizations—have never been a real problem; they have for the most part raced on special tracks, observed strict safety precautions, had a healthy respect for the dangers of speed driving and regarded those who raced on public highways as "shot-rodders" and "squirrels."

Failure of the Legal Drag Strip

But for the shot-rod majority, a night or two of drag racing every week, under the eyes of police officers or community volunteers, proved pretty tame. They kept right on racing on the highways, using the "approved" drag strip to practice their lethal art. Law-enforcement officials were reluctant to admit they'd been wrong, but the majority have now soured on the plan, and most of the "approved" strips have been closed down.

But the commercial drag strip hasn't. This, to my mind, is a horrible example of making money out of one of mankind's most unpleasant instincts. The people who throng to the drag or kart race pay $1.50 or so admission. If you wish to enter the pit area, there's an additional charge. So far, so good. Kids thrill to the thunder of engines, the squeal of tires and the sensation of speed. Perhaps some of the contestants do get the "speed bug" out of their systems, but the same can't be said of the spectators; ask anyone who has watched the crowd roar away from such a drag strip after a day's races.

The most repellent aspect of the commercial drag strip, however, is its pandering to the morbid element in the audience. These ghouls want more than speed in a race; they want blood. Time and again I have seen a crowd surge forward after a crash to stare in ugly fascination at the mangled bodies in the wreckage. Remove the bodies, and the crowd disappears. Someone gets a cheap trophy, magnanimously provided by the promoters, who then announce over the loud-speaker that "next week we'll have benzine-powered cars that will reach 180 miles per hour" and be stopped—they hope—with the aid of a large drogue parachute.

The "Safety Rules" Myth

All of this, of course, is perpetrated under what the promoters call "a strict set of safety rules that are rigidly enforced." Enforced by whom? The promoter who would lose his box office if he ruled unsafe driving and unsafe vehicles off the track?

Whatever the "safety rules," these things have happened on the drag strips within the past two years:

At Puyallup, Washington, a twenty-one-year-old miss won a drag race, but lost her life as her car went out of control at the winner's line at a speed estimated at 116 miles per hour, hit an embankment, rolled over and struck a tree. On a raceway near Riverside, California, a dragger was fatally injured when his dragster went out of control at 168 miles per hour, climbed a dirt bank, hurtled 300 feet through the air, bounced into the air again and disintegrated—a crowd pleaser. The dragger died later in a nearby hospital.

To be sure, we could callously say that these racers have a perfect right to kill and maim themselves if they insist on it—so long as they endanger no one but themselves—but the matter does not end there. I am convinced that drag strips teach the worst possible type of driving to both participants and spectators, and that the lessons learned at drag strips are daily—or nightly—put in practice on the nation's streets and highways.

Drag racing on the public highways usually starts with a bunch of the boys bragging of their "beasts"—that is, hot rods—over a few malts or brews at the local hangout. A challenge issues, and scout cars, often equipped with police-band radios, are dispatched to survey the local drag roads.

Once a cop-free spot is found, cars are lined up with starters, timers and lookouts in position. What happens then is almost beyond credence. Two or three cars line up side by side. On signal they smoke out of the chute (accelerate from the starting line with tires spinning). The draggers roar around blind curves, over the crests of grades, side by side at speeds approaching 110 miles an hour. The driver who feels the urge to give way is unwilling to do so because such action is certain to merit a "chicken" label from his companions.

Last spring an impromptu drag race between two friends in southwestern Pennsylvania ended when one failed to make a curve on the highway at seventy mph. About a month earlier the survivor had called his friend "chicken" for refusing to race. This time he wasn't chicken, just dead. Last September, also in my state, a young serviceman was killed when the car in which he was riding got into a drag race, went out of control and crashed into a utility pole in the small hours of the morning. The drivers of the two cars—nineteen and twenty years old—explained that the race was a "matter of a couple of guys getting together and nothing to do." The same month, in Bellflower, California, another nineteen-year-old, drag-racing on a Saturday night, went through a red light at sixty mph, struck a car and killed an occupant. It could just as well have been you or me—if we had been in Bellflower that night.

The Blood-Soaked Balance Sheet

Innocent people have been killed or maimed for life simply because they happened to be using a highway pre-empted by the dragsters. The accident files of every motor-vehicle department in the United States can document the tragic consequences of competitive driving. Newspaper editorials condemn the practice. But look at a few excerpts from the letters of readers in reply to the editorials:

"If we had been provided with a drag strip, this wouldn't have happened. We don't want to race on the highways, but we have no other place to go. . . ."

"My husband was racing on the highway all the time, but since he joined the 'Road Deacons' he has been going to the drags and never races on the highway. I have been reading about these boys being fined for drag racing (on the highway). I think it is a shame they took away the one sport the boys in the area were enjoying.

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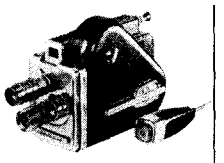

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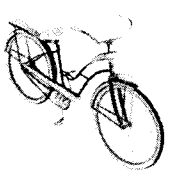

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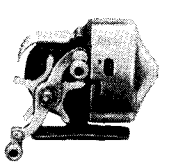

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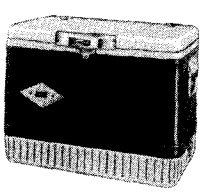

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2. 568 winners will be drawn and notified by independent Judging Organization within thirty days of closing date. First three winners to keep all the money picked by hand from Canada Dry Money Tree assigned, and placed in basket furnished, in the time allotted, including money picked and in hands of contestant at end of the period. Winners must personally participate. Tree must remain standing and unbroken.

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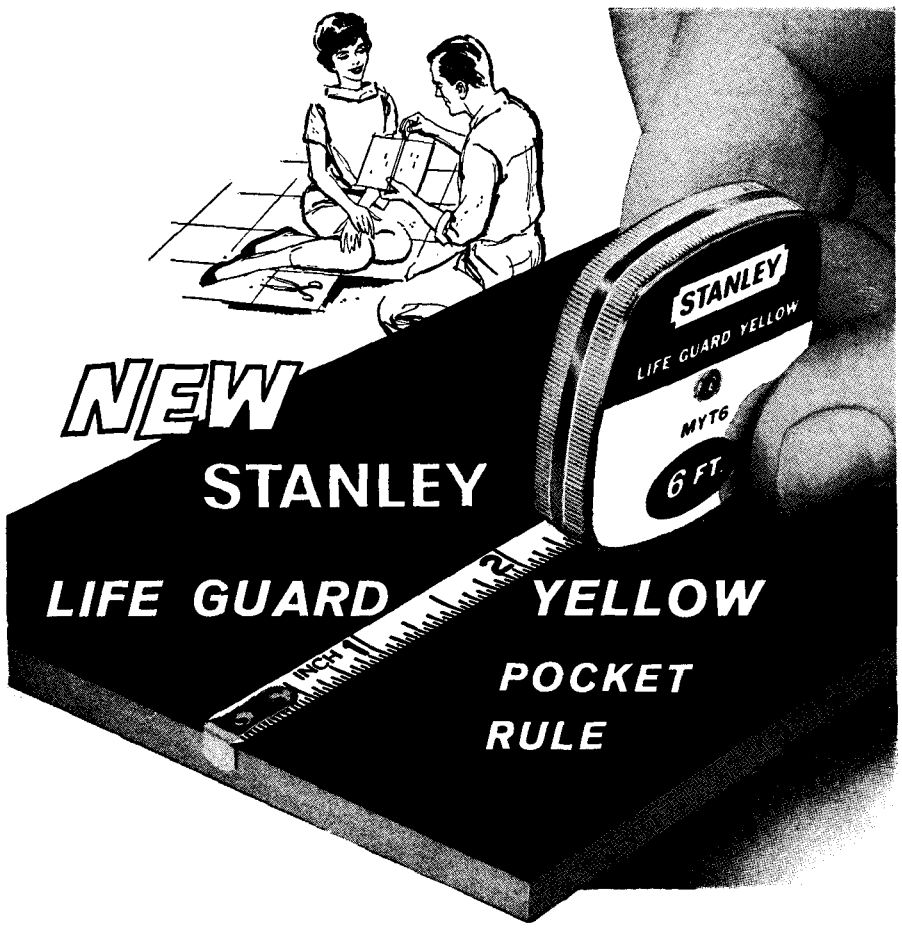

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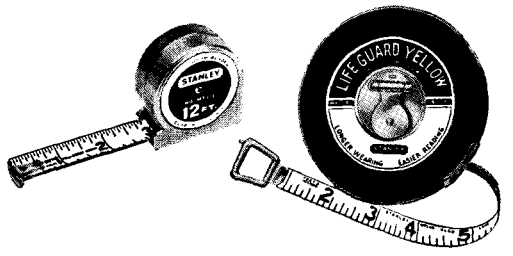

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SPEAKING OUT

If you sit down and think about it, what else is there for a teen-ager to do?"

"The proposal to set aside a lightly traveled street for drag races is the most constructive idea I have heard on the problem. . . ."

Certainly these people are entitled to their opinions, but their attitude hardly lends support to the argument that racing on "approved" drag strips teaches safe-driving habits. Anyone who feels that he has to race on the public highway because the old drag strip has been closed certainly leaves something to be desired as a student of safe driving.

In any case the issue here is not, as these letter writers seem to think, the right of honest devotees to indulge in a competitive sport. The issue is public safety—the safe use by you and me and our families of the public roads and streets. Nowadays just driving the family car to the market, or the office or the theater and back requires of everyone real concentration on courteous, defensive driving. There isn't any room or any need for driving as if every other vehicle housed your mortal enemy. And that's the formula the hot rodder, the drag racer and their kind have learned.

Where are the police when the highway drag race is under way? Don't the noise and the excitement arouse neighbors? It sure does, and here's what happens:

Last May four members of the Pennsylvania State Police were attacked and stoned by bystanders when they moved in to arrest three drag racers.

In 1960 the San Diego, California, police arrested 116 persons in a drag-race protest riot. Thirty-six of those arrested were teen-agers, some girls. Prior to police intervention, the drag-racing enthusiasts had started racing on a boulevard in East San Diego. The race was staged as a protest against their failure to obtain a racing strip to replace one that had been closed down following a fatal collision of racing cars.

Code of the Drag Addict

Are those the actions of safety-minded groups of youngsters who pledge to obey all traffic laws on our streets and highways? Or are they actions of young people indoctrinated in competitive driving, who seem to think they can appropriate public traffic arteries as their private domain, jeopardize the lives of law-abiding motorists and pedestrians and get away with it?

What about parental responsibility? Why do parents permit, and too often encourage, their own children to learn the spurious enchantment of speed and to develop the deadly instinct of competitive driving in the obvious face of the hazard involved? I just don't know. But maybe there's a partial answer in the kart track.

The kart is a midget automobile. These crazy kid-killing contraptions were designed for youngsters from five to fifteen years of age. But dad quickly showed interest and he proved that, by squeezing into a space hardly adequate for a midget, he could get thirty-five or forty miles per hour out of junior's kart. Some of the higher-powered, twin-engine units will reach ninety miles per hour.

Here the urge for speed on the part of the parent places in the hands of children—years before legal driving age—a gasoline-driven motor vehicle that is about as safe as a baby cobra. Under the guise, "Karting is a safe, wholesome family sport," thousands of parents have fallen prey to these midget destroyers. Are they safe?

A school principal in Alabama suffered a fractured skull when struck by a kart. Sen. Estes Kefauver suffered serious leg injuries while trying out a neighbor's kart to see if he should buy one for his son. On Staten Island, New York, last June, two fifteen-year-old boys were involved in a head-on kart crash. Result: One dead, one injured critically. And last year in Pennsylvania, fifteen minutes after a state trooper had warned a group of karters not to drive on the highway, a fourteen-year-old youth was killed when he ignored the advice and ventured out onto the busy Lincoln Highway with his kart. These are only a few of the untold number of cases involving injury and death to youngsters not old enough to ride a bicycle on the sidewalk with safety. It is a sad commentary on parental guidance and moral responsibility.

How About Your Own Child?

If your child joins a hot-rod club or a kart club and eventually maims or kills himself or some innocent victim you have no right to excuse your negligence with the statement, "I didn't know he was racing." It's your business to know and apply the necessary corrective measures before it's too late.

In Pennsylvania safety-minded Gov. David L. Lawrence spurred legislative passage in 1961 of a Junior Driver's License Law which imposes a curfew for juvenile drivers. This will help curb the junior speed demon and put a premium on safe driving. Its effectiveness will depend to a large degree on parental cooperation.

In cases where parents don't know, or don't realize the seriousness of junior's automotive escapades until the court or the hospital calls, the hearings held by our Bureau of Traffic Safety have been helpful. We summon both parents and the juvenile offender to these hearings. I conduct many of them personally. It has been encouraging to see parents, upon leaving, determined to exercise needed control, and youngsters chastened, and at least partly convinced of the importance of safe, legal driving. I'm hopeful that these hearings will be the first and the last for most of the youngsters.

Our greatest discouragement came in a case where a boy freely admitted racing another lad on a public highway, and was about to turn in his license and serve a one-year suspension. Then daddy got into the act. He said he'd appeal the suspension. He didn't, but the boy got the message: Dad thinks it's all right to race. A few weeks later the boy was arrested for driving while under suspension. Now he's a Juvenile Court ward, and developing quite a record—thanks to dad's timely lesson.

I find it both sad and shocking that there should be this large minority of drivers who seem to believe that our highways are the place to work out aggressions and hostilities, and that to drive belligerently and with utter disregard for anyone's safety is the ultimate in motoring achievement. I believe that off-highway drag strips, kart tracks and the like contribute far more to highway delinquency than they do to driver improvement; and that parents who take the trouble to learn the laws and the rules of highway safety can do more by their own example and good discipline than all the courts, drag strips and kart tracks in the world to bring about better, safer driving on our highways. THE END

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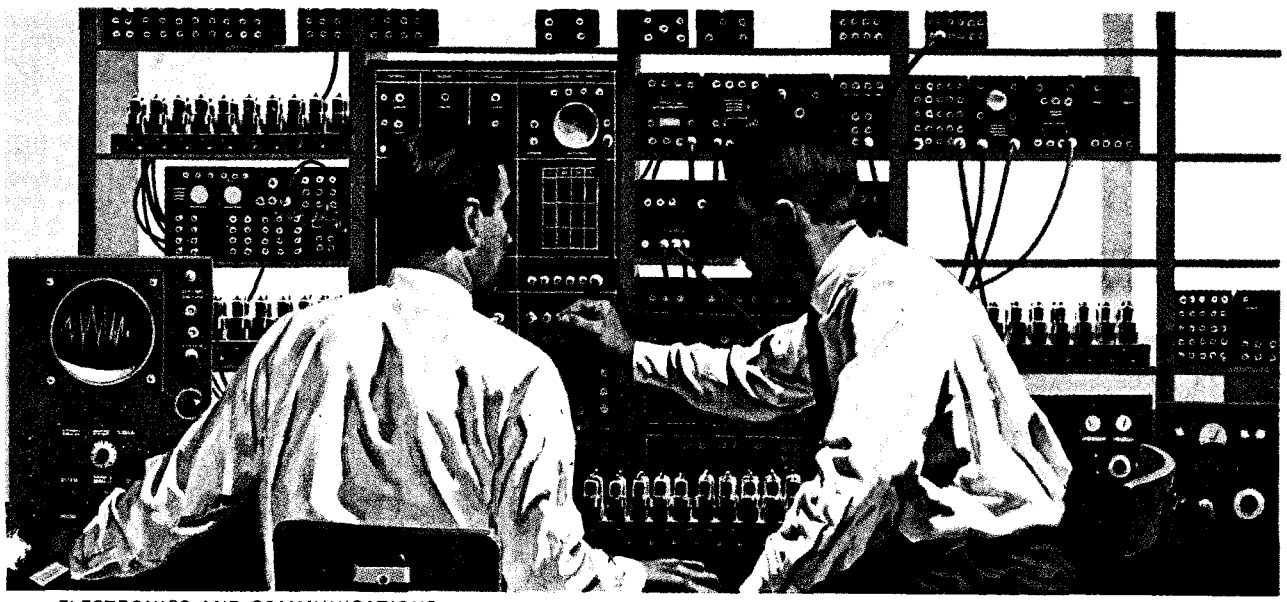

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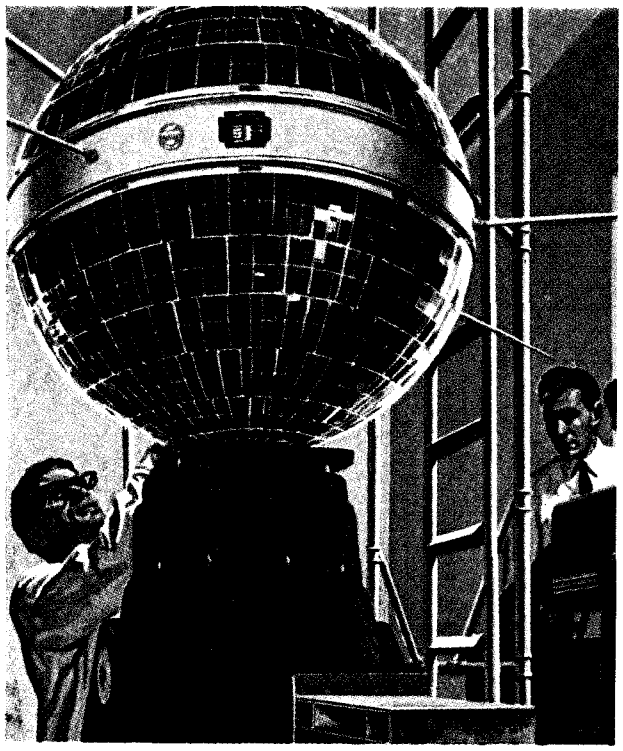

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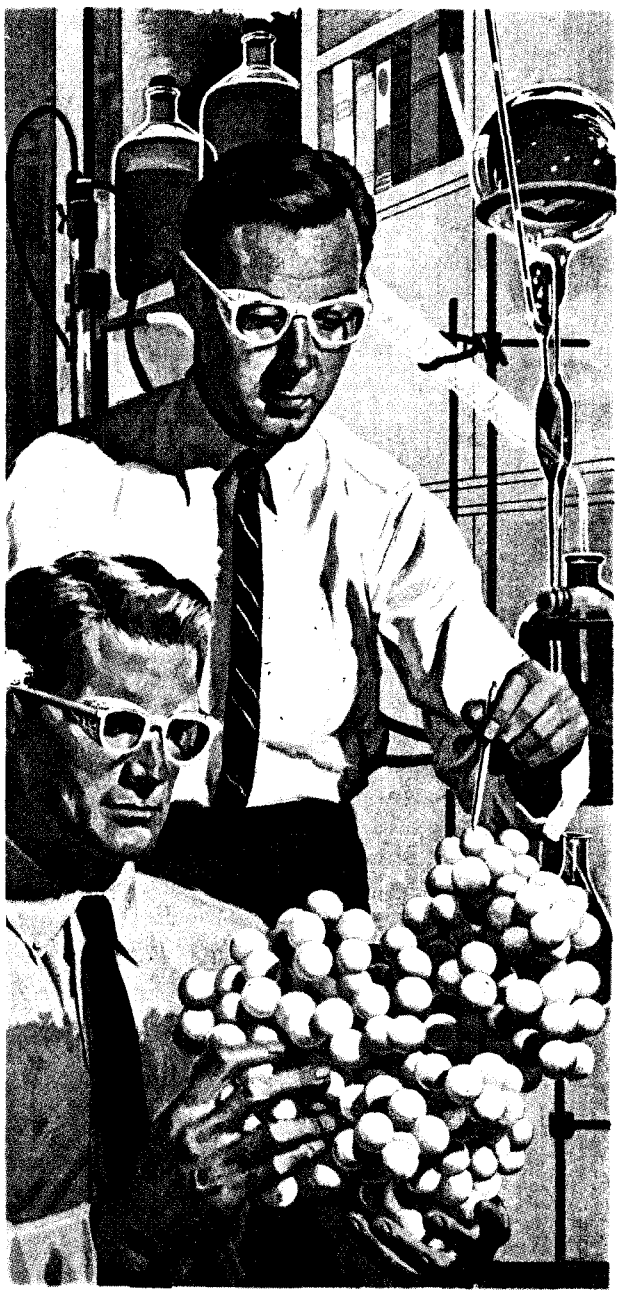

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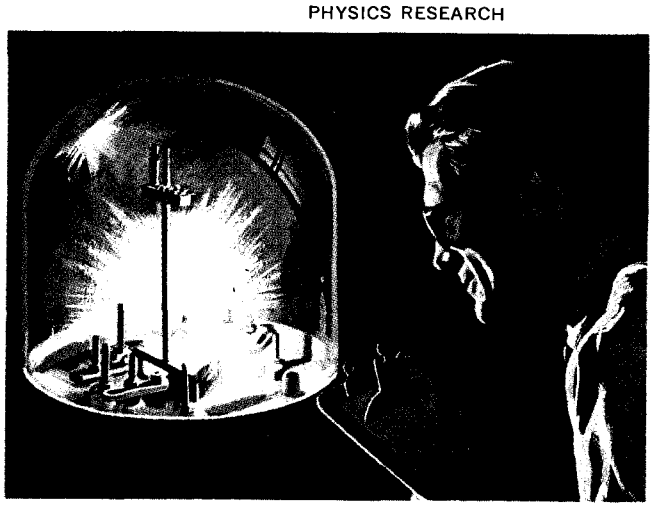

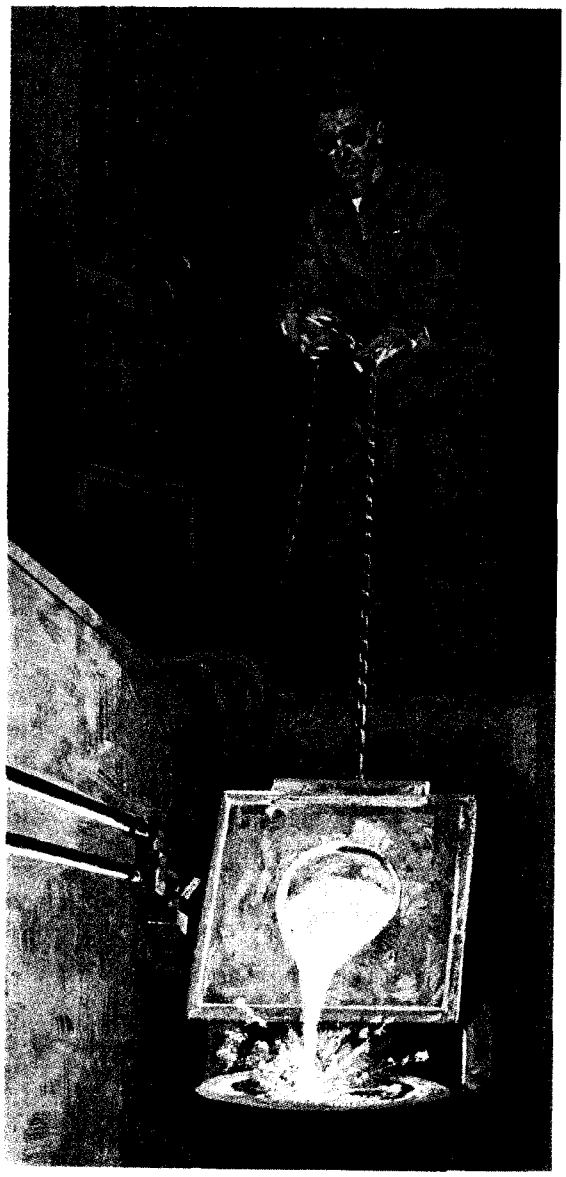

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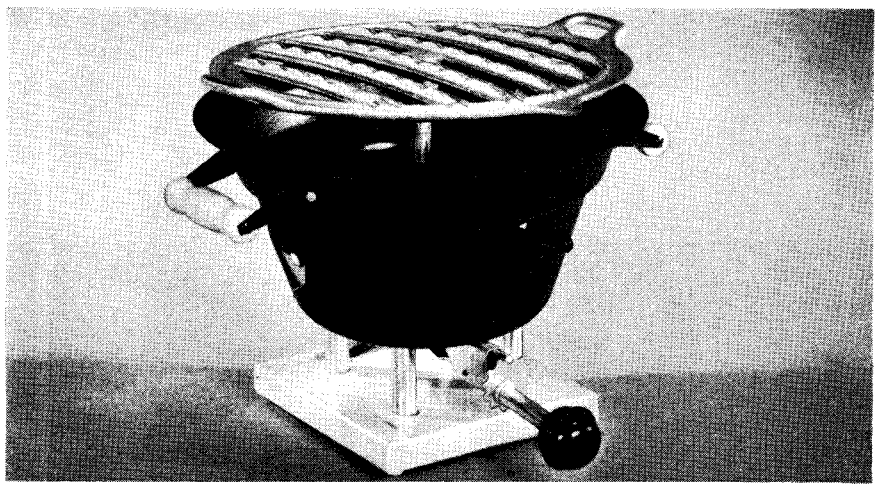

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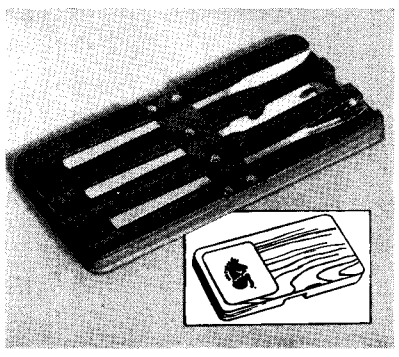

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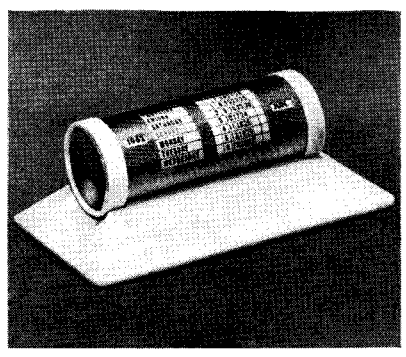
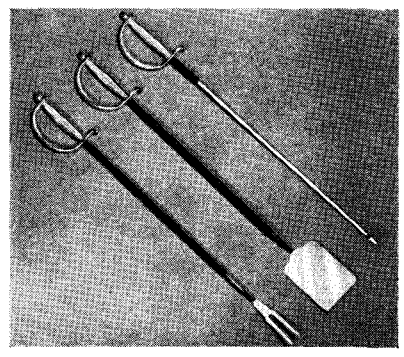


Look ahead for 23 years
A brand-new calendar for 23-yr. period, 1961 through 1983. Knob-type control... turn left-knob once a year, turn right side each month. Dates for months line up automatically. Gold-tone cylinder. $3 ppd.



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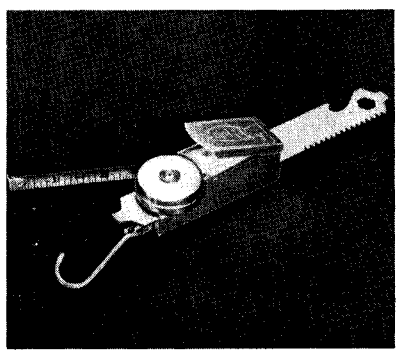
Dashing flair in sword-like design of easy-to-grasp handles makes set a smart wall decoration when not in use. 24" extra long skewer, spatula, fork. Stainless steel; heat-resist black metal handle-cover. $10 ppd.



A fisherman's best pal
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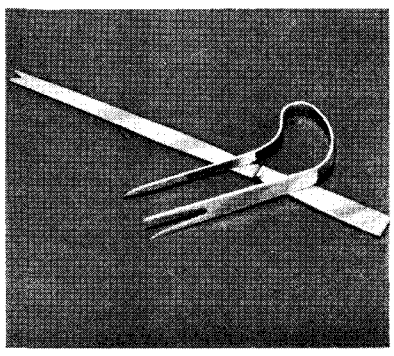
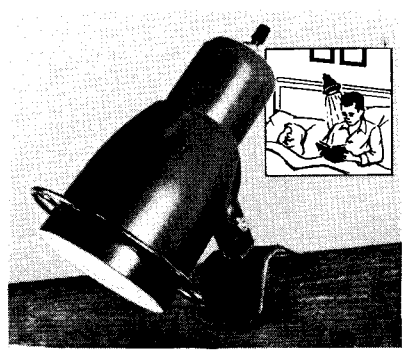


A couple of real cut-ups
Perfect no matter how you slice it—utility slicer with serrated back-edge for heavy-duty cutting, and flat-front surface ideal for slicing . . . duo-point tip perfect for serving. Secure-grip, stainless steel roast-holder. $7.75 ppd.



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Clamp-on bed lamp for light that shines directly on your reading matter, won't disturb your sleeping "better half". Classic style and wood-tone brown color blend with your room decor. Bulb not included. $5 ppd.

Serve in correct style
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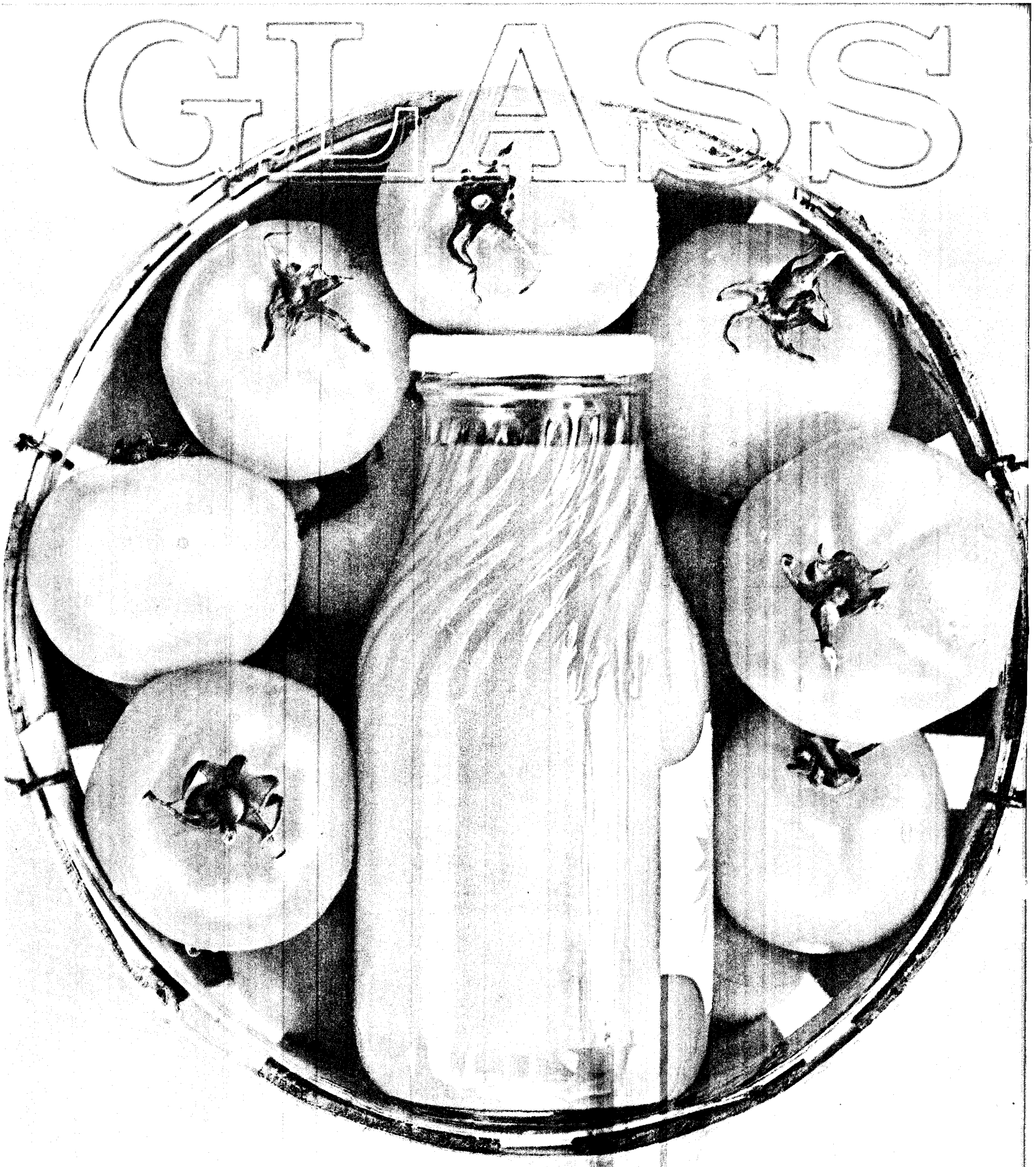

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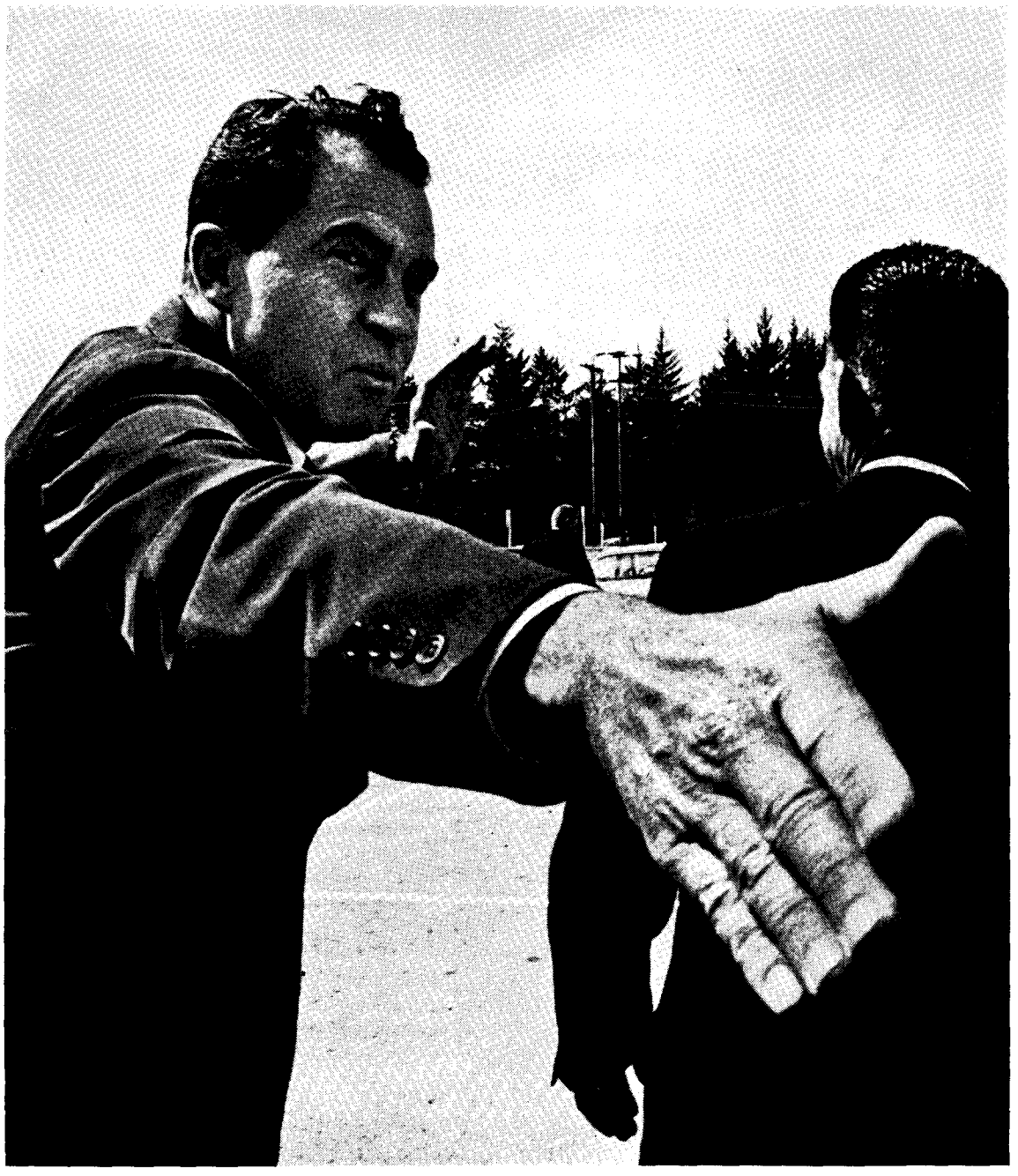
Do-or-Die for Nixon

A penetrating report from California on the former Vice President's fight to regain leadership of the Republican Party.

By GLADWIN HILL



Statisticians have punched a row of computer buttons and come up with the arresting prediction that California's ever-growing population will pass the 17,300,000 mark by next December. That will put California ahead of New York as the most populous state of the Union—one of several reasons why the question of whom California will be installing as governor commands national interest.

Will Richard M. Nixon occupy the governor's mansion and then, with a new lease on political life, head toward the White House which he so narrowly missed reaching in 1960?

Or will he plunge into political limbo, while Gov. Edmund G. Brown reinforces the Democrats' grip on the erstwhile Republican stronghold of California?

Will California this year be the testing ground of that curious new force in national politics, the Right Wing? Will support from the John Birch Society help or hurt Republican campaigners?

These questions sound like the teasers in a radio soap opera, but they are typical of what the American public is going to hear from California in the months ahead. California is a political never-never land, where fiction and reality tend to merge, and a good many people, including politicians, get lost in the shadowy zone between the two.

Act I of the drama has featured a protracted "cliff-hanger" episode. It opened with Nixon at stage center, wondering aloud whether to run. Then came his klieg-lighted announcement, a barrage of oral brickbats from rivals, and an involved wrangle with his fellow Republican, former Gov. Goodwin J. Knight, over who tried to edge whom off stage. Finally there was a tried-and-true soap-opera motif: Knight, felled by a serious and protracted illness, quit the race.

After a brief absence from public life, the 1960 G.O.P. Presidential candidate returns to the political wars with a practiced and receptive hand.

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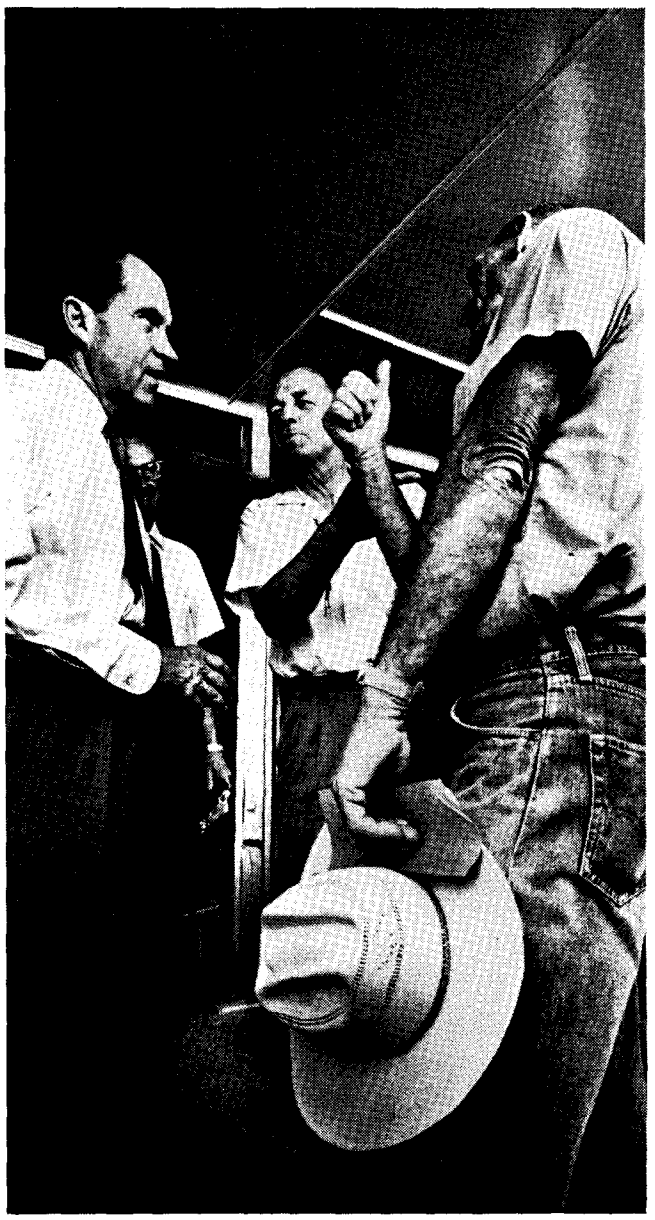
Nixon stumps up and down the state, probing for promising issues and taunting Brown about "the mess in Sacramento."



Nixon discusses irrigation problems with farmers after a rally at Indio, a date-growing center. The Democratic camp charges that his fourteen-year absence from the state has put him out of touch with local issues.

In recent weeks the nation has been witnessing Act II—a long-range exchange of trial salvos between the main contenders. Nixon has been stumping the state, probing for promising issues, taunting Brown intermittently about "the mess in Sacramento." The governor, amid preoccupations with a cranky legislature, has kept rhetorical pressure on his challenger as an unqualified opportunist, bent on using the four-year gubernatorial term as a stepping-stone back to national office. In the June-fifth primary, each is expected to get his party's nomination.

Then will begin a climactic five months of the yearlong show, as the two course the 800-mile length of the state, through summer heat and a quizzical electorate, striving to demolish each other in advance of the November voting.

Congress: Solidly Democratic

When the results are pieced together from 30,000 ballot boxes, California will have registered its new potential in the realm of national policy. Owing to its population growth of the last decade, the state will elect a congressional delegation enlarged from thirty House seats to thirty-eight—only three fewer than New York will have. A solid majority of these seats will be Democratic. And the odds are that the voters will again, as in 1958, give California's state administration, in the main, to the Democrats.

But owing to some of the oddest political dynamics to be found in the United States, the outcome of the gubernatorial contest remains in doubt. No knowledgeable Californian would bet you an orange on the result. The figures suggest that an election in California should be a cut-and-dried affair; in the state's electorate of about 6,500,000, there are 1,000,000 more registered Democrats than Republicans. Yet the Republicans, in a steadily decreasing minority since 1932, held sway in state politics almost continuously for twenty-five years, right up to 1958.

But anyone who assumed that California was tucked into a Democratic pigeonhole was in for a surprise—and this included a man named John F. Kennedy. In the hard-fought 1960 Presidential election, Kennedy lost California to Richard Nixon by 35,000 votes. So the big question is whether this year's California voting will follow the Democratic pattern of 1958 and swing to Brown, or copy its 1960 behavior and support Nixon.

Californians habitually maintain the pretense that they are following orthodox political patterns. Candidates speak of party organization and party loyalty, as if they were in New York, Ohio or Kansas. Actually such fixtures exist in California as shadows of true party substance.

A half century ago, in a spasm of reaction against political corruption, Californians set out to make their state purer than others. County and local offices were made nonpartisan by law; there is no such thing as a "Republican" mayor or a "Democratic" sheriff in California. Such officials have personal party affiliations, but they can't run on them. This distinction, in combination with a thoroughgoing merit system in civil service, cut down partisan job-dispensing, the great adhesive of political organizations.

On top of this, party organizations are structurally disjoined by law; their county-level segments are elected, their state-level segments appointed, and the two are not readily coordinated. To weaken conventional party politics further, there was introduced the unique institution of primary "cross-filing." A candidate could compete for nomination simultaneously in the Republican and Democratic primaries, confusing voters about his actual affiliation and exactly what he stood for.

In this bizarre political setting, Messrs. Brown and Nixon and their contemporaries must make efforts as exceptional as those of deep-sea divers or explorers on the moon.

Party organizations are feeble. Although cross-filing was abolished in 1959 in favor of conventional primaries, party lines are still blurred. Only a minority of zealots displays party regularity and party loyalty. Californians register as Republicans or Democrats, but on Election Day they may do anything. Actually they vote less along party lines than according to their leanings as conservatives or liberals. So a California candidate is apt to subordinate party label and platform, trying instead to convince liberals that he's not too conservative and persuade conservatives that he's not too liberal.

From Prominence to Oblivion

In the absence of effective party organizations, campaigns take the form of lone-wolf, one-shot efforts, with victory going to the candidate armed with the most ambivalent appeal. Unless he's in office it is almost impossible for a politician to hold together a personal organization.

It was this curious system that projected Nixon from anonymity, by way of the House and Senate, to his recent role of White House understudy and international policy shaper. The same system plummeted Sen. William F. Knowland from national prominence to political oblivion when his 1958 bid for the governorship failed. It is small wonder that Nixon hesitated for seven months before deciding to risk this political version of going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Even then, his hand was forced.

Chief obstacle to Nixon's political future is Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, the incumbent Democratic governor. Recent voter polls have shown a vague, but widespread, dissatisfaction with the Brown regime.

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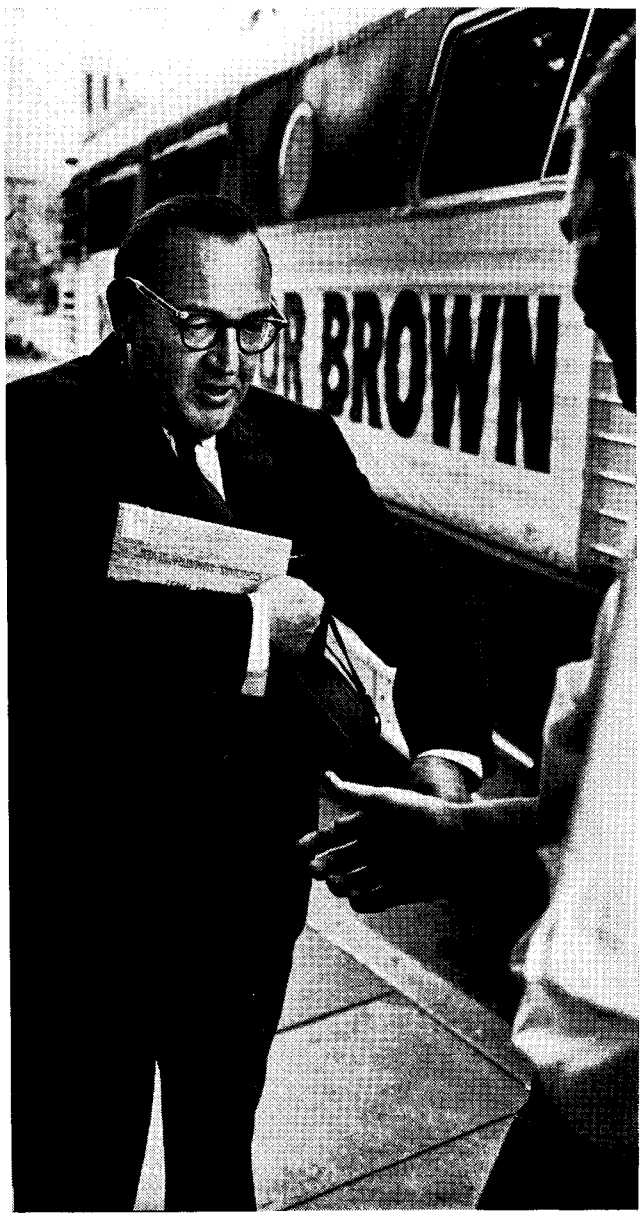
Brown charges that Nixon is "just double-parking in front of the state capitol while he finds the route to Washington."



Brown, who does his statewide campaigning by private bus, juggles to glad-hand a passerby. Elected in 1958 by a 1,000,000-vote margin, he has the advantage of a big Democratic lead in voter registration.

A sort of political Odysseus, the forty-eight-year-old Nixon returned to his native heath last year after a fourteen-year absence, preoccupied with his role as titular leader of the Republican Party and its potential value in another try for the Presidency.

Avoiding press and public, Nixon commuted between a vague but lucrative law partnership in downtown Los Angeles (which brought him $100,000 last year), and a rented mansion, pending completion of a $150,000 home in Beverly Hills. There a staff of several persons helped him prepare a book of memoirs, due to bring him in another $200,000. Ten syndicated columns will ice the cake with $40,000. "I didn't know there was money to be made like this," he remarked cheerily.

When Nixon departed from this home-office groove, it usually was to make speeches at Republican fund-raising dinners across the country. But life didn't work out the way he had expected. It soon became apparent that the G.O.P. titular leadership was a hollow honor. Other party voices—former President Eisenhower's, New York Governor Rockefeller's, Arizona Senator Goldwater's—sounded with equal or greater volume on the national scene.

The Impetus of Office

Growing public support of President Kennedy's Administration began to make the 1964 Republican presidential nomination look, in Nixon's words, "not worth much." It appeared that to keep up political momentum Nixon needed the impetus of public office, if only on the state level. So he made a virtue of necessity and last September twenty-seventh, renouncing presidential aspirations, publicly dedicated himself to "clean up the mess in Sacramento."

This was a mellifluous slogan, but it suggested a public clamor for reform that didn't exist. Rather, it was politicalese for: "I see by the polls that Brown's popularity is slipping, and maybe I can take him."

The idea of running for governor already had occurred to other Republicans. First there was former Lt. Gov. Harold J. Powers, an affluent Eagleville rancher who likes cowboy boots and the nickname "Butch." Behind his seemingly token candidacy, it is generally supposed, was a nostalgic yearning for Sacramento. He dropped out of the contest in March, with bitter comments about a G.O.P. kingmaker coterie's selfishly pushing Nixon's candidacy to the exclusion of likelier aspirants.

The next entry was state Assemblyman Joseph C. Shell, a wealthy young oilman from Los Angeles, whose frank appeal to right-wing Republican sentiment at first was appraised as a naïve idiosyncrasy.

Then, only a fortnight before Nixon's announcement, came the candidacy of Goodwin Knight, California's ebullient, sixty-five-year-old former governor. In 1958 he was euchered out of a bid for reelection in favor of Senator Knowland's gubernatorial—and presumptive presidential—ambitions. Knight was shunted into the senatorial contest against Clair Engle, and like Knowland went down to defeat. Retiring to private business, he awaited a chance for revenge.

The target of these Republican sorties is a genial fifty-seven-year-old man whose public image is somewhat blurred. When chubby, owlish "Pat" Brown, the Democratic incumbent, topples off a surfboard, literally or figuratively, the cameras are trained on him; when he navigates successfully, nobody seems to be looking. Brown was state attorney general when he won the governorship in 1958 by a 1,000,000-vote margin. An aide observed that this left no place to go but downward, and that has proved to be the case.

In some respects Brown's administration has outshone that of Republican predecessors. He got into motion a tremendous $1,750,000,000 water-redistribution program. He even maintained a balanced budget without major tax increases, after inheriting from Goodwin Knight a rivulet of red ink. And he initiated a spate of laws running the gamut from education and race relations to narcotics control and highway safety. But Brown admits his weakness is in trying to please everybody. His vacillation on the Caryl Chessman death sentence caused an international furor. Then he became tangled in the conflicting aspirations of the leading Democratic presidential contenders—senators Kennedy, Johnson and Symington, and Adlai Stevenson. The Brown-led California delegation to the Democratic National Convention disintegrated in confusion far behind the Kennedy bandwagon.

Brown's Advantage

If the California campaign has a strange aura, it is due to a circumstance which neither side can readily admit: Both are fighting to a degree from positions of weakness rather than strength.

Brown has the appreciable advantage of incumbency and the majority party behind him. He has a squad of good speech writers, whose creations he delivers well, and a statewide public-relations mechanism, partly on the state's payroll and partly on the party's, which takes instant and even anticipatory counteraction to moves of the opposition.

Brown has the comforting evidence that in 1958 most of the Democrats' 1,000,000 registration

Nixon follows up a speech at Modesto with some off-the-cuff answers for bystanders and "Nixonettes." To win, he must corral about 500,000 Democratic votes and keep the G.O.P. solidly behind him.

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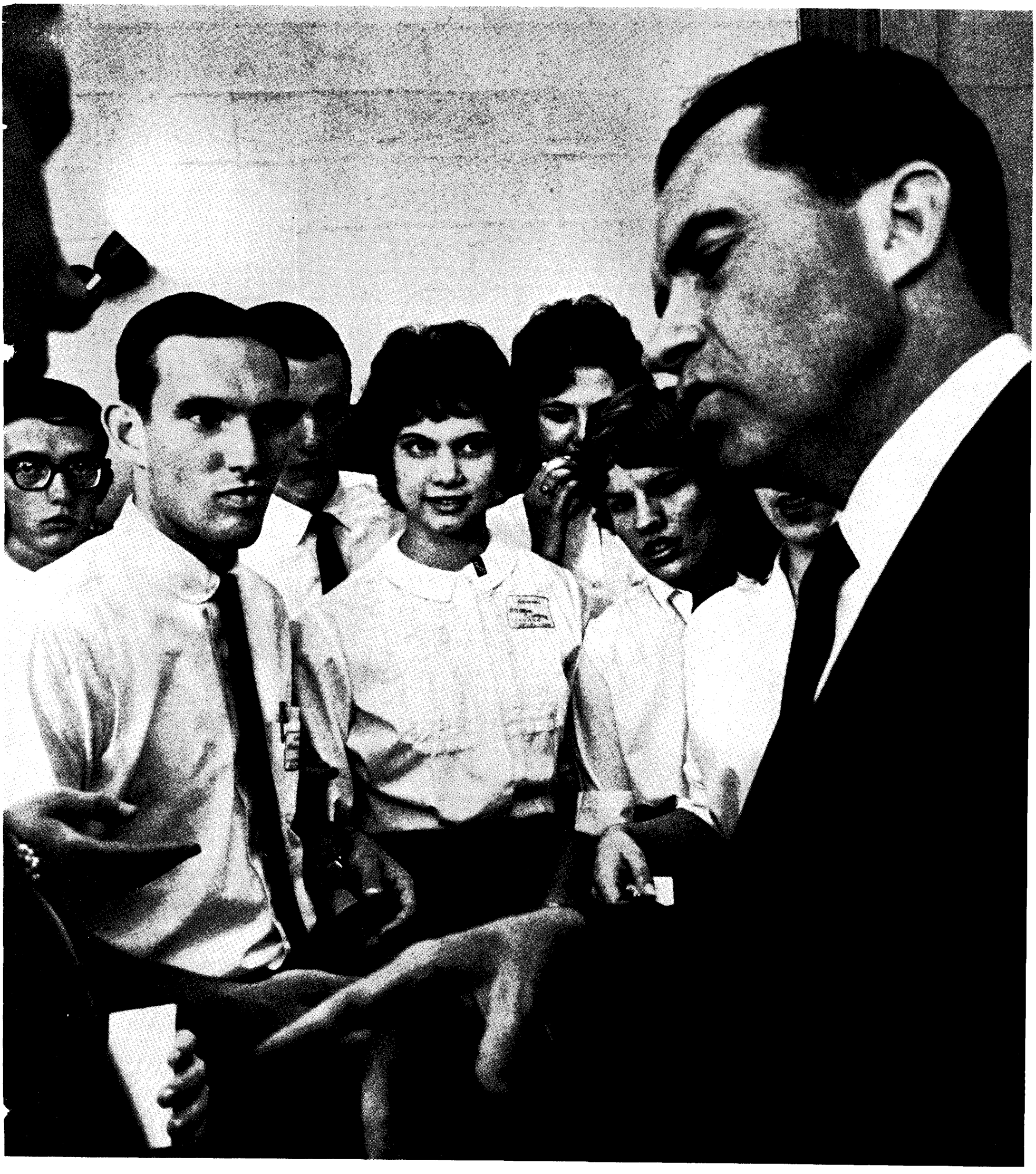

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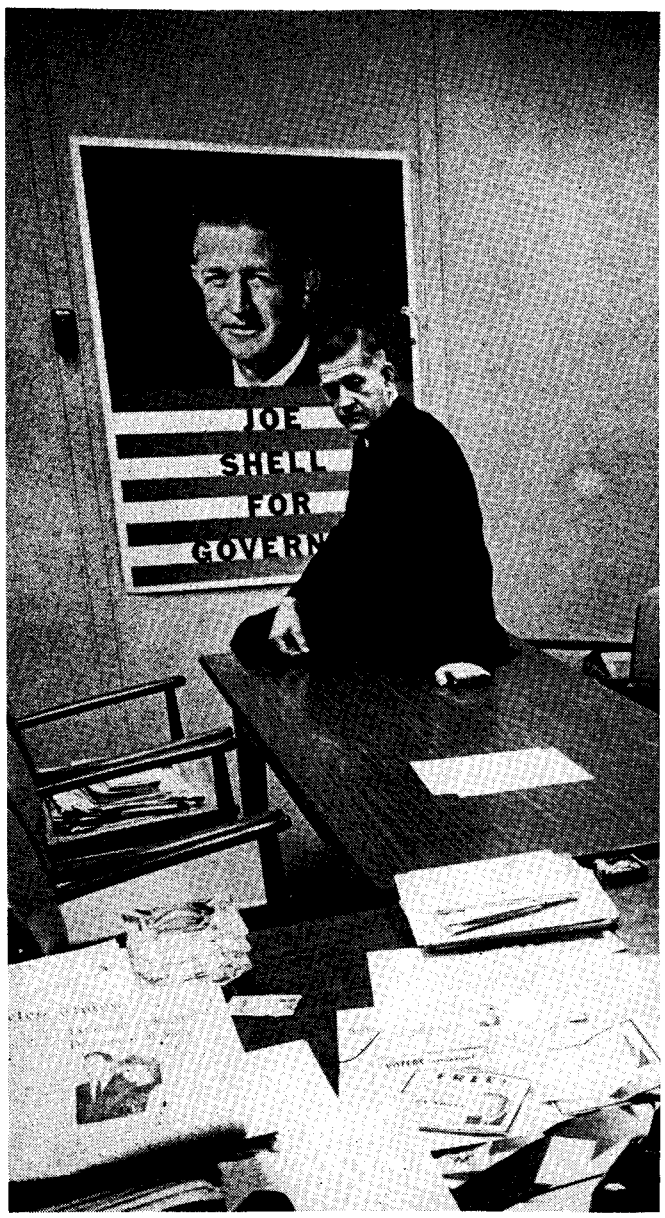
The Right Wing could be a critical factor in the election—not so much in gaining victory for Nixon as in depriving him of it.



Right Wing challenger for the G.O.P. nomination is Joseph C. Shell, a rich Los Angeles oilman and state legislator. His energetic campaign has siphoned off potential Nixon funds and has won strong conservative support.

advantage rallied to his cause, augmented by a substantial number of Republicans. He has shown a facility for extolling in the same breath the disparate philosophies of Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt and Earl Warren. His "responsible liberalism" has had acceptance among financiers as well as longshoremen. He has the support of the Kennedy Administration, which has indicated that, through party channels, it will sluice in all the money and talent it can allocate to keep California in the Democratic fold.

On the negative side, Brown is confronted with a state political anatomy in which daily unpredictables are the rule, and a personal affinity for tangles which keeps his aides tossing at night. The recent session of the state legislature, theoretically devoted simply to the budget, turned into a thicket of extra-agenda brambles on some fifty topics from gambling to legislative reapportionment. From it Brown emerged puffing, scratched and dabbing traces of political blood off his shirtfront.

Stalling for Time

So far, however, he has held onto the strategically important "nice guy" position in the contest while his antagonists have lobbed brickbats. But, in California's unstable political climate, one major misstep could turn him overnight into a "heavy." Nixon is waiting for this.

Meanwhile, in the preprimary campaign, Nixon has been engaging in the old piano-player's practice of "vamping till ready"—strumming random rhetorical chords and stalling for time. One of his strongest convictions is that the timing of campaign impact is critical: You mustn't "peak" too soon. He blames his 1960 defeat to some degree on mistiming. He has ranged widely, in subdued key, over national, international and state matters, alluding often to his global credentials, husbanding ammunition for that major five-month struggle between the June primary and the November election.

His inventory of problems would give rueful pause to a less experienced political warrior. His inevitable "Mr. Republican" image is no help in a state where to win he must corral about 500,000 Democratic votes, on top of most of the Republican votes. Throughout the campaign the Democrats will keep dinning that his fourteen-year absence from California has left him too unfamiliar with state affairs to direct its $3,000,000,000-a-year business; and that in any case he is, in Brown's words, "just double-parking in front of the state capitol while he finds the route to Washington."

The $18,000 well-wishers' senatorial "expense fund," which nearly knocked Nixon out of the 1952 campaign, seems now a dead issue. But political foes in recent months have renewed probing into industrialist Howard Hughes's odd 1956 loan of $205,000 to Nixon's mother—most of which was lost in an unsuccessful restaurant venture of Nixon's brother Donald; and into fiscal particulars of his new $150,000 estate. He has said he expects "vicious, unprincipled attacks" on such matters.

Possibly his most serious problem—although the least publicized during his years in national prominence—is a tendency to make his own head the nerve center of campaign operations, even down to minutiae and even when out of touch for hours with his headquarters and staff. In the complexity of today's politics this would handicap even a candidate for sheriff.

In a "machineless" state Nixon has had to put together a campaign organization from scratch—bereft of veterans who aided him through his national campaigns. Creaky coordination has resulted. The Nixon camp has taken as long as thirty hours to react to political barbs of the sort his opposition routinely deals with in minutes.

A Clinker a Day

At times, clinkers have occurred at the rate of one a day: Nixon had to modify an allegation in his newly published book that Senator Kennedy had misused confidential intelligence information about Cuba in the 1960 campaign. His epithet of "carpetbaggers," applied when President Kennedy and his brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy visited California, had not stopped reverberating when Nixon had to acknowledge a significant chronological error in his literary recapitulation of the Alger Hiss case. The day after this cropped up, he took public exception to Federal policies on imported Mexican farm labor—a position palatable to a few thousand large-scale farmers, but irritating to organized labor in California and nationally. The day after that he publicly endorsed an obscure legislative bill of state Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, a Tammany-style Democrat whom many Republicans mentally had earmarked as the best "heavy" they could campaign against.

Amid all these vicissitudes, Nixon has been grappling with the dilemma of the Right Wing. Although a small segment of the California political spectrum, the Right Wing could be a critical factor in the election—not so much in gaining victory for Nixon as in depriving him of it.

California is a prominent outpost of the John Birch Society and other manifestations of extreme conservatism. Two Los Angeles County congressmen, Edgar Hiestand and John Rousselot, make much of their membership in the

Dick and Pat Nixon with their daughters Tricia and Julie moving into their $150,000 house in Beverly Hills. Checkers, who figured in his master's 1952 "expense fund" speech, remains a member of the Nixon entourage.

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Nixon is a gambler who continues to play even when odds are against him.

Birch society. They are only two of thirty California congressmen. Birch leader Robert H. W. Welch Jr. recently estimated the society's strength in the state at only about 4000. This little knot of zealots is not enough by itself to swing a congressional district election, let alone the state. But it is the hard core of a far bigger array of assorted conservatives—predominantly Republican—whose disaffection would ruin the almost total party turnout any Republican candidate needs.

On entering the campaign, Nixon, a self-styled middle-road Republican, sidestepped explicit derogation of the Birch society. Indications piled up that the Right Wing was a force to be reckoned with. Thomas Kuchel, the G.O.P's middle-road whip in the Senate, found himself suddenly challenged for renomination by two ultraconservative entries, Howard Jarvis, a Los Angeles businessman, and Loyd Wright, a former president of the American Bar Association. Assemblyman Shell, stumping the state energetically in his own plane contesting Nixon's nomination, crystallized support—and skimmed a lot of cream off potential Nixon campaign financing. By December, Nixon was impelled, at a statewide Republican meeting, to conciliate the conservative bloc, declaring: "There is room in this party for people who differ. Whatever your differences, they are infinitesimal compared with those separating Republicans and the Democratic administration."

Birchism Denounced

Both horns of the dilemma confronted him at a statewide Republican endorsement conference in February. After weeks of Democratic needling about his indefiniteness on "extremists," he took the occasion to denounce Birchism—only to have the gathering cast nearly as many endorsement votes for Shell as for him. A few nights later he was excoriated for his stand by a large Los Angeles rally of Young Republicans—a major source of campaign workers.

Nixon's problems may have been reflected in an April opinion survey by a California pollster. It gave Brown, who had been trailing Nixon in statistical popularity since last fall, a 45–42 percentage lead, with 13 percent "undecided."

In a few months of suspense and travail on the part of the 17,000,000 Californians immediately concerned, all this *Sturm und Drang* will be settled, in a manner of speaking. If Brown is given a new lease on the baroque Governor's Mansion in Sacramento, it probably will mean the end of the political road for Richard M. Nixon. If Nixon can't win his home state, he would be flimsy political timber for 1964.

Electing a Democratic governor in the nation's most populous state would be a coup for the Kennedy Administration, but it would not give the Democrats clear title to California in perpetuity. Apart from the unpredictability of the state's electorate, there are struggles in the ranks of the Democratic Party which will be little altered by the outcome of the gubernatorial election. But let us turn from such possibilities to a prospect more palatable to Nixon—what he has been referring to as "a Nixon Administration in Sacramento." What would it consist of?

In the realm of certainty it would consist of the Nixon family displacing the Brown family in the Governor's Mansion; of Nixon instead of Brown filling the formal and ceremonial functions of governorship; and of periodic Nixon pronouncements on state, national and international affairs.

Whether Nixon would speak from a position of strength rather than weakness is problematical. For across the street, in the gold-domed, Disneyland-scale copy of the Capitol in Washington, the legislature will almost certainly be under firm Democratic control. It is now. And in California's climate of weak party organizations, it is each legislator's link with his constituents that affects his chances of reelection, not which party wins the governorship. "The Nixon Administration" could initiate no legislation, or take any other major step, that would not face great partisan opposition, backed by such influence as the Kennedy Administration could exert.

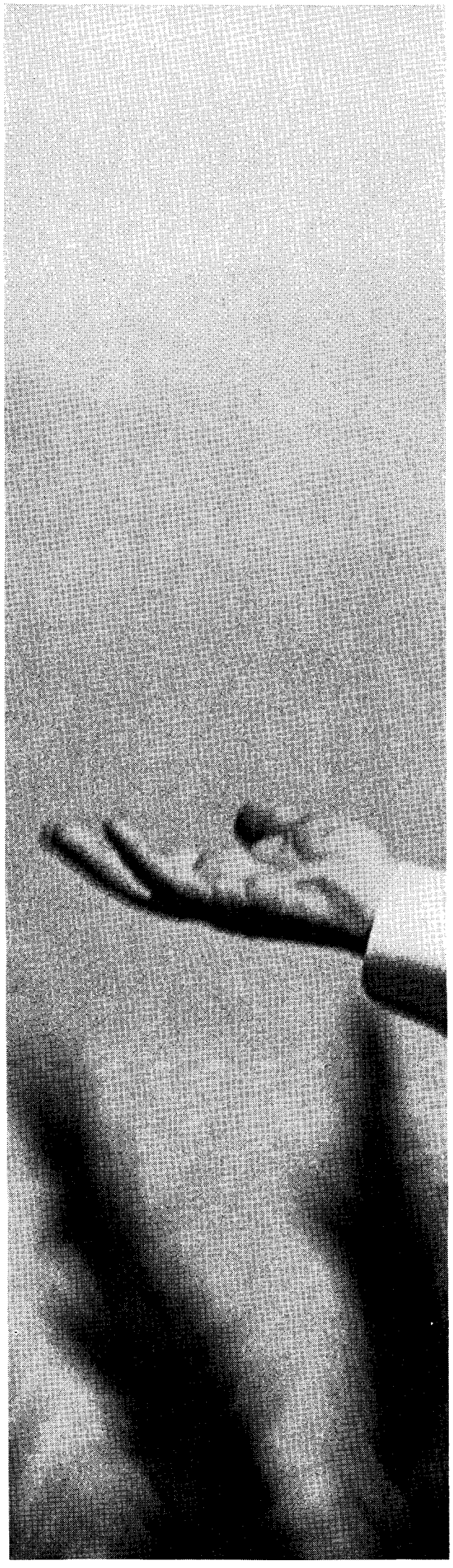
Shifting the Onus

Trouble with the legislature would not necessarily be fatal to Nixon's personal future. A historic gubernatorial maneuver in California, employed in recent years by Earl Warren, among others, is to build a public image through defiance of hostile legislators—putting on them the onus of blocking meritorious programs.

In this way Nixon might gain enough stature to invalidate his own prediction that the 1964 Republican presidential ticket will bear such names as Rockefeller and Goldwater, or possibly a newcomer like Michigan's George Romney. Otherwise, as leader of the big California delegation to the 1964 Republican nominating convention, Nixon might influence the destinies of others, rather than his own.

Like all good politicians, Nixon is a gambler, playing the odds whenever possible, but playing anyway when the odds are against him and he has no choice. Now, fighting a rearguard action, he is obviously gambling that luck and political aplomb will bring him through the gubernatorial campaign; that once in Sacramento, he can turn events to his advantage. It may take four years to tell whether the gamble paid off.

THE END



Stumping in his shirt sleeves, Nixon presses home his campaign message in the race which his political foes hope will be his last stand. Nixon is counting on political aplomb to pull him through.

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Photographs by Lawrence Schiller

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For the man who must learn the mind of his stepson there is

No Road Too Hard

BY WILL F. JENKINS

When Mr. Gordon awoke that morning, his first conscious act was to revolt against awakening. But rebellion did no good. He heard familiar sounds which would not let him go back to sleep. He put out his hand for comfort, but Sally was not there beside him. Another day had begun. She was already downstairs, getting breakfast ready for her husband and her son. From the viewpoint of one who had not quite opened his eyes, it did not seem that the activity was worth while.

This was not a good morning to awake in. Mr. Gordon's unrefreshed mind went automatically back to his real-estate business and the fact that the Lurton deal—on which he'd spent three months practically full time—now showed plain signs of collapse. Three months of work on a single deal that didn't go through could be a catastrophe. The noises which forbade sleep continued. They were made by Mr. Gordon's stepson Timothy, singing in his shower. He was sixteen years old and greeted each successive morning with a cheery caroling in which Mr. Gordon could not join even mentally. Each morning Mr. Gordon foresaw another twenty-four hours substantially like other twenty-four-hour periods in the past. The prospect was not stimulating. It took something close to heroism to get to a sitting position on the side of his bed and there battle with the reluctance with which a husband, a breadwinner and a stepfather so often faces a new day.

The bathroom door slammed. Timothy had come out. Mr. Gordon summoned resolution from somewhere and went into the bathroom in his turn. He regarded himself as he shaved. Sally looked at this visage every morning and bore up under the sight. He wondered over her ability to find apparent satisfaction in life with her son and her husband. At this hour he always saw himself and his affairs with a sort of despairing clarity, and today followed the rule. He sank into his regular morning Slough of Despond. A part of it was that he felt very lonely.

Presently he descended the stairs. The numbness of first awakening began to wear off. The Lurton deal came back into his mind, and he knew drearily that he must work out something to make up for the disaster of its coming failure. But when he went into the dining room, Sally smiled at him. She was in the act of putting the coffeepot beside her plate. He knew a sort of forlorn satisfaction. He liked Sally, though this was morning and he felt that it had been folly to get out of bed. So he tried his best to return her smile.

He said, "Well, it's another day, Sally."

"Maybe a good one," said Sally cheerfully. "It could be."

"There are limits to my optimism," he said, "but I'll try to hope so."

She poured and handed him a cup of coffee. The breakfast table was set; the coffee, ready. Eggs awaited their three-minute immersion in water already boiling, and he knew the bacon was crisp and greaseless out in the kitchen. He felt a certain sympathy and admiration. Sally did these things daily for him and for Timothy. He drank the coffee and knew that soon he'd feel better.

"I'd like to say," he said unhappily, "that since there is a world and I'm in it, I'm glad you're in it too. The thought may be a selfish one, but there it is."

She patted his shoulder and went into the kitchen. Bright sunshine came through the window and was diffused by the curtains. They swayed in a pleasant breeze. He reflected dutifully that there were blue sky and trees and flowers and probably vegetables out of doors, and God was in His heaven and

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all was well with the world. But the thought, though undoubtedly correct, did not bring him cheer.

A door banged upstairs. Timothy. Mr. Gordon would rather think about Timothy than the Lurton deal, but he must try to make up for that failure. As a stepson Timothy was difficult but not impossible. After only six weeks of daily discussion, Sally had been able to persuade him that for the present he must resign himself to having no car of his own. This was remarkable. Later Timothy had undertaken to earn large sums by using the family power lawn mower to keep other lawns in trim. He'd stuck to it, which was also remarkable. He was a tall and even a handsome boy, and Mr. Gordon could imagine a father's feeling proud of him. Even a stepfather—but he thrust that thought away. He was depressed enough. He'd been ambitious once to be a substitute father to Timothy. Now he only hoped that someday Timothy would regard him with less than what seemed pitying aversion.

He heard Timothy on the stairs. Still fending off thought of the Lurton deal—plainly about to become disaster—he wondered what went on in Timothy's mind. Casting back to his own formative years, he could not remember that at Timothy's age his own brain had worked at all, except to resist the efforts of adults to put something into it. Certainly it hadn't been working when he swam the York! Maybe Timothy was passing through some such stage.

Timothy entered the dining room as Sally returned with the eggs. She greeted her son warmly. He permitted her to admire him. Then he said, "Good morning, sir," to Mr. Gordon and sat down to breakfast. Sally glowed with fond pride. Mr. Gordon wished that he felt as comfortably worthy of her affection as Timothy did.

He worked on his food, trying not to think about Lurton. Timothy chatted pleasantly with his mother. She said, "But why Mount Trumble again? What on earth is so fascinating about that place, Timothy?"

Mr. Gordon realized that Timothy would now evade all his mother's questions about his plans for the day. At sixteen Mr. Gordon had been desperately secretive too. He didn't like to be questioned about his actions because he didn't understand them any better than anybody else. Now deftly—and Mr. Gordon listened with a sort of professional interest—Timothy avoided telling his mother anything while making her believe that she knew and approved of his intentions. Satisfied, she vanished to make sandwiches for his lunch.

"I'd like, sir," said Timothy, turning to his stepfather, "to ride part way downtown with you this morning. May I?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Gordon. "All the way if you like."

Timothy said, "Thank you, sir," and ate his breakfast with an excellent appetite. Mr. Gordon regarded him ruefully. Timothy did have brains, however futile their possession would prove as the years rolled by.

Eventually they drove downtown. Timothy rode in the passenger's seat. He'd gotten the family ax from the tool shed for some purpose not stated but connected with Mount Trumble. He did not hint at a willingness to drive the car. He had a driver's license, of course. Sally had consented to it as a necessity for a sixteen-year-old's self-respect. But he displayed great self-control. Mr. Gordon regarded him with interest. At sixteen one does not yield to argument. One does not yield to reason. In short, one does not yield. But Timothy seemed to have converted his obsession about a car into an obsession about lawn mowing as big business, and now into some other sort of (*Continued on Page 68*)

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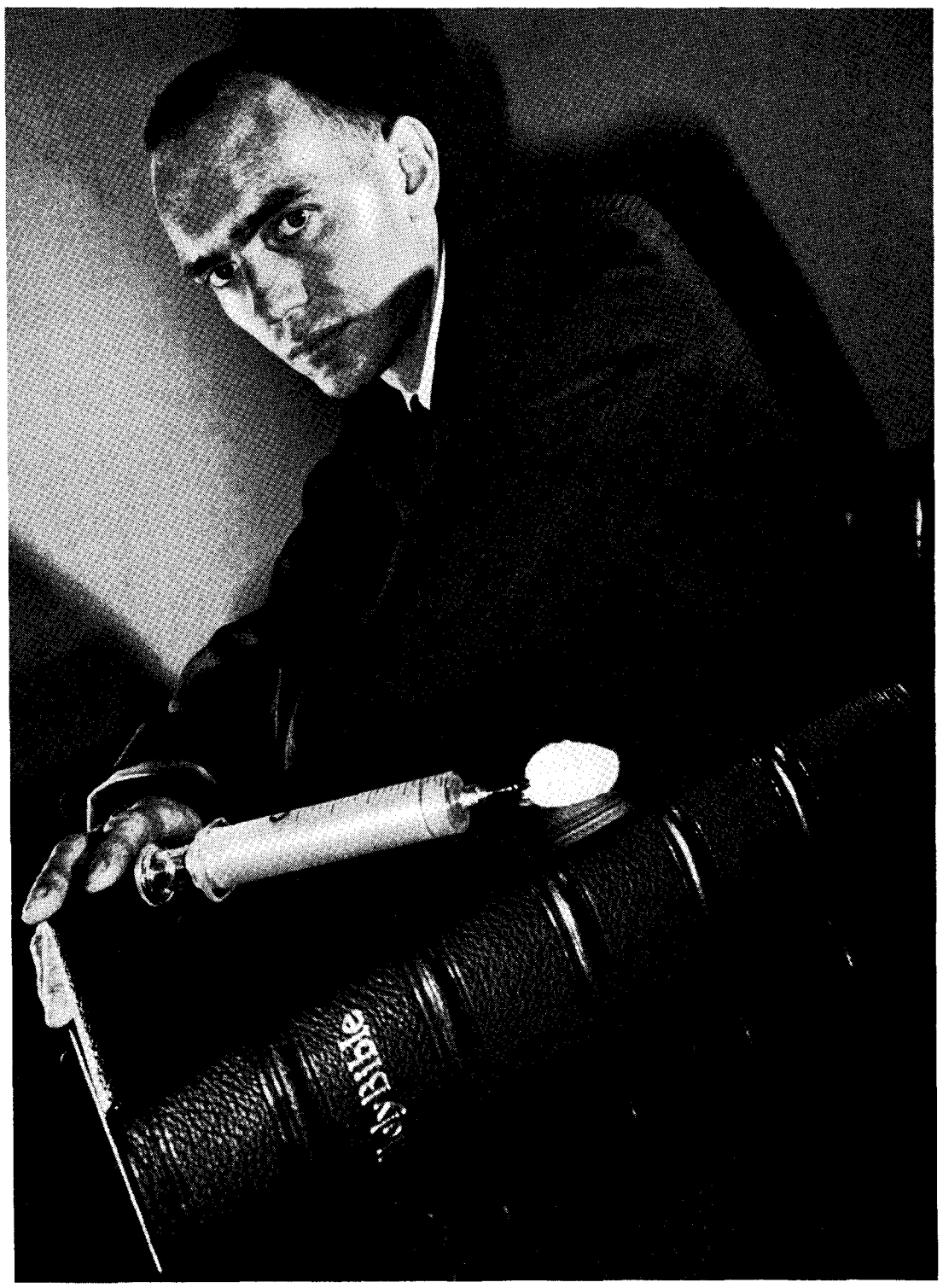
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



A Pioneer Named Peaches: Bonniest bureaucrat in West Virginia is Virginia Mae (Peaches) Brown, 38, first woman in U.S. history to be appointed state insurance commissioner. Virginia Mae's friends call her Peaches; insurance men call her Commissioner Brown, or even "Commissioneress." Peaches' job is to regulate the 670 insurance companies operating in West Virginia and, particularly, to establish qualifications for insurance agents. Madam Commissioner grew up in Pliny, W. Va., a speck of a town near the Ohio line. "I was a good shot as a girl," she declares, "but I couldn't hit rabbits. They'd jump up and scare me silly." Her father is a farmer and bank president; her mother, who, like Peaches, believes womenfolk should exercise their brains, enrolled in college at 47, now teaches school. Peaches entered West Virginia U. at 16, earned a law degree and was appointed law clerk in the state attorney general's office. Three years later she became assistant attorney general, the first woman to hold that job. When Attorney General W. W. Barron became Governor Barron in January of last year, he fetched Peaches to become his counsel, had the legislature enact a law creating the position. Four months later she was named insurance commissioner. In 1955 Miss Brown married Charleston attorney James V. Brown. A servant cares for Peaches' two children—Vicki, 6, and Pamela Kay, 2— during the day, and Peaches takes over at five. But she admits her failing in the kitchen. "When I'm fixing the meal," she says, "I give the children vitamins to supplement my cooking." PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER

Healer of the Himalayas: Preaching Christian love with a syringe instead of sermons, Seventh-Day Adventist medical missionary Dr. Stanley Gordon Sturges, 32, is "Mister America" to the grateful citizens of Banepa, Nepal. Founder (in 1957) of the Himalayan Medical Mission, sixty miles from the Red China border, Doctor Sturges is the only practitioner of Western medicine in a district of half a million people. In recognition of his achievements in good will and good health, the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce recently named him one of America's Ten Outstanding Young Men of the Year. Sturges and his family—his wife Raylene is a nurse—were admitted to Nepal on condition that he refrain from evangelizing. (Changing another's faith is illegal in that Hindu-Buddhist kingdom.) Rangy (he's a 6′4″ former All-America volleyball player), rompish (when curious Nepalese peek into his consulting room, he sends them away giggling by firing a water pistol at them) and well-rounded (he played trombone with the Los Angeles Symphony), Stan Sturges possesses a rare degree of warmth. "I love the Nepalese," he says simply. "They are a very peaceful people." To demonstrate his love, he helped fashion bricks of mud and dung while supervising construction of his twenty-two-bed hospital. During his first year in Banepa he rose at 4 A.M. to study the Nepalese language, began greeting his patients as they greeted him—"*Namaste*," meaning "I bow to you." The Nepalese have responded to Sturges' warmth in meaningful ways: A superstitious TB patient renounced his faith in "the fever god"; a mother named her baby "American." Sturges himself was born in Katanga, the Congo, where his father built the first missionary medical station. Today his family, all graduates of California's Loma Linda University, serve Adventist hospitals in many lands—his father in Kenya, an older brother in Ethiopia, a sister in Tanganyika. "Mr. America" will be coming home from Nepal in August to serve a residency at the Mayo Clinic. But the Banepa mission will not be abandoned. Replacing Stanley will be Dr. Keith Sturges, 29, Stan's younger brother. PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE SCHILLER

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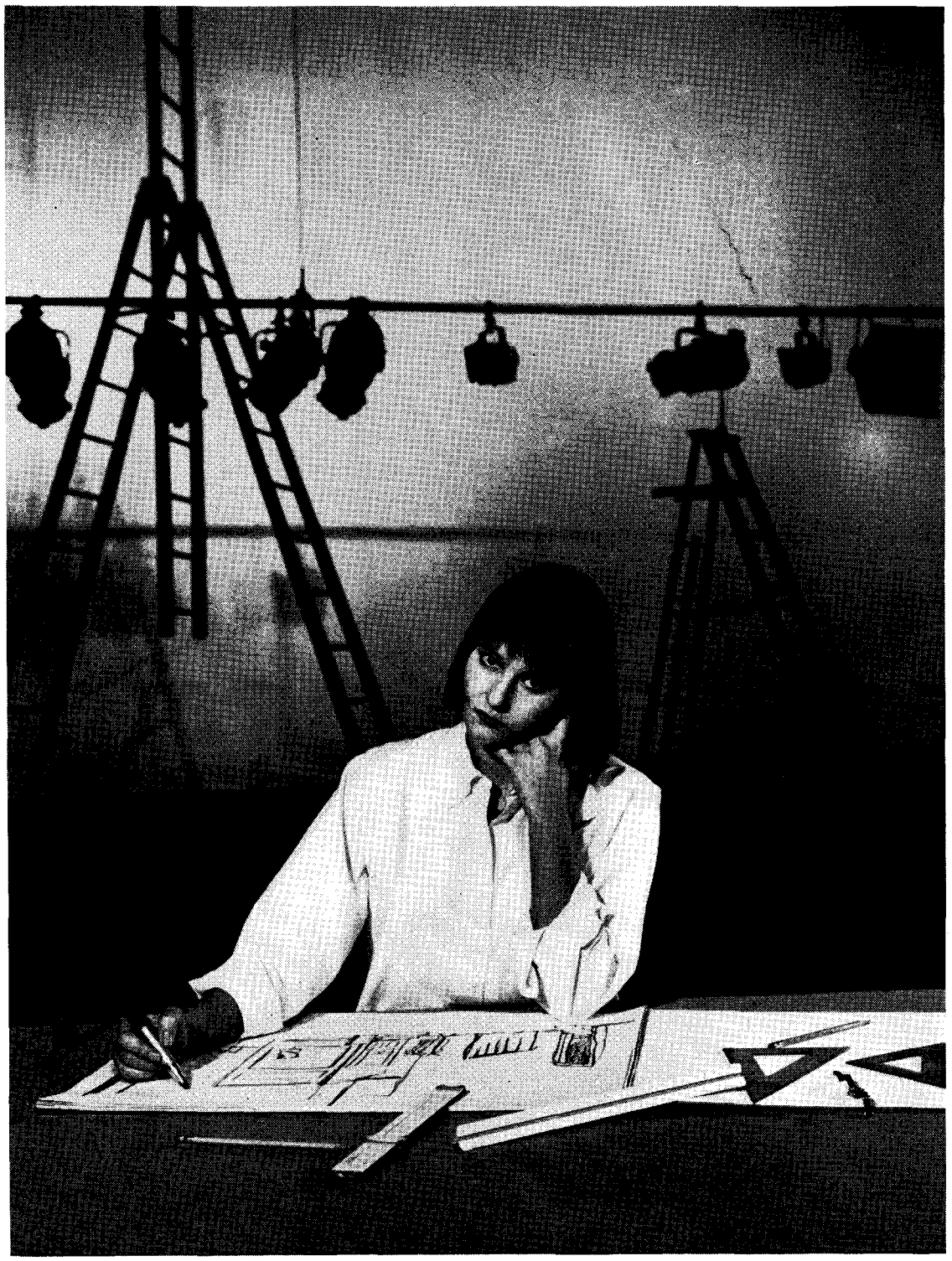
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Scene Maker: At her backstage drawing board coed Elizabeth Zorn, 21, roughs a new set design. A senior at Indiana University's School of Speech and Theater, Liz creates sets for campus productions and amateur groups, has drawn praise for her artistry and solid encouragement for a career behind the scenes. "She has great fantasy, great imagination," says professional opera-set designer Andreas Nomikos. "Someday she will fly to the top." For that flight Liz plans to take lessons at Yale's Graduate School of Art and Architecture this fall, working toward a master's degree in design. So far, her art has been self-taught. "I signed up for an art course once," she says. "The instructor started out by asking us to draw from our subconscious. I went there to learn technique, not to probe my subconscious. So I dropped the course." Daughter of Max Zorn, noted mathematics professor at Indiana U., Liz was drawing, says her mother, before she could walk. She coupled art to an early interest in theatrics, developed a proficiency with marionettes by age seven. Liz feels that her artistic bent is happily fulfilled in set-making: "It's the only medium in which you get something real big to work on." She has no designs for a career in front of her stage sets. She freely confesses, "I can't act." PHOTOGRAPH BY HARTLEY ALLEY.

Inventive Engineer: A smooth sea of man-made foam, says engineer Thomas Stelson, 33, may one day save castaway sailors from drowning under storm-tossed waves. Head of the civil-engineering department at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Tech, Doctor Stelson, with a $34,000 grant from the National Institutes of Health, hit upon the potential boon to mariners while studying the nature of foam for another reason. "More and more housewives and industries," he explains, "are using detergents, and the resultant foam gets to be a real mess in the treatment of sewage. The question is, how do you move foam, how do you make it flow through pipes and channels?" In his studies Stelson discovered that foam, like oil, has enormous fluid strength, hence his theory that foam can be an instant sea calmer. Stelson also heads a five-man team studying the flow of blood in the human body. That research, aimed at learning how corpuscles float along without collecting against the sides of arteries, is expected to contribute to such diverse enterprises as pipeline transportation of coal, treatment of human circulatory ailments and the pumping of peanut butter down assembly lines and into jars. Stelson, a native of Iowa City, Iowa, was appointed acting head of civil engineering at Carnegie Tech (where he took his undergraduate and graduate work) when he was 28, became permanent head two years later. Described by Carnegie Tech President J. C. Warner as "one of the most brilliant young engineering scientists we've seen in a long while," Stelson attracted national attention in his profession last year when he wrote a searing condemnation of engineers who allow themselves to become obsolete. Too many, he complained, are making too little effort to keep abreast of ever-expanding and changing knowledge and techniques. "And," he adds, "too many schools are still teaching engineering curricula whose graduates are trained to compete with computers rather than use them." Vigilant against obsolescence in his own department, Stelson continually reviews curriculum, insists that classroom emphasis be on the "why" aspect of engineering instead of the "how" ("'Why' doesn't become outdated as rapidly as 'how,'" he argues). To avoid becoming obsolete himself, he's taking a leave from Carnegie Tech, gathering up his wife and four kids this September, and moving to Pasadena for a year's study at Cal Tech. "I'd been thinking of doing this," says Doctor Stelson, "then I wrote that article and talked myself into it." PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER.

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An American housewife's kitchen shortcuts for:

FRENCH FOOD-U.S. STYLE

By ESTHER RIVA SOLOMON

A graduate of Paris's famed Cordon Bleu culinary school, the author is now at home turning out traditional French delicacies in half the traditional time. Here she displays a ham baked in crust—*jambon en croûte.* Charles Narses of Cordon Bleu concludes a classroom demonstration. He holds a truffled chicken in béchamel sauce which he prepared in the time-honored and time-consuming tradition of French *haute cuisine.*

The average wife, invited by her husband to go to cooking school, would take it as a dirty dig. When my husband made that suggestion, I was delighted. I'd been working him around to it for years.

Almost as soon as I'd got interested in French cooking—as a newlywed—I heard about Cordon Bleu, the celebrated cooking school in Paris, where great French chefs teach their secrets to anyone—me, for example, a Philadelphia housewife. Every year or so I'd ask my husband, "Wouldn't it be great if I could go to Cordon Bleu and really get to be a marvelous cook?" He'd reply, "But darling, you're already a marvelous cook." That kind of remark leaves me speechless.

One spring morning the subject came up again, and this time my husband was doing the asking. "As a reward for long service as wife and mother," he said, "how would you like to spend a month at Cordon Bleu?" Six weeks later I was on the plane.

Cordon Bleu was everything I'd hoped it would be, but the most valuable thing I learned there was a principle that would have shocked the chef. To him it was impossible to turn out *haute cuisine*—classic French cookery—without spending hours in the kitchen, going through countless steps of preparation. Most American women don't have that kind of time. Fortunately almost anyone can copy French masterpieces quickly, and so well that gourmets can't tell the difference. I call the technique Instant Haute Cuisine. Its rules and recipes are part of the story of my month in France.

I arrived at my Paris hotel at two A.M. on a Sunday, hardly slept, and rose first thing in the morning to walk up Rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré. At No. 129, in a row of elegant shops, looking like a little shop itself, was Cordon Bleu.

Through the barred door I could see a counter and a small glass showcase. There wasn't a stove in sight. Monday morning at our first class I learned that the kitchen, where classes were held, was in back. The shop was the place where dishes prepared by our chef-instructor were sold. I introduced myself to a middle-aged woman behind the counter. My name meant nothing to her, so I tried to explain that I was enrolled in the Cordon Bleu session that began that day.

The woman checked a list and shook her head. She had no record of my application. In any case the class was already full. I must have looked pitiful because another woman, sitting nearby, spoke softly. The gist of it was, "Oh, let her go in," to which the reply was, "But you know the chef is furious because there are more than eleven in the class already!" However, she took seven francs from me (tuition at Cordon Bleu was about $1.50 a day) and showed me into the back room. "Here's just one more," she said to the chef. He looked at me for a long moment, then smiled gallantly. "*Oui*," he said.

The chef looked just the way I hoped a real French chef would look. He was fat and rosy and full of good spirits. He did everything with dash and precision. Chopping an onion with a blur of his big knife, he would look at us slyly, as if to say, "Wasn't that marvelous?" And we students, seated on a bank of wooden platforms, would murmur appreciatively.

The chef had two kitchen boys, bright youngsters of fourteen or fifteen and excellent cooks themselves. The chef kept them hopping. At his gesture the right pot would appear in his hand. The boys had obviously done a lot of the work before class—cleaned the vegetables, cut up the chicken and attended to other chores we couldn't even guess at. The chef often stopped to teach them things he thought they, as his apprentices, should know.

The kitchen at Cordon Bleu was a surprise. I'd expected a room with walls of stone and a beamed ceiling, gleaming rows of copper pots and a big black stove with a caldron of stock simmering away. Instead the kitchen was an immaculate white with an unspectacular sink and an ordinary electric range. All the pots and pans were of heavy aluminum. There was a chopping block and three small waist-high ovens, which the chef controlled partly with a thermostat and partly by sticking his hand inside to see if the temperature felt right. There were no mixers, blenders, beaters, choppers or similar devices, which I consider indispensable.

The daily routine never varied. In the morning each student would make a dish under the eye of the chef. For lunch you ate your morning's output. In the afternoon the chef demonstrated three dishes. His work was sold in the shop. Before it left the kitchen, every dish was tasted by the students, the chef and kitchen boys.

As an American housewife, in a sheath dress and pearls, I was no more out of place than the others in the class. There was a Spanish girl whose employer had sent her to learn to cook the French way. There was a delicate little Japanese girl who seldom spoke. There were two pretty French girls the chef loved to tease—one engaged to be married and the other with high hopes—and a distinguished, white-haired lady from London. Off to one side sat a bearded young man in tight black pants and a turtleneck sweater—a Left Bank type, I thought; but I found out he was from Connecticut and hoped to work in a big American hotel.

The chef talked to us affectionately, as if we were well-mannered children. To the women he would say, "How subtly you can flatter your guests by presenting a platter that is worthy of them! You understand me, yes?" To the men: "*You* appreciate what a franc is worth. Buy the best. Nothing should be wasted, nothing thrown away. This is a rule for cooking, and it is a rule for life." To the two French girls: "There are two ways to a man's heart. The second is cooking. The advantage of good cooking is that even later in life it will work the same magic."

I'd expected the chef to begin with "how to prepare stock," or "basic dishes" or "first we'll take the sauces." Instead he started demonstrating one major dish after another. I felt sure I'd be lost, but general principles soon began to emerge—the importance of measuring exactly, for example. The chef said that the test of a really good cook is to make a dish the same way every time. To do that, your preparation must be the same. It was amazing to see how carefully the chef prepared a *pilaf*, the foundation of many of the dishes he made. If the first time he took a spoonful of rice and a spoonful of broth, the second time he took a spoonful of rice and a spoonful of broth, and again the third time. Timing too, must be precise. His *pilaf* took twenty-three minutes in a 325-degree oven, and that was it.

As the days went by many things suddenly became very clear—why, for example, my hollandaise sauce sometimes didn't stay together. You warm the water in the bottom pan, but don't overheat it. "Just be slow," said the chef. "The water should have little eyes but shouldn't bubble; keep it that way and your hollandaise will never separate."

I picked up many helpful techniques at Cordon Bleu. The dishes themselves were splendid, but deep inside of me, panic was building. How in the world could I devote four or five hours to a single dish? That's what it might take an amateur cook like me, starting from scratch and without a kitchen boy. If that was what good French cooking required, it could never transform our daily dining. I remember how frustrated I felt one day when the chef was doing *poulet estragon*, chicken breasts in a creamy, tarragon-flavored sauce. It took that skillful man one hour and a dozen pots to make his chicken gravy. I was awed even before I tasted it. And it *was* good. But as I sampled it I realized with a jolt that it tasted just like a good canned gravy I'd bought from time to time back home. *It's just one ingredient in a complex recipe*, I thought. *I could use that canned gravy and no one would ever know.*

I tried to dismiss the wild notion; it seemed to contradict the whole idea of coming to Cordon Bleu. But as soon as I got back to the United States, I tried *poulet estragon* with the canned gravy and two other shortcuts—prepared foods I knew were every bit as good as anything I could make. It worked beautifully. Here's the recipe.

POULET ESTRAGON

Serves six

YOU'LL NEED: Three boned and skinned chicken breasts, split in half (there's an easy way to do this; see the second rule of Instant Haute Cuisine, a little farther along); one can chicken gravy; one No. 2 can golden chicken broth; one can minced

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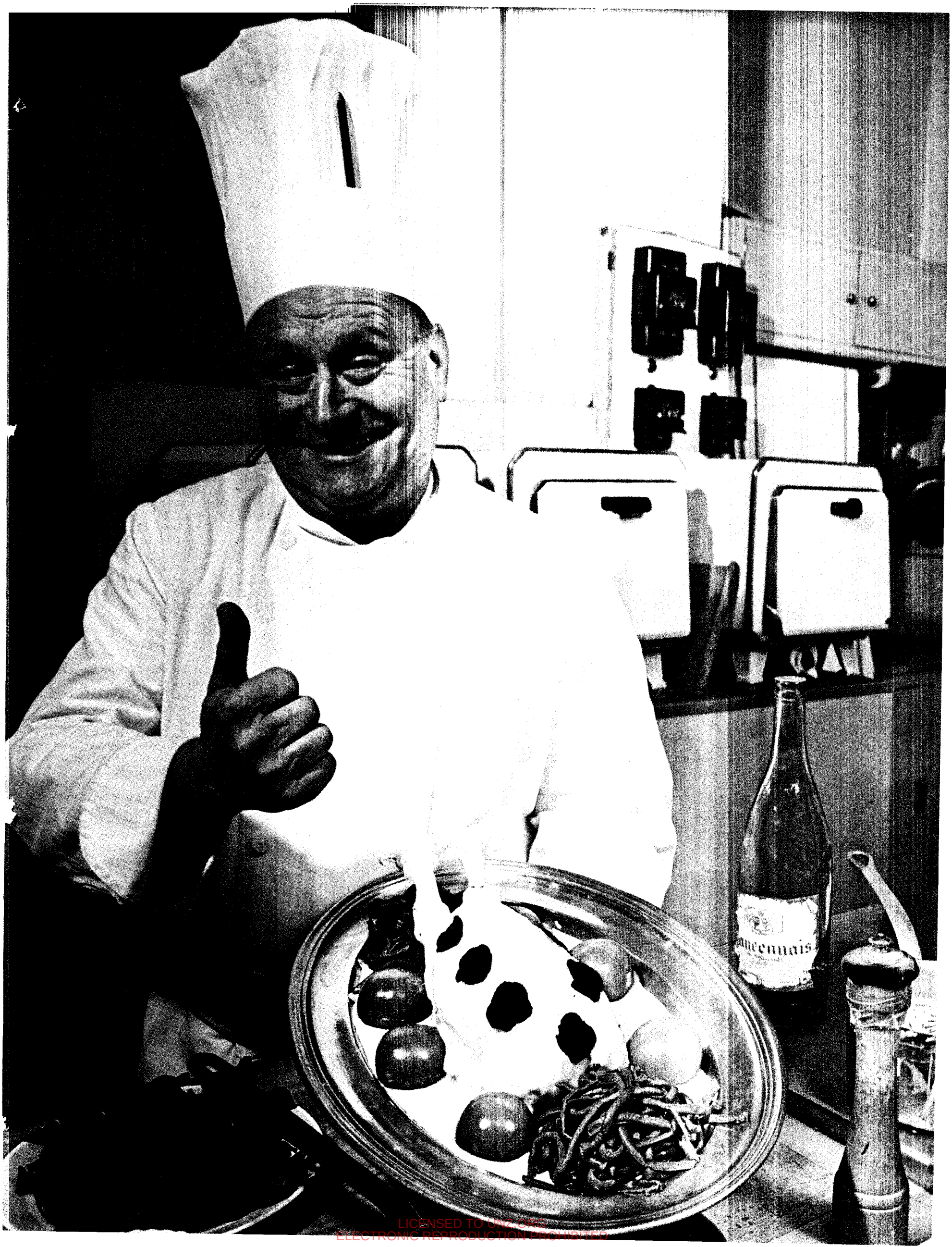

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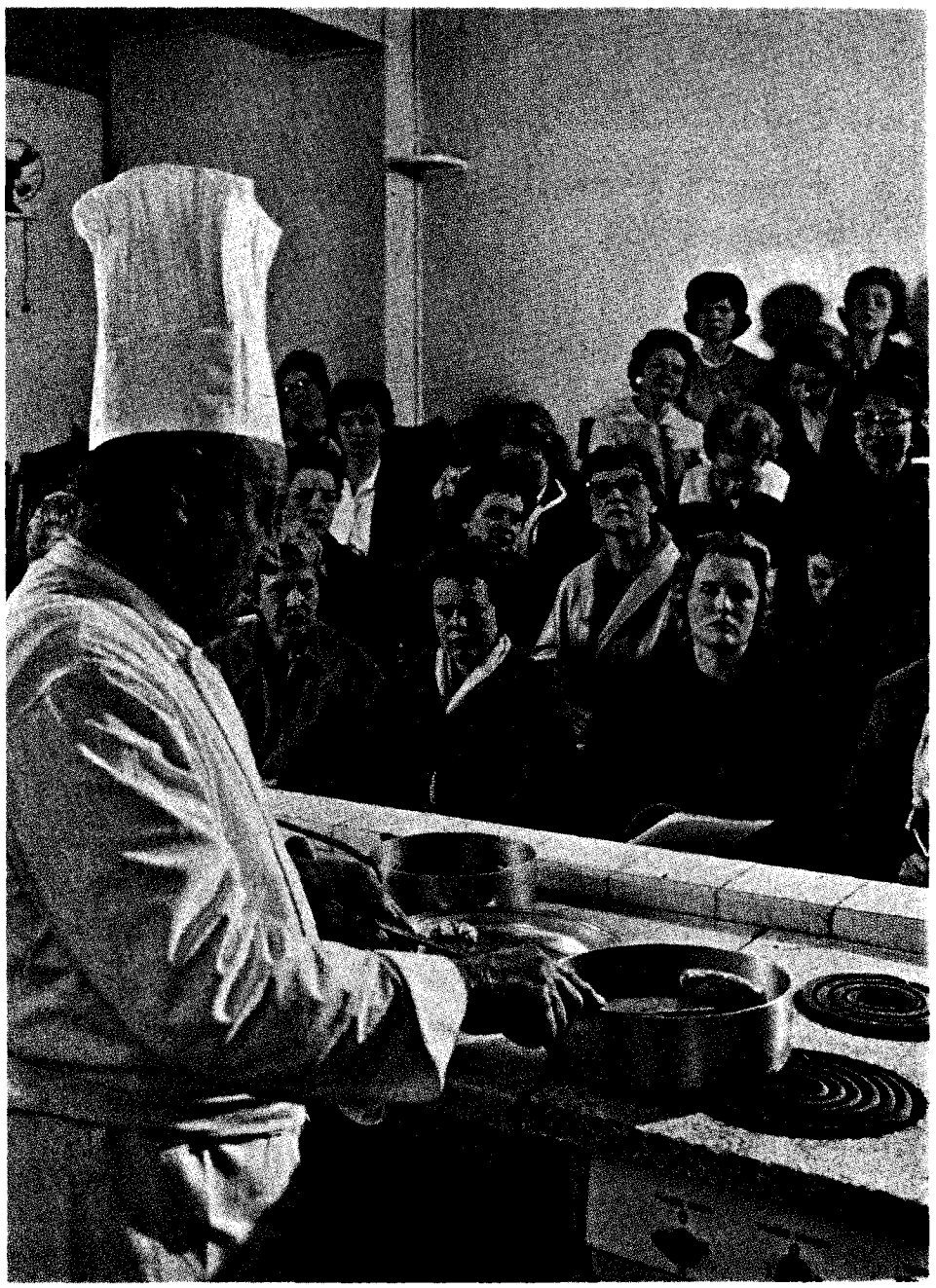
"A primary rule: Cut down on time-consuming hand labor."



Chef Narses conducting a class for American Air Force wives. The purist Cordon Bleu approach to cooking demands careful preparation of all basic ingredients. The author's heretical advice to rushed housewives: Use canned food whenever possible.

chicken *pâté;* three sprigs fresh tarragon; tablespoon chopped fresh tarragon.

HOW TO: Stew the chicken in chicken broth, to which you have added a sprig of tarragon. (Do not overcook!) Remove chicken breasts. Cut a pocket in each. Stuff with a tablespoon of chicken *pâté.* Heat chicken gravy. Add the chopped tarragon and the chicken breasts. Leave on fire just until chicken is thoroughly reheated. Decorate with fresh tarragon. Serve at once.

Those three canned ingredients in my *poulet estragon* represent the first rule of Instant Haute Cuisine—*substitute.* At Cordon Bleu, most of the recipes involved several mixing bowls, a couple of pots, six things to clean up and many, many steps. I began to see that the more involved a dish, the less each subtlety matters in the total taste picture. The more steps, the more you can substitute and get the same effect. For example, if you are making a broth that you are going to serve as a broth, you must start with chicken, bones, and so on, and make it. But if, as for *poulet estragon,* you need a broth simply to stew chicken in, a can of good chicken broth will do nicely.

While the other students at Cordon Bleu took copious notes, I found myself watching for ingredients which I could duplicate with the best of the processed foods available in supermarkets back home. Potato soup, for example. So many French soups start with potatoes. But there's at least one excellent frozen potato soup I can buy almost anywhere. By substituting it in my *Potage Grand Duc* recipe (cream-of-cauliflower soup), I can save more than an hour of work. The soup manufacturer has already done the work for me.

POTAGE GRAND DUC
(cream-of-cauliflower soup)

Serves four

YOU'LL NEED: 1 can frozen potato soup, 1½ cans milk. 1 teaspoon dried mustard. 3 pats of butter. 1 package frozen cauliflower, cooked. 1 tablespoon frozen chopped chives.

HOW TO: Heat first four ingredients. Add cauliflower. Heat a bit more. Strain. Add chives. Reheat. Serve with croutons.

At the end of this report there are other recipes which take advantage of processed foods of good quality. By "good quality" I don't necessarily mean "expensive"; I mean foods that are just right for the purpose. Ideas still occur to me as I look over the frozen-food cases and canned-goods shelves of the local food markets. New products are constantly showing up. Watching for them and trying them in a recipe can pay off in time saved.

The boned and skinned chicken breasts required for the *poulet estragon* call into play the second rule of Instant Haute Cuisine—*cut down on time-consuming hand labor.* In this case use the expert services offered by neighborhood butchers, and the men behind the scenes at supermarket meat counters. Once upon a time I'd tried to debone a chicken myself and found it very hard work. And so when I was shopping for my "instant" *poulet estragon,* I mustered my courage and rang that little bell marked SERVICE. "Here are four chicken breasts," I said to the man who appeared at the window. "Please bone them and remove the skin."

"Sure," he said, "but I can't do it right away. I've got other things going."

So I did the rest of my shopping and came back later. The gentleman said, "Here's your bird, lady, but don't ever ask me again on a Thursday or Friday. Catch me when I'm not so busy." Now I go on the off days. In minutes the butcher can cut meat to order, slit pockets in veal breasts, bone a leg of lamb—things I couldn't do half so quickly.

There are certain ingredients which the chef at Cordon Bleu used over and over again, recipe after recipe. Each time he would stop and prepare them—green butters, for instance, a blend of white butter, flour, chives and parsley which may be spooned over a steak, green beans or artichoke hearts. No American housewife, I said to myself, would duplicate effort like that. We were trained to be more efficient.

That brought me to the third rule for cooking French-style while keeping your sanity—*mass-produce.* If there is something I'm going to use five times a week, I make it once and have it on hand. Green butters refrigerate nicely. So do *roux,* the little balls of butter and flour which are added to a *risotto* (rice cooked in broth) or used for last-minute thickening of gravies. And in the freezer I keep such commercially mass-produced necessities as frozen, chopped chives, parsley, chopped onion, small, peeled, white potatoes, and tiny carrots.

The rule of mass production leads naturally into the fourth rule—*work ahead.* At Cordon Bleu I wasn't the only student to complain, "This takes so long! I'd never get finished!" The chef would reply, "Now really, you can make this the day before and it will do perfectly well." A surprisingly large number of foods keep well. Meringues stay fresh for days. An uniced cake, wrapped in foil, is just as good several days after baking. Hollandaise sauce can be prepared the day before and reheated at the last minute. Prepare the meat or fish and the sauce ahead, the chef advised, but don't combine them until the last minute.

A number of my friends have tried Instant Haute Cuisine and are sold on it. Together we've developed the fifth rule—*copy only the best.* If the recipe is complicated but not very distinguished to begin with, there is no point in going to the trouble of simplifying it.

My husband, who works in an advertising agency only a few blocks away, often brings colleagues home for lunch. Dinner is one thing, but when you've just sent the children off to school and finished the breakfast dishes, it's hard to start whipping up something for lunch. My "instant" standby became *quenelles de brochet,* that wonderful entree of little fish dumplings in a shrimp-flavored sauce, which some gastronomes claim is the test of a good chef. It takes to simplification as a duck takes to orange sauce. I've done it the long way—many complicated steps and many pots and mixing bowls. Now I do it the short way; Instant Haute Cuisine makes it a fast, one-pot dish.

QUENELLES DE BROCHET

YOU'LL NEED: 1 jar fish hors d'oeuvres (these are small bits of gefilte fish); 1 can frozen shrimp soup; ½ can of cream (or white wine).

HOW TO: Defrost soup in the refrigerator. Mix soup and cream in the bottom of a low casserole. Add drained little fish dumplings, coating them with the sauce. Heat in a moderate oven until bubbly.

EXTRA TOUCHES: Decorate with whole shrimp, bits of lobster or king crab in the shell. Sprinkle with parsley. Surround with buttered toast points if you like. Serves two as a main dish at lunch. Serves

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four when used as a fish course before a long dinner.

Turning out meals for guests who expected something spectacularly French, I discovered my sixth and last rule—*don't skimp on the decoration.* French food must look French. If I put a gob of chocolate pudding in a glass dish, it's chocolate pudding. If I put it in a French-looking tiny white-porcelain pot, it becomes *pot au crème.* Put a crystallized violet on top of vanilla ice cream—suddenly it's French. (You buy them at candy stores.)

Of course, you can't keep turning out special food day after day, even for guests. One Saturday evening I decided to take a night off. Our guest was a close friend. She's a gentle, soft-spoken woman, but when I put the entree on the table, disappointment got the better of her. "What!" she said. "You have me for dinner and you serve just steak?"

For those evenings when you want to serve something other than "just steak," here are some fine French recipes, carefully translated into quick, simple steps:

JAMBON EN CROÛTE
(Ham baked in crust)
Serves ten
YOU'LL NEED:
8-pound canned ham, 4 packages prepared pie-crust mix, 1 tsp. orange-flower water, ½ cup orange juice, unbeaten egg white, Madeira wine.
HOW TO:
Make pie crust according to directions on package, adding the orange-flower water. Cover sides and top of ham with pie crust, rolled about ¼ inch thick. Make two cut-out designs in top crust. Place in low baking pan. Pour orange juice in bottom of pan. Brush crust with unbeaten egg white. Bake at 350° oven for 1 hour. Ten minutes before serving, pour demitasse cup of Madeira in crust cutouts.
EXTRA TOUCHES:
Surround with frosted grapes just before serving. To prepare, dip small bunches of grapes into unbeaten egg white. Put egg-coated grapes into paper bag with 1 cup granulated sugar—shake. Place grapes on rack to dry. Can be made 24 hours in advance. Do not refrigerate.

BOEUF BOURGUIGNON
(Beef in Burgundy wine)
Serves four
YOU'LL NEED:
1 tablespoon cooking oil, 1½ lbs. round steak cut in small cubes, 1 can beef gravy, 1 cup Burgundy wine, 1 can mushrooms, 1 can small white onions. Chopped parsley or chives.
HOW TO:
Brown meat in oil. Transfer to casserole or tightly covered pot. Add gravy, wine and juice from can of mushrooms. Simmer till tender. Add mushrooms and drained onions. Reheat. Sprinkle with chopped parsley or chives.
VARIATIONS:
Omit onions. Cook two packages of frozen cauliflower. Drain. Mix with large lump of green butter. Heap at ends of serving platter.

PETITS POIS
(French peas)
Serves six
YOU'LL NEED:
2 packages of frozen small peas, 4 medium lettuce leaves, ½ can of beef bouillon, ¼ cup of coarsely chopped ham, white bottoms of 6 or 8 scallions, chopped, large lump of butter, fresh black pepper to taste.
HOW TO:
Combine all ingredients, except lettuce and peas, in a pot. Cook until scallions are tender. Cut lettuce into shreds. Add lettuce and frozen peas and cook till barely done.

PÂTÉ MAISON
(Chilled, molded *pâté*)
Serves six to eight
YOU'LL NEED:
1 lb. of the best liverwurst you can buy, 1 can truffles, 2 ounces of brandy, ½ can pale chicken broth, 1 envelope unflavored gelatin.
HOW TO:
Open truffles the night before. Drain liquid. Soak truffles in brandy. Next day put broth in pan, add gelatin, dissolve over heat. Put liverwurst in large bowl, break up with fork. Add hot broth, chopped truffle and brandy. Beat with electric mixer till smooth. Put in refrigerator to harden. When hard, beat again, then turn into oiled mold. When firm, unmold and decorate with slices of black truffle.

INSTANT CRÊPES SUZETTE JUBILEE
(thin pancakes with hot cherries)
Serves six
YOU'LL NEED:
2 packages frozen cherry blintzes, 1 can pitted black cherries, drained; 2 tablespoons of orange marmalade, 2 tablespoons red-currant jelly, brandy flavoring.
HOW TO:
Heat the blintzes according to the directions on package. In a little water, melt the marmalade and jelly. Add cherries, then brandy flavoring to taste. Heat. Pour over blintzes. Serve hot.

VANILLE ET CHOCOLAT POT AU CRÈME
(individual vanilla and chocolate puddings)
Serves eight to ten
YOU'LL NEED:
1 package vanilla pudding, 1 package chocolate pudding (dark and sweet), an ounce of grated semi-sweet chocolate, 2 cups milk, 2 cups cream, 2 egg yolks, beaten; crystallized violets, blanched almonds, whipped cream.
HOW TO:
Prepare vanilla pudding according to directions on package using 1 cup milk and 1 cup cream, stirring in one beaten egg yolk. Do the same with chocolate pudding, adding grated chocolate at last moment. This chocolate need not melt.

Pour into individual demitasse cups or small sherbet glasses. Decorate vanilla *pot au crème* with a dab of whipped cream and a crystallized violet. Put a blanched almond on each chocolate *pot au crème.*

IRISH CAFÉ EN GELÉE
(Irish coffee you can *eat*)
Serves six
YOU'LL NEED:
1½ tablespoons the best instant coffee, 1 envelope of unflavored gelatin, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 cups water, 2 ounces Irish whisky, sweetened whipped cream.
HOW TO:
Put a half cup of cold water in sauce pan. Sprinkle with gelatin. Add cup and a half of hot water. Dissolve gelatin over fire. Add rest of ingredients, stirring till blended. Pour into demitasse cups. Chill until firm and very cold. Before serving put dab of whipped cream on each cup. Serve with sugar wafers. THE END

"The more involved a dish is, the more you can substitute."

The author preparing the baked ham shown on the title page. She adds the special touch with a garnish of frosted grapes: First dip them in egg white, then shake in a paper bag with one cup of sugar. For the French look, "Don't skimp on decoration."

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BIG BOSS OF THE SHORT DAY

BY IRWIN ROSS

Van Arsdale claims his five-hour day will help cure unemployment.

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

Union leader Harry Van Arsdale has won his electricians a twenty-five-hour week in a hotly debated move that may set a pattern for American industry.

As strikes go, the eight-day walkout of 9000 New York construction electricians in January was an undramatic affair. No violence, no clashes with the police, no strikebreakers; indeed, there were not even any picket lines. And yet, when the strike was over, Harry Van Arsdale Jr. emerged as a national figure. For he had won a twenty-five-hour week—the shortest work week ever negotiated by an American union. His achievement was a major labor breakthrough, whatever one thought of its wisdom.

Reducing the number of working hours, Van Arsdale proclaimed, was one way of curing unemployment. New York's builders were aghast at the cost of his therapy: His men would earn almost the same pay for the shorter week, thereby increasing their average hourly earnings by 14 percent. If the other construction unions won similar agreements, the industry's wage bill would skyrocket.

The New York Times, usually an admirer of Van Arsdale, assailed his coup for its "defiance of all the laws of economic logic." Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg, who had been urging unions to settle for noninflationary increases, called the electrical pact "misguided." President Kennedy expressed his "regret." In private, Administration officials used much stronger language.

Prior to his "misguided" victory Van Arsdale basked in a warm glow of editorial approval, for he has built Local No. 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers into one of the most remarkable unions in the land. With more than 30,000 members, it is as large as many a small international union. It is strong and highly disciplined, yet is a model of democratic control. Its officers are paid no more than skilled workers. It has provided a small welfare state of its own—everything from free dental care to scholarships for the children of members. At the same time it scorns featherbedding, welcomes technological improvements, cooperates with employers in promoting efficiency.

Van Arsdale thus seemed out of character when he exacted a twenty-five-hour week. His members were already working a thirty-hour week—plus five hours of guaranteed overtime—while electricians in most parts of the country put in forty hours. Van Arsdale's men were well paid, receiving $4.40 per hour plus welfare benefits equivalent to a 30 percent increase in pay—well above the fringe benefits in most other major cities.

His critics thought it absurd for Van Arsdale to claim he was trying to curb unemployment, inasmuch as there had long been a shortage of electricians in New York. He was obviously after a disguised wage increase, by way of inflated overtime earnings.

Not so, said Van Arsdale. Overtime, except in emergencies, would be limited to the present five hours. His men would actually be taking a small pay cut—receiving $161.20 for thirty hours rather than $165 for thirty-five. He conceded that there was full employment in New York. "But there are unemployed electricians elsewhere in the country. I want to give them jobs." (The union calculated that 1800 or 1900 out-of-towners were working in New York in January.) Moreover, his argument ran, who knew when unemployment might develop locally?

Van Arsdale has been Local 3's business manager—normally the top post in a building-trades local—for twenty-eight years. Now fifty-six, he is a stocky, ruddy-cheeked man with a square face and silvery, slicked-back hair. His voice is high-pitched and nasal, and he talks in the flat accents that outlanders associate with New York cab drivers. The years have thickened his frame but have not diminished his youthful bounce or missionary zeal. A union, he once explained, "is not just wages and hours—it's the worker who visits you when you're sick, it's the vehicle for a better life, it's a classroom."

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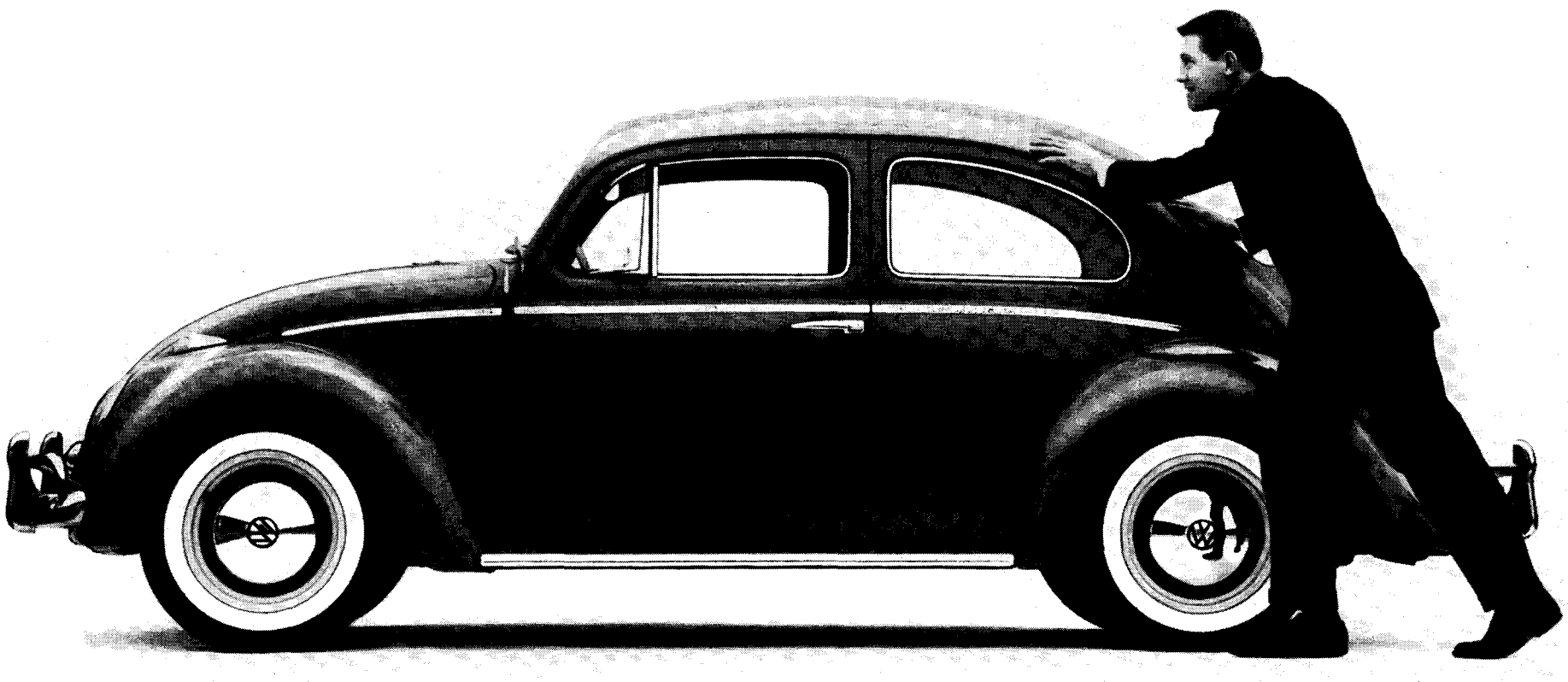

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Van Arsdale is seldom at his desk and does most business on the run. Often he hitches a ride with Arnold Beichman, editor of the union newspaper.

BIG BOSS The union, it would seem, is also Van Arsdale's whole life. He has a family—wife, four adult children, seven grandchildren—but not for years has he indulged in a normal family life. "When we were growing up," says his son Tom, "he'd come home occasionally—to catch up on his sleep." He oftens begins with a seven A.M. or eight A.M. breakfast meeting and continues working until midnight or later.

His work habits are highly individual. He has two offices—one at Local 3's headquarters, 130 East 25th Street, and another at the New York City Central Labor Council, of which he is president. But he is seldom at either place. He prefers to jog around town, calling on people rather than having them wait on him; in this way he can more readily control the length of appointments. His means of locomotion are conventional—taxi or his own car—except when he can bum a ride on the back seat of a motor scooter owned by Arnold Beichman, the editor of the union paper.

During the course of the evening he may return to his deserted headquarters and seat himself at a desk where a secretary has left a neatly typed schedule of his following day's "assignments," as well as several Manila envelopes containing letters, memoranda and fat batches of checks—annuity checks, health-and-welfare checks and sundry others. Before affixing his signature to the checks, he examines each voucher. "It's the best way I know to keep in touch with what's going on," he says.

Van Arsdale also holds to the old-fashioned notion that a union leader should not aspire to the style of life of a businessman. The chauffered Cadillacs affected by some paladins of labor fill him with dismay. "Just think how it would look," he exclaims, "if I had a limousine parked in front of the Local 3 building!" He even refuses to ride in official cars, including the mayor's. After Morris Iushewitz, secretary of the Central Labor Council, became a member of the city's Board of Education, Van Arsdale urged him to boycott the board's motor pool. "Don't use those cars," he told Iushewitz. "Take a taxi! Pay for it yourself!"

Van Arsdale still lives in the wood-frame workman's dwelling which he and his father built in Queens back in 1927. His salary is $200 a week, less than is earned by some Local 3 members who are superintendents. He is allowed a thirty-five-dollar-a-week expense account and seven dollars a day for the use of his car on union business.

Local 3 is something of a curiosity, being both a craft and an industrial organization. Its members include highly skilled construction electricians, as well as building-maintenance men, motor repairmen and workers in switchboard, lighting-fixture and lampshade factories. All told, the local has nineteen separate divisions.

Most unions try to pile up large reserves; Local 3 regards a fat bankroll as a temptation to mismanagement. Thus the union operates by deficit financing. It has been as much as $186,000 in the red, at which point the members vote a special assessment to pay off the debt.

Local 3's members are enrolled in a variety of benefit plans, the most generous of which covers the 10,000 top-skilled craftsmen whose employers belong to the Joint Industry Board of New York's electrical industry.

The JIB plan, financed by payroll taxes and administered by a union-management committee, provides pensions of $220 a month—including Social Security—at age sixty-five. If a member is injured on the job, he receives his wages for the first fifteen weeks he is confined to the hospital. If his tools and work clothes are stolen, he is entitled to as much as $215 for replacements. Hospital benefits are provided for 120 days. Members receive free dental care in a clinic at union headquarters and can avail themselves of a wide range of diagnostic services at the JIB's medical department.

Each worker gets a two-week paid vacation—an unusual boon in the construction industry. Beginning next year, men with twenty-five years' service will get three weeks. The JIB also maintains a revolving fund which provides interest-free loans, up to $10,000, to pay off a mortgage, buy a cooperative apartment or a car.

Some years ago Van Arsdale decided that jacking up wages had its drawbacks, for taxes took too large a bite. Far better if money could be regularly set aside for each man, to be drawn upon in later years when his income and tax rate would be lower. The members bought the idea,

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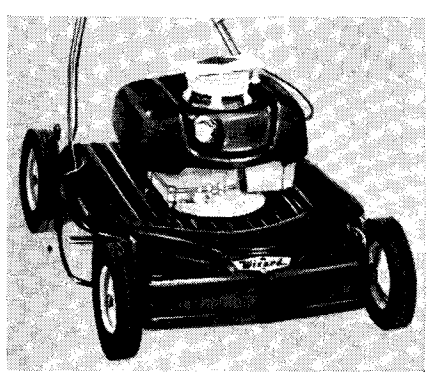

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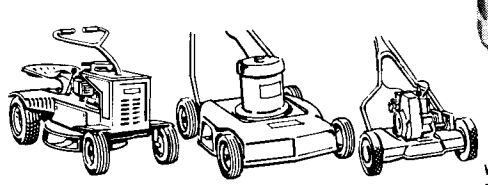

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BIG BOSS and in 1954 the union secured annuity payments, which now come to four dollars a day, in lieu of a wage increase.

One of the proudest achievements of Van Arsdale's welfare state is its cooperative-housing project in Queens—an attractive group of red-brick apartment houses called Electchester. (He insists that the union paper refer to it as Beautiful Electchester.) It cost $25,226,491 to build and consists of more than 2200 apartments priced considerably below similar accommodations in the vicinity. About a fourth of the occupants are members of Local 3.

Employers calculate that the various JIB benefits increase payroll costs by 30 percent. (The union places the figure slightly lower.) Thus an electrician making $165 a week really receives a "package" worth $214.50. The employers can sustain this burden because Local 3, instead of resisting technological progress, actively encourages it.

Back in the '30's Van Arsdale persuaded his members that increasing productivity was the key to the more abundant life. He put it succinctly: "You produce more and I'll get you more." But he always understood the uses of semantics. Never would he speak of "laborsaving" devices; they were always "timesaving."

Local 3 members themselves, encouraged by a cash contest, devise new tools and methods. One member invented a machine called the Powercrat—a motorized drum which pulls heavy cables through conduits. Requiring only one operator, it replaces the muscle power of six or seven men.

Van Arsdale also fought featherbedding. Maintenance men used to be required at construction sites to turn on the temporary lights; they would then sit around all day doing nothing. Van Arsdale ended that time-honored practice. He also encouraged employers to fire loafers.

Van Arsdale has, however, confined his crusade to his own union. Ask him about other unions which cherish featherbedding practices, and he says, "I really don't know enough about it to comment."

His concern for the welfare of his own industry would certainly have bewildered the men who built Local 3. They were tutored in a rougher school, as was Van Arsdale. His father, still spry at seventy-eight, was an active member of Local 3 all his adult years. Harry Jr. was born on November 23, 1905, during a thirty-three-month lockout that stretched from 1904 to 1907. He can still recall his father's bitterness against the men who broke ranks, joined a "dual union" and returned to work.

Harry Jr. was a bright and gregarious lad. He attended Townsend Harris, a New York high school for gifted youngsters, but left to go to work after his second year. He was then sixteen. He married Molly Casey at seventeen, was a father at eighteen. He held a variety of jobs before he entered the electrical field. In 1925, at age nineteen, he joined Local 3.

The labor movement became Van Arsdale's school. Journeymen electricians who had traveled in the West regaled him with tales of the militant Industrial Workers of the World. He read up on labor history, attended lectures and union rallies all over town. Meantime he was busy making friends in Local 3. He held minor office and in October, 1933, when the business manager resigned, the executive board appointed Van Arsdale to the post. He stood for election in June, 1934, and won by a slender margin. In 1960, when he was elected for his eighth term, the vote was 19,147 to 892.

In October, 1933, Local 3 had only 5708 members, all of them skilled craftsmen. The union was in a turbulent state, ridden by factions, a prey to infiltration by the Communists. Demagogic appeals found a ready audience, for unemployment was widespread and the local had a long history of internecine warfare. Meetings frequently ended in free-for-alls, with the cops called in to restore order.

For a year or so before Van Arsdale took over, there was also a gangster threat. The thugs offered to "cure" the union's internal troubles in return for a couple of appointive positions, which they would presumably have used to shake down employers. The heavy-handed proposal was reported to the district attorney and the danger was scotched. For a long time, however, Van Arsdale's predecessor kept a bodyguard at his side.

Communist infiltration was harder to handle. There were only a few Party members in the local, but they had the advantage of operating as a tightly disciplined group in a larger body ignorant of their maneuverings. They had no effective opposition until a Committee of One Hundred was organized in the winter of 1932–33 by Van Arsdale and others. The committee caucused before each meeting, just as the Communists did. It planned strategy, corralled votes, issued

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BIG BOSS leaflets to counter the Communist handbills. In 1934, when Van Arsdale was elected business manager for the first time, the Committee of One Hundred was his campaign organization. His victory signaled the end of the Communist danger.

The left wing was not his only problem. In February, 1933, a brawl occurred in union headquarters which kept Van Arsdale in and out of the courts for two years. As he tells the story, he was jumped by a couple of thugs. While he was pinned in a corner, with his arms covering his face to ward off the blows, pistol shots rang out. Two members of the opposition faction were wounded. Though vehemently protesting their innocence, Van Arsdale and a colleague were convicted of the shooting. On appeal, the conviction was reversed, the court holding that the trial testimony had been too contradictory to afford a clear picture of what had occurred. A new trial was ordered, but instead the indictments were dismissed.

The episode was a public embarrassment, but it did not significantly affect his members' regard for him. For young Van Arsdale had a sure touch with the crowd and a headful of attractive new ideas. For years charges of financial mismanagement had enlivened union meetings. Soon after he became business manager, Van Arsdale put the matter bluntly to his fellow officers: "Are we going to steal any money?"

Of course the answer was no. Van Arsdale thereupon proposed that the union send a detailed financial report to each member at three-month intervals. This has been done ever since.

In 1941 a picket-line riot in a bitter strike against a Queens cable manufacturer led to the conviction of Van Arsdale on charges of inciting to riot. He appealed, and the conviction was set aside on grounds of insufficient evidence.

Far more protracted was the legal imbroglio which resulted from Local 3's practice of refusing to install electrical products not manufactured in New York City. The union's justification was that it was protecting its factory-worker members from unfair nonunion competition. Out-of-town manufacturers saw the matter differently and charged the union with illegally restraining trade in collusion with New York electrical contractors and manufacturers.

In 1945, the U. S. Supreme Court ruled that Local 3 had engaged in an illegal conspiracy—but that it could legally bar out-of-town products if it did not act collusively with employers. In 1947, however, the Taft-Hartley Act forbade such secondary boycotts. "Foreign" equipment now is regularly installed by Local 3 men.

Van Arsdale's checkered past may account for the zest with which he throws himself into community activities. He delights in hobnobbing with the bankers and businessmen, socialites and art patrons, many of whom he meets by virtue of being a director of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, a trustee of the Carnegie Hall Corporation and a board member of the New York World's Fair Corporation.

Yet Van Arsdale is motivated by far more than a craving for respectability. He is by temperament a reformer. There is a churning restlessness in him that is expressed in his passion for education. "Even in the old days," says a union colleague, "he'd always tell us, 'Get a book, read a book, keep reading.'"

His enthusiasms always have to be shared. Some years ago the film *Viva Zapata*, starring Marlon Brando, impressed him as a parable about leadership—how power made a leader forget his humble origins. Van Arsdale summoned his officials to a screening at union headquarters one Friday afternoon. The phones were shut off; all business ceased. Van Arsdale made an introductory speech and led a two-hour discussion after the picture was shown. The weary throng did not escape until nine P.M.

"Only an eccentric like Van Arsdale," says an admirer, "would think of getting electricians a fifteen-dollar-a-day benefit when they go on jury duty—but insist that they first qualify for it by taking a course in municipal affairs."

Back in 1950 about $140,000 of his electricians' welfare funds went for the purchase of Bayberry Land, an elaborate 314-acre estate in Southampton, Long Island. For several years Local 3 used Bayberry as a convalescent home, but it was seldom full. In 1957 Van Arsdale decided it could be put to better use as a school. The result was a week's course in "How to Think"—a potpourri of psychology, semantics and learning theory. Members who enrolled were paid $140 for the week they lost from their jobs. In groups of thirty, nearly 5000 electricians took the course.

Since the end of the war Local 3 has sent twenty-six officials on trips abroad—to widen their horizons, study foreign labor, act as goodwill ambassadors. Each man gets a grant of $5000 so that he can

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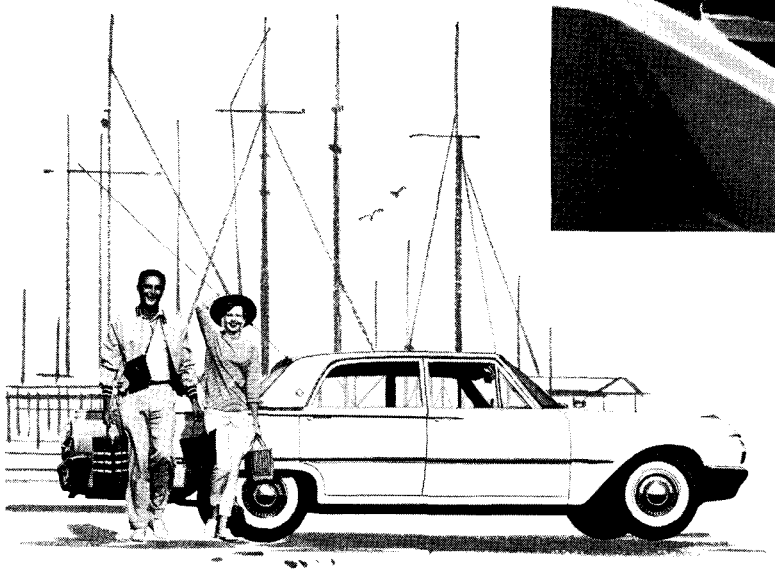

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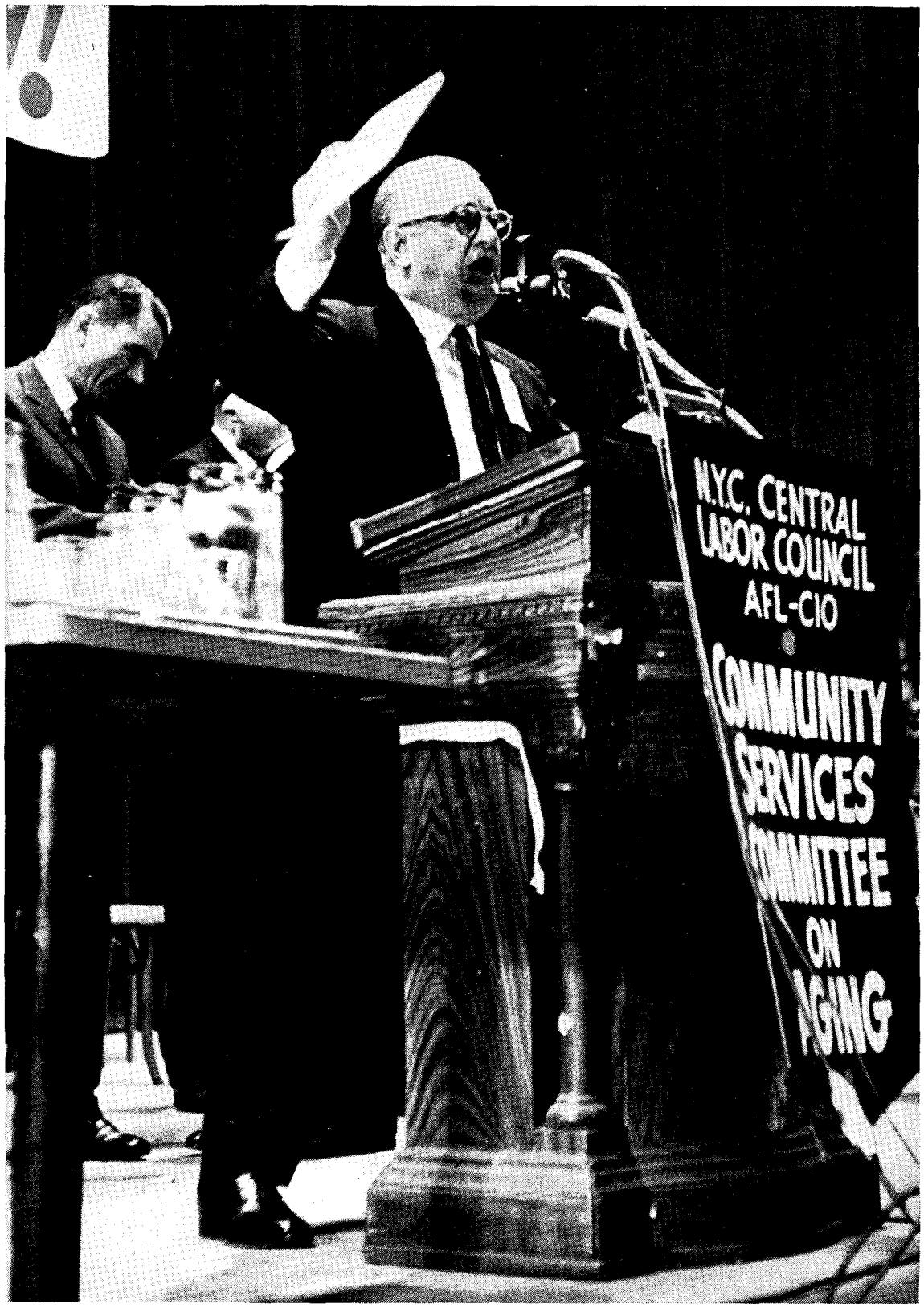

As president of New York's Central Labor Council, Van Arsdale is the militant spokesman for 1,000,000 union members. "A union is not just wages and hours . . . it's the vehicle for a better life."

BIG BOSS take his wife. In 1959 Van Arsdale decided that these junkets should be supplemented by formal study. Past and future travelers were corralled into classes in world affairs—held at eight A.M. at New York University—and required to fork up three dollars a week to pay the professor.

Since 1949, 300 scholarships have been awarded to the sons and daughters of electricians for study in six New York City colleges and universities. Most of these have been given by the Joint Industry Board of the electrical industry, under which an employer has to contribute a $5280 grant for every $1,000,000 of annual business. The winners are selected by competitive examination.

As president of the New York City Central Labor Council, a post to which he was elected in 1959, Van Arsdale has found a broader scope for his missionary impulses. The Labor Council represents the various AFL-CIO unions in the city, whose membership totals 1,000,000. The president of this body could easily be a figurehead; Van Arsdale characteristically has assumed every prerogative of leadership.

When a strike of low-paid hospital workers was called in 1959, he led picket-line demonstrations, collected food and money, more than once sat up half the night at City Hall helping to negotiate a settlement.

Winning the twenty-five-hour week for his electricians was an easier task than settling the hospital strike. Local 3 has long been so strong in the construction trade that no contractor would dream of trying to break a strike. The walkout engendered considerable bitterness, however. "Many contractors feel that they were badly let down by the union," says Efram A. Kahn, the industry's chief spokesman during the strike. "They believe that labor costs have simply gotten out of hand."

These same contractors, however, caution that it is too soon to measure the economic impact of his victory. For the reduced work week will not go into effect until July 1, and Van Arsdale made a number of commitments to shave its cost. Employers were promised 1000 additional apprentices—a welcome pool of cheaper labor. The union agreed to negotiate a reduction in the "secondary" wage rate, which applies to repair and installation work in homes and small-business establishments. Van Arsdale also pledged a renewed effort to eliminate waste time on the job.

Will the twenty-five-hour week set a pattern for all industry, or for the construction industry? It is very unlikely. Local 3, after all, has had the thirty-hour week since 1936—it was suspended during the war—without upsetting traditional work schedules elsewhere. Nonetheless, as a goal and a symbol in the age of automation, the twenty-five-hour week will be long celebrated in labor gatherings.

"I'm more interested in full employment than in the twenty-five-hour week," says Van Arsdale. "We have full employment in war. Why can't we have it for humanitarian reasons? Basically I wanted to dramatize the problem of unemployment."

He has succeeded in doing that.

THE END

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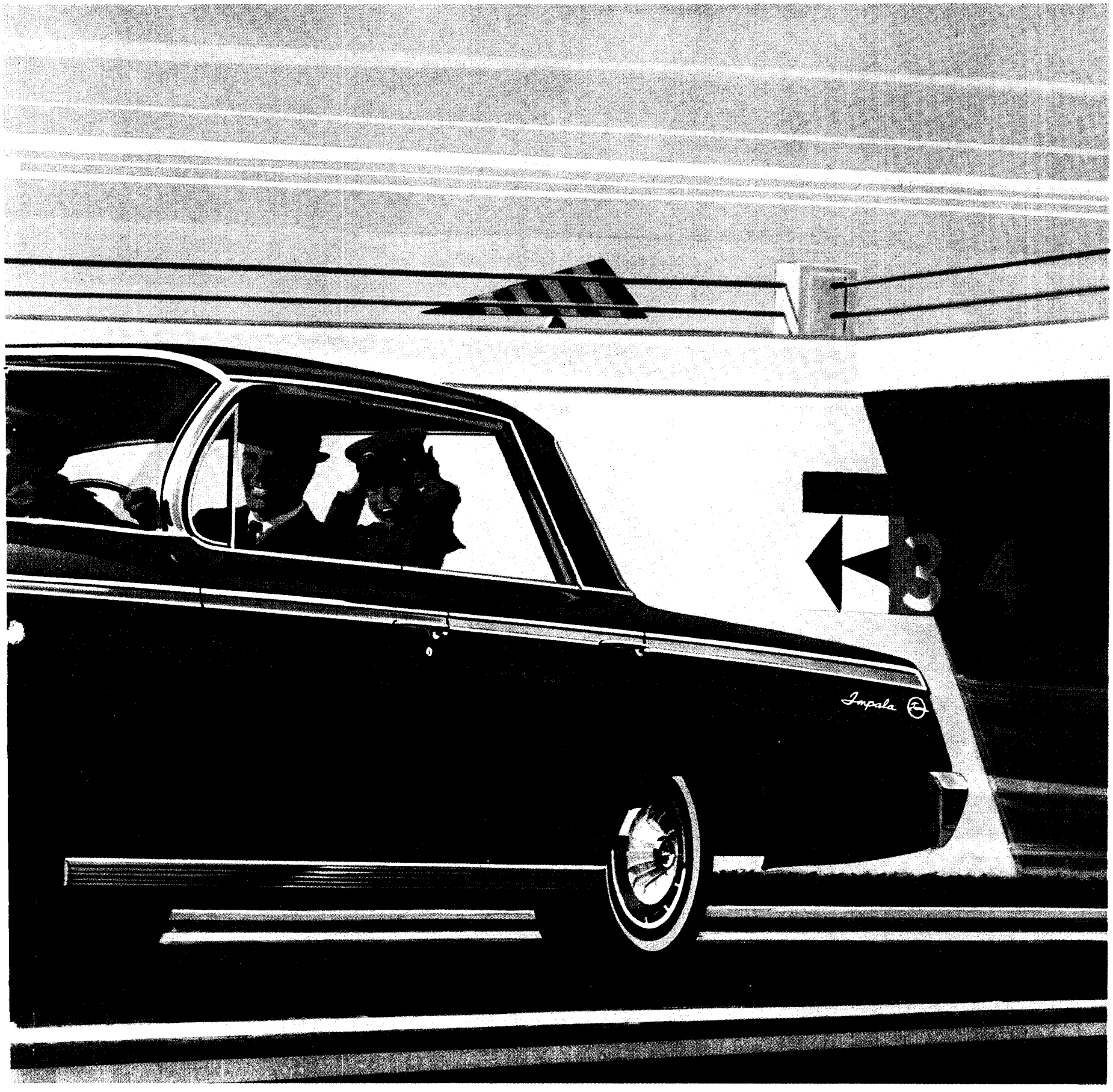

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One whale of a wagon...at a low, low price

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Chevy II Nova

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I Saw the Horror in Angola

An American missionary's firsthand account of Portugal's brutal war to pacify its rebellious colony.

By REV. E. EDWIN LEMASTER as told to Irv Goodman

Angola, on the west coast of Africa, is Portugal's largest and richest colony. The Portuguese landed there ten years before Columbus discovered America. Fourteen times the size of Portugal, it is a country of jungle, elephant grass and riches—coffee, forests, diamonds, minerals.

Revolt broke out in Angola in February of 1961. The fighting in the early months was savage. Today, somewhat less barbaric but more deliberate, it continues. Portuguese soldiers and police and armed civilians control the cities and towns; rebel guerrilla bands work out of the hills. There are skirmishes and killings in the bush country up north—the main revolt area—and martial law everywhere.

The Rev. E. Edwin LeMaster, an American Methodist missionary, spent nine years in Angola and three months in Portuguese prisons before he was released and deported last December. With the help of Methodist missionaries still working in Angola, and others who have left since the revolt began, he gives here a complete eyewitness account of what has been going on. THE EDITORS.

In Angola before the rebellion:

An African woman, the mother of three children and in her ninth month of pregnancy, was conscripted by the forced-labor program to work on roads. She was unable to run on the double, as is often required of the road gangs, and was flogged with a club. At the end of the day, friends brought her to a mission hospital. There she died.

An African village pastor, whose goat had been illegally confiscated by a Portuguese official, complained and was exiled (to southern Angola, a sparse, dried-up plateau) for three years.

In Angola since the rebellion:

A seventh-year African student, living at a youth hostel and hoping to become a lawyer, was arrested by P.I.D.E., the Portuguese secret police, and beaten. Three days later he died.

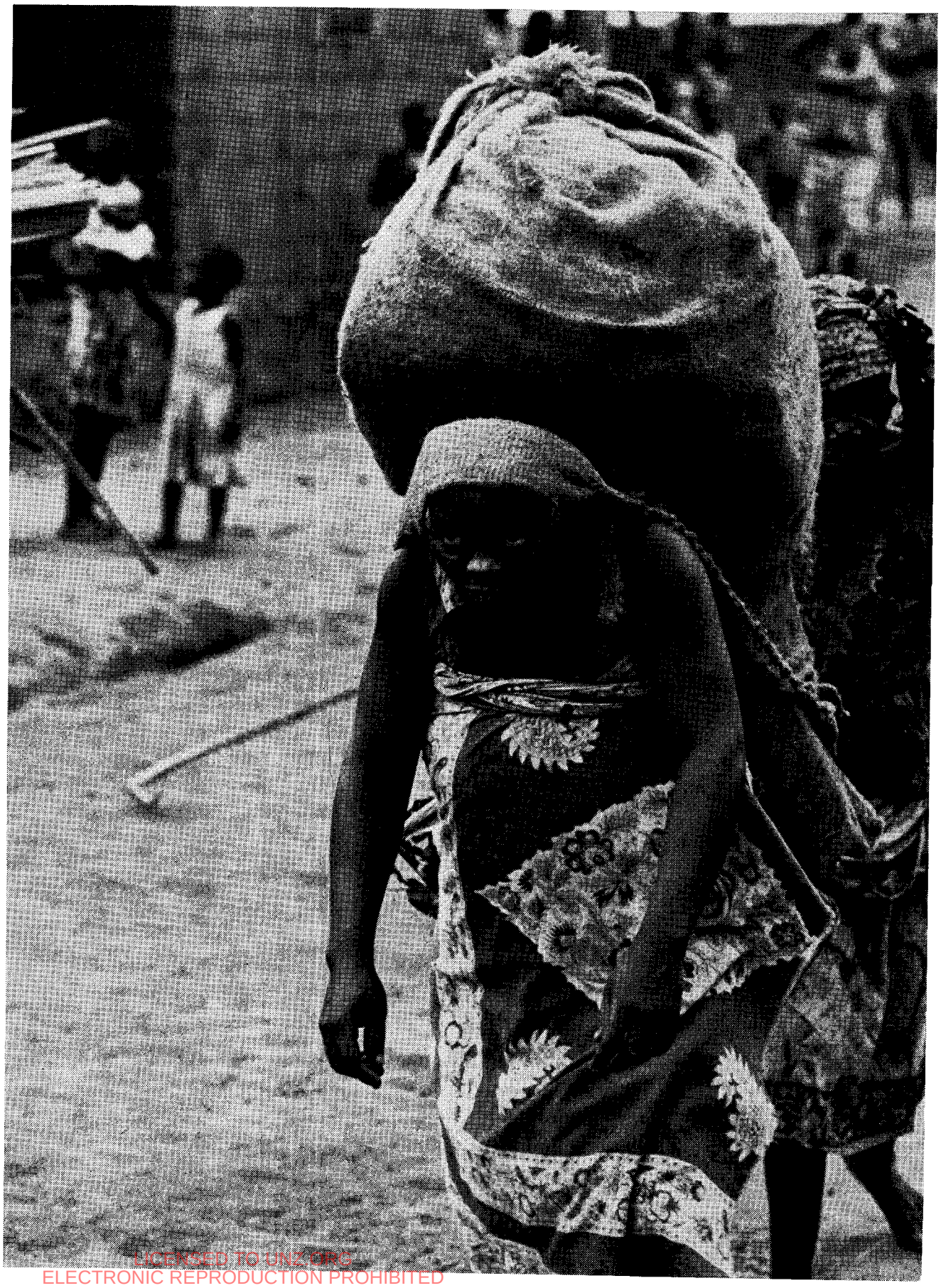
At the village of Mucucuiji, away from the revolt area, armed white civilians came in the middle of the night and herded all the able-bodied men, about forty of them, into a hut. In the morning the men were taken out and shot.

Of our five African pastors in the Golungo Alto circuit, Pedro de Sousa and Francisco Manuel da Silva were killed at their churches by mobs of white civilians. Domingos de Almeida was attacked by the vigilantes while he was holding Sunday services. He died in the local prison. Jose de Freitas was carried off by a mob and never seen again. Eugenio da Silva walked 200 miles through the bush to escape. The last we heard, he was still alive in Luanda, Angola's capital city.

These incidents, none of them uncommon to Angola, go together. The revolt doesn't separate them. There was cruelty in Angola before the fighting, and there has been brutality since, and all stem from the same source—Portugal's ample record of injustice and abuse of human rights in the colony.

I am a missionary. I do God's work and man's work among people who need both. It is not for me to suggest that all Portuguese are bad or that all Africans are good. That would be foolish and false. But I cannot strike a pose of neutrality about Angola. There is a war there. Almost 2000 whites and more than 45,000 Africans have been killed. I have seen

Refugees arriving in the Congo. Nearly 150,000 Angolans have fled northward since the revolt began.



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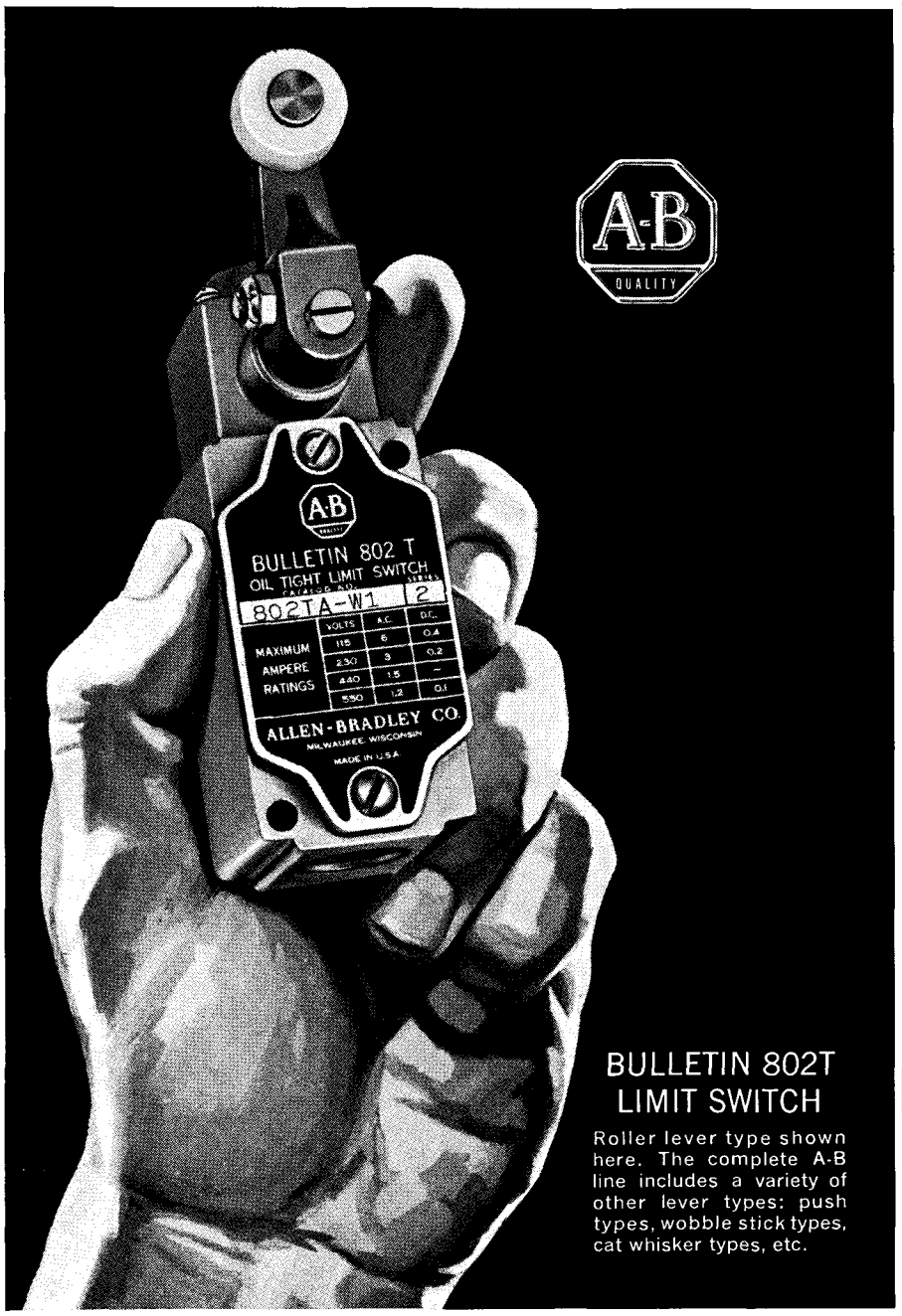

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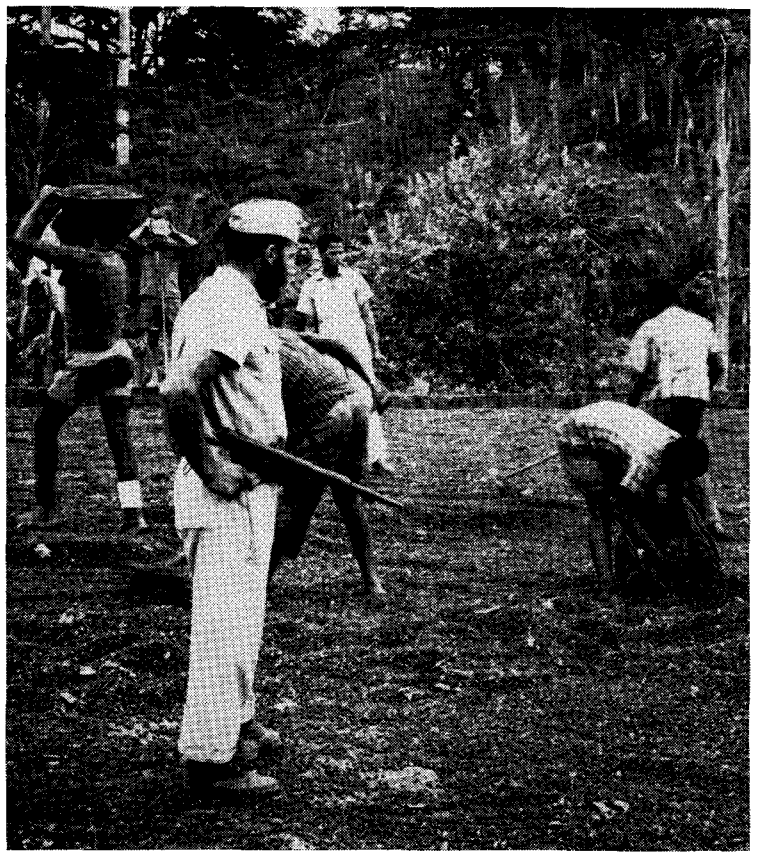

Plantation workers under guard spread coffee to dry. The Portuguese claim armed militiamen protect loyal Angolans from terrorists, but the author says natives are kept on the job by force.

ANGOLA the war—its causes and its consequences—and I must stand with the Africans. I realize that Portugal needs Angola. The Portuguese are among the poorest (and the most illiterate) people in Europe. They depend on Angola for raw material and cheap labor. I realize that Portuguese dictator António de Oliveira Salazar needs it too. It anchors his distressed colonial holdings in Africa and the East. If Angola is lost, his regime will most certainly fall. Such desperation has nurtured more than one reign of terror.

But practical political necessity does not make right. The grievances of the black men in Angola are substantial. No African can buy or sell property, own land, enter a hospital or travel from his village without the consent of his local Portuguese official. He must pay a head tax because he is black. He can be put in prison for six months, or longer, without a trial. The arm of the dictatorship surrounds him. Political parties are prohibited. All publications, from the large Luanda daily newspapers to religious pamphlets, are censored. Search and seizure is an everyday occurrence. Bribery and corruption are staples of the government that runs him. Even his marriage in a church is not legally recognized. As far as the Portuguese administration is concerned, every native adult is single, every child is illegitimate.

Technically, but only technically, Angola has no official segregation. The Salazar regime insists that the colony is an integral part of Portugal itself—an overseas province—and that, therefore, all Africans have equality with Portuguese. But the snare is, citizenship is given only to those Africans who can "assimilate." To become an *assimilado* (a black Portuguese, as it were), a native must be able to read and write Portuguese, pass a test, earn his own livelihood and behave like a European. Then, as an *assimilado*, he can vote, ride a bus, enter a movie theater, live next door to a white man and avoid forced labor.

The Portuguese point to this policy and claim racial equality in Angola. It is an artificial pose. There are more than 4,000,000 Africans in Angola, and only 30,000 of them are *assimilados*. That leaves better than 99 percent of the black population as *indígenas*, the strange choice of word used by the Portuguese to label the nonassimilated.

An African—assuming he wants to—finds it difficult to become an *assimilado*. For one thing, it is no simple matter for him to learn to read and write. Portugal does not encourage schooling for Angolans. At least 90 percent of the Africans (and perhaps 50 percent of the whites) are illiterate. The Protestant churches alone have educated more Africans than has the government.

What's more, it does not escape the more sophisticated Africans, those who would be eligible for the honor, that the assimilation policy is rooted in a doctrine of racial superiority—the idea that Europeans are more competent, more moral and more desirable than Africans.

Late last summer, for external consumption, the Portuguese announced they were abandoning the legal distinction between the *assimilados* and the *indígenas*, but our missionaries in Angola report it is merely a paper reform, without any apparent implementation and more likely to reduce the status of the few *assimilados* than to improve the condition of the mass of *indígenas*.

The most grinding of all African grievances have to do with land and labor. For all its 480 years of occupation, Portugal has done little to develop Angolan resources. It has preferred exploitation to

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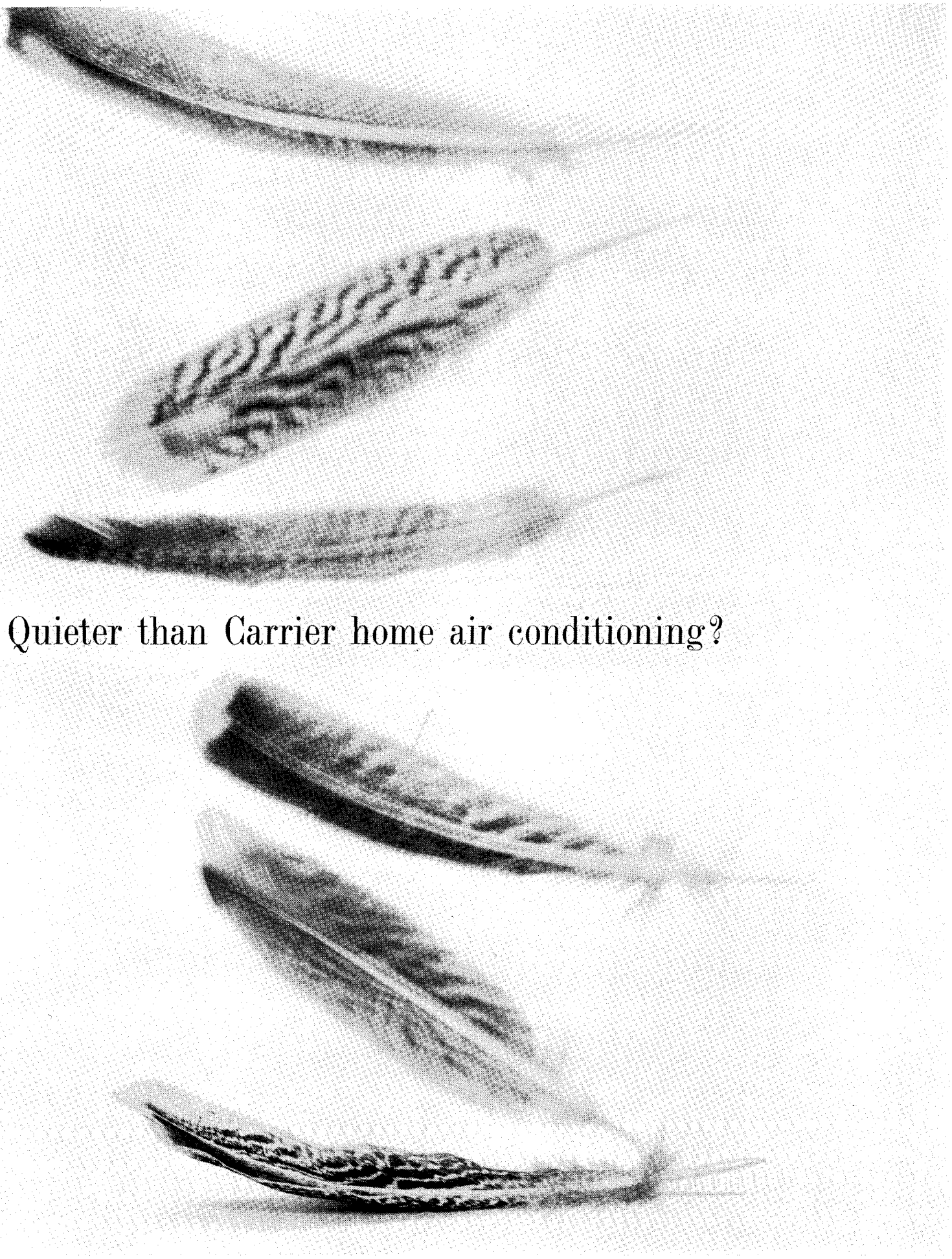

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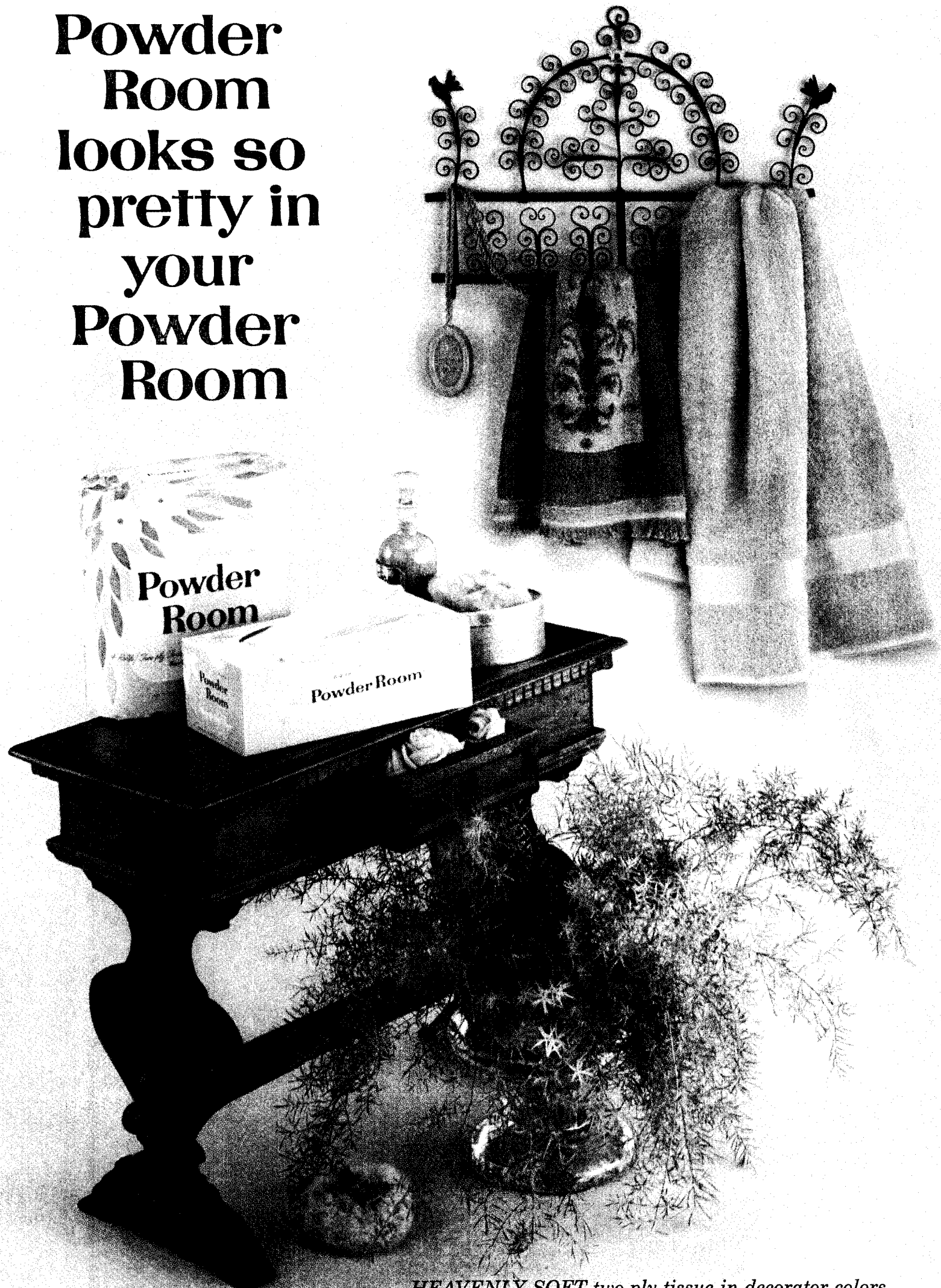
Powder Room looks so pretty in your Powder Room



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Savage fighting between rebel bands and organized settlers (above) broke out in February, 1961. About 50,000—mostly Africans—have died. Both sides have been guilty of bloody massacres.

ANGOLA development. Land is one example. Of the 200,000 Portuguese in Angola today, more than half arrived in the past ten years, drawn by the postwar boom in coffee prices. Many of them rushed to northern Angola, where the land and climate are suitable for coffee growing, and carved out hundreds of plantations from what were modest African holdings.

It was a simple land-grab procedure. A settler staked out a handsome tract for himself, registered it with the district administration and forcibly evicted any African coffee farmers he found on the land. The Africans appealed to the government, but their claims were ignored.

Many whites concede the land problem helped bring on the fighting. Sometime after the revolt broke out, I heard one Portuguese coffee planter say to another: "This mess is all our fault. I came here four years ago, marked off land for my plantation and chased away the Africans. At the end of the year I had a coffee crop. I just kicked the Africans off their land. And so did you."

The contract-labor program is even a more extensive abuse. It affects most of the native population. It requires, in effect, that every able-bodied African male—except for a few thousand who are listed as private farmers—must work, under conditions and at wages set by the government or a private employer. Either an African finds an employer or an employer is found for him. A contract is supposedly signed at some point.

It is, I believe, a system close to slave labor. Men—and often women and children too—are forced to work. They are frequently underpaid or not paid at all. They are generally overcharged by their employer for food, clothing and supplies. The law states that a contract laborer may not be compelled to do more than nine hours of "effective work" a day. But casual interpretation of the law enables employers to drain extra hours of work from the Africans with charges of loafing, stealing or damaging tools. As a rule, the laborers put in a twelve-hour day, six days a week, for seven dollars a month.

If a laborer misses a day's work or refuses to work or steals or simply doesn't get along with his foreman, he can be put in prison or beaten. A delinquent native may be beaten by the government at his employer's request (the legal procedure) or by the employer himself (the illegal but acceptable way). The beatings are with a *palmatória*, a wooden paddle with small holes in it to grip the struck skin, used on the palms of the hands; or with a *chicote*, a strip of hippo hide about three feet long and often an inch thick, used on the back. For failing to deliver the quota of laborers for a coffee plantation, the African chief of Quiculungo village received 200 *palmatórias*, enough to swell his hands and arms up to the shoulders.

When it comes time to harvest a crop or lay railroad ties or pave a road, even the pretense of contracting for labor is often dropped. Villages are simply raided, day or night, to get the needed manpower. At these times no one is exempt. One woman was imprisoned for six months of hard labor for attempting to shield her daughters (ages eleven and thirteen) from being taken to a coffee plantation miles away.

Angola's cotton program, particularly notorious for the raiding habit, gives an idea of how the forced-labor system works. Natives are taken from their villages, through official channels or private bribe, and forced to grow prescribed patches of cotton. There are no wages. At the end of the season they must sell their product at low prices to Cotonag,

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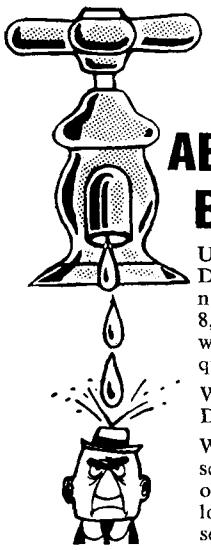

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Author LeMaster with mission students before his expulsion from Angola. He was accused of running a school for terrorists.

Student nurses and their supervisor. This hospital at Quessua is still open, but almost all foreign missionaries have been deported.

ANGOLA a Portuguese-Belgian firm that has the cotton concession in Angola.

The workers must remain at the patch of land and must grow only cotton. If they attempt to plant a food crop for their families, they are punished. Cotonag deputies, usually Africans recruited from the army and dressed in uniform, guard the cotton fields, to see that every worker is at his patch. If he is not, he is beaten.

The workers will start out at patches near their village. Then, when the land is exhausted—very little fertilizer is used and most patches must be abandoned after two years—they are made to move to other patches, ten miles away or fifty miles away. They become involuntary migrants. Conditions such as these made violence inevitable. In January and February of 1961, cotton workers in the Cassange Valley, in central Angola, went on strike. Cotton prices had gone down; the workers weren't being paid, and they refused to work.

They were beaten. Their tribal chiefs were arrested. But still they wouldn't work. "We'll die first," they said. "Before we raised cotton for you, we had our cattle and our gardens, and we were happy. Now we don't have our cattle, we don't have our gardens. We don't have anything—while your cotton is growing."

This situation went on for about a month. Cotonag deputies clubbed down the strikers. And the strikers fought back. They broke windows, upset stores, once attacked a Catholic mission.

Whites in the region, fearing the angry mood, evacuated to the city of Malange. After they left, some workers destroyed the main bridge into the area and built barricades. When soldiers came and tried to build roads around the barricades, they were ambushed. Two army officers were killed.

The Portuguese retaliated swiftly, wiping out almost all of the nearby villages with fire bombings and raids. Not a word of the revolt or the retaliation was published. The Portuguese refused to permit anyone into the area. But some of our pastors who were there when it started reported the Portuguese "cleanup." To this day, though, we don't know how many Africans were killed there.

Trouble stirred in Luanda, too, at the time. On February third, Africans armed with knives and clubs attacked the prisons in an attempt to free political agitators. Seven Portuguese police were killed, about forty Africans were machine-gunned, and none of the prisoners was freed. Two days later white civilians went to the policemen's funeral armed with rifles and pistols. As they left the cemetery, some of the civilians saw Africans they suspected of being involved in the prison attacks. They chased the Africans into a sawmill and shot them down.

A campaign of Portuguese violence was under way in Luanda. Civilian vigilantes, aided by the police, organized a massacre of natives. Nightly they entered the African section of the city—a dismal ghetto of one-room huts and no sanitation—pulled natives from their homes, shot them and left the bodies in the streets. Marion Way, one of our missionaries in Luanda at the time, can testify to the killing of almost 300 Africans.

The revolt broke out, officially and unexpectedly, according to the Portuguese, on the morning of March fifteenth in the coffee country. For three violent days organized bands of rebels attacked plantations and farms and villages. Altogether some 700 white men, women and children were killed. As a Christian I cannot condone any killing, and many of these were brutal and senseless. Undoubtedly some of the rebels had worked themselves into a frenzy before going on their hit-and-run raids. They mutilated bodies. (Some of the more ignorant Africans in the bush country believe that, unless a body is dismembered, the person will return to life.) There were reports of sexual attacks on women, the torture of children. The Portuguese even charged instances of cannibalism, but I strongly doubt that.

The revolt was organized by the Union of the Peoples of Angola (U.P.A.), an internal movement, although Portugal insists the terrorism was instigated from the outside by Communists. U.P.A., so far as I know, is not leftist, and its leader, thirty-nine-year-old Holden Roberto, disavows any Communist links. Support for the rebellion certainly came from inside, not outside, Angola. I believe that the Angolan Africans are alone in their struggle.

This doesn't mean that Communism isn't seeking to exploit the strife in Angola. Communists work best where there is a void, and there is a void in Angola. The Africans know almost nothing about Communism, understand something about freedom and want friends. They might turn to the Communists in the absence of concern by the free world.

The Russians send in radio broadcasts three times a day, at regular hours and in Portuguese. The Voice of America, when I was in Angola, broadcast at irregular hours, often late in the evening, and in English. Africans noted the difference.

After Adlai Stevenson spoke at the United Nations in March of 1961 in support of the motion to censure Portugal for its oppressive practices in Angola, some of my African students said to me, "We've waited for a long time to hear a voice from the country that sent us the missionaries. Now we don't have to listen only to Moscow."

Such remarks from students explain, in part, why much of the Portuguese reprisal to the revolt was directed at the Protestant churches. We were producing potential native leadership for the church and for Angola. That sort of activity was subversive, the government believed, and it had settled on a strategy of stamping out potential native leadership.

At the start of the revolt we had 292 Methodist churches, forty-two resident missionaries, 124 African pastors and 140 native teachers working in Angola, mostly in the northern half of the country. We had 10,000 students at our 125 schools. We had a hospital in Quessua and a clinic in Luanda. Then the Portuguese went to work. Today only eight of our missionaries are still at their posts. In the Luanda-Dembos district, one of our two districts in the country, 130 of our 165 African pastors and teachers are dead, in prison or missing. The Quessua hospital—in the Malange district—is still open, but the Luanda clinic was destroyed by a white mob.

The Portuguese were particularly savage in their assaults on our African church workers. The Rev. Guilherme Pereira Ingles, in his fifth year as a district superintendent for us, remained in his village in the Dembos when most of the Africans fled from the Portuguese raids. White civilians brought soldiers to the village to get him. The Reverend Mr. Ingles was beaten then shot and, along with his local pastor, Christovão da Silva, dumped into the Danges River.

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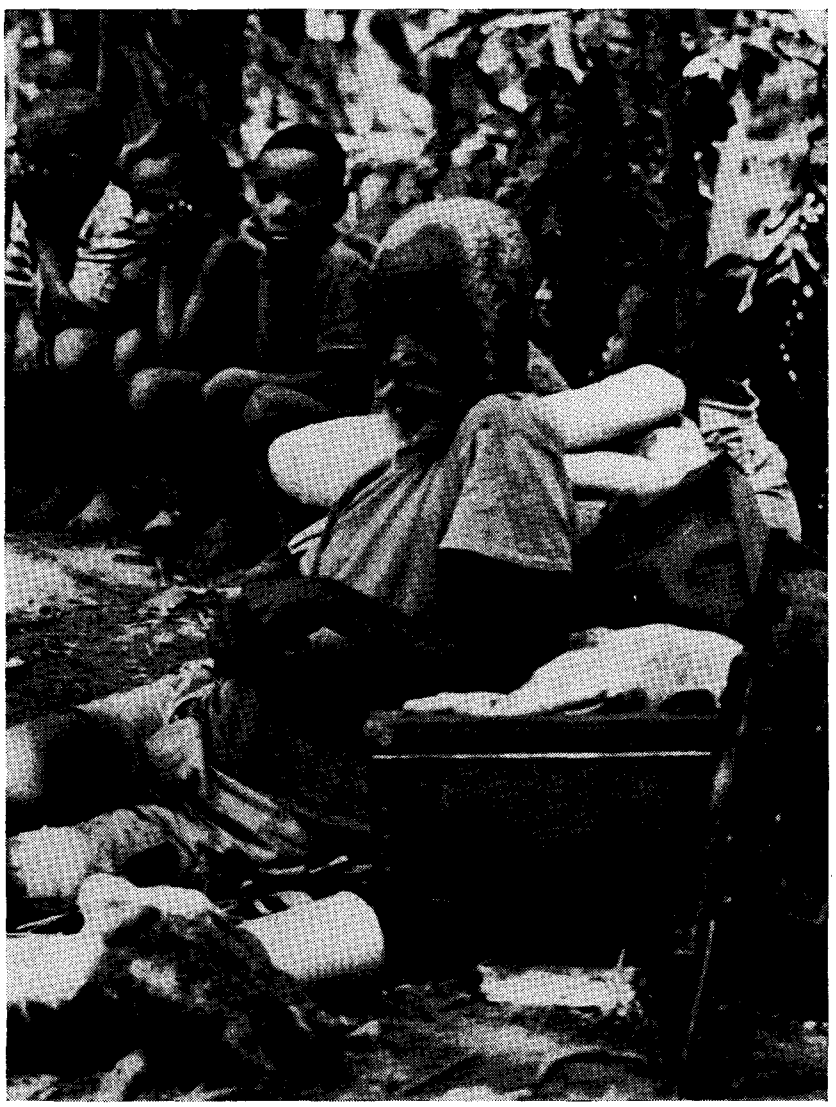

Survivors of an air raid in northern Angola, where rebel strength is concentrated. Bombings have driven most villagers into jungle camps.

Ragged troops drill with wooden guns at a rebel hideout. The rebels claim a force of 25,000 guerrillas, some of whom were trained in Tunisia.

ANGOLA Below the Cuanza River, about as far south as we maintained a church and 200 miles from the nearest revolt area, Mateus de Almeida, our local pastor, was imprisoned. For three days his family brought food to him. On the fourth day his daughter Eva came and found a woman cleaning out her father's cell. "Too bad," the woman said. "Your father was killed today." His body was never returned to the family.

The Portuguese were not so bold with the American missionaries. None of us was killed or beaten. Some were pressured into leaving Angola, others were deported. My turn came on September fifth. P.I.D.E. agents arrested Fred Brancel, a lay missionary, and me at our Quessua mission station and brought us to Luanda. There we joined the Rev. Wendell Lee Golden and Marion Way, who had been arrested that day too.

The charges against us were ludicrous—that we ran a school for terrorists, that we stored arms in a mountain near Quessua, that we taught courses with hidden meanings, that we imported refrigerators filled with guns, that an agriculturist at our Quessua station had a secret plan to blow up a mine. (The agriculturist-saboteur, by the way, is still in Quessua; the mine in question remains untouched.)

No evidence was produced, and it was immaterial that the charges were false. The Portuguese had decided it was time we left Angola. We were teaching too many Africans how to read and write and think for themselves. Our interrogation went this way: A P.I.D.E. agent asked me what I thought of the Africans.

"I think they are capable of learning," I said. "I enjoy working with them. They offer leadership for our church."

"Independence, huh," he said.

"I didn't say that."

"But that's what you think."

One of the particular charges against Fred Brancel was that he and his wife had met with four African students in their home and had urged them to join the "terrorists." The P.I.D.E. man claimed he had a confession from an African church leader which clearly implicated Brancel and gave the names of the four boys. Fred said this was impossible. All four names were unknown to him.

The P.I.D.E. people brought in the church leader, trembling and bruised. He repeated his confession.

Fred realized what the Portuguese had done and, when he returned to our cell after the interrogation, he was shaking. It upset him that one human being would be played against another so barbarically.

At noon we saw a face above the screened bars of our cell. It was the church leader, being taken out by a guard. He shook his finger at us and pointed to his head, telling us what we already knew—that he had been beaten to force the false confession from him. We don't know what has happened to him, but his "confession" was never submitted by the authorities as evidence against us.

While in prison in Luanda, we were taken to P.I.D.E. headquarters every other day to visit with the American consul, Bill Gibson. He was there to see if we had been beaten. We hadn't been. Throughout our three-month stay in prison we were well treated by the Portuguese. On September seventeenth we were flown to Lisbon and installed at Aljube prison. A week later we were moved to Fort Caxias and put in a large room with waxed hardwood floors. The mattresses were made of straw, but we were comfortable. We were given hot water in the morning, along with a continental breakfast of bread and coffee. For lunch and dinner we usually were served fish and potatoes and rice. The jailer made me *chefe* of the room, responsible for its cleanliness and the good behavior of my cellmates.

At eleven each morning we were taken outside for thirty minutes of exercise under the supervision of seven men with machine guns. We were never allowed to mix with the other prisoners. At eight each evening our jailer said good-night to us. At ten he came back to check the bars on our windows.

About three weeks after we arrived at Fort Caxias, we were taken into Lisbon and asked by a secretary at the P.I.D.E. office if we still denied our guilt. We said yes. That was the extent of our interrogation in Portugal.

The second week in October, Way became ill. He was treated for malaria, but he had pneumonia. After a week we contacted our consulate, and the next day a doctor and the American ambassador, C. Burke Elbrick, visited us. The doctor took care of Way, and the ambassador told us he had been assured that once the Portuguese investigation of our case had been completed, we would be deported. It would be soon, he said.

It was six weeks later. At 8:30 in the evening of December second, P.I.D.E. agents came for Way, Brancel and me. (Golden had been taken earlier in the day and flown to Southern Rhodesia, where his family was waiting for him. My wife and two children were already home in Lexington, Kentucky. They had left Angola in April.) As we prepared to board our plane at the Lisbon airport, a man from the American embassy told us we could decide for ourselves whether we wanted to say anything about Angola when we got back home, but that the Portuguese, in deporting us, reserved the right to try us in absentia.

We arrived at Idlewild airport in New York the next day and began talking almost immediately. We are still talking, to church groups and students throughout the country, telling them, finally, what is happening in Angola. The Methodist church has been in Angola for seventy-five years, and for seventy-five years we were silent. We had been fearful of the consequences to the church—expulsion for even mild criticism has long been common—and to the Africans, who were often beaten for our indiscretions. But now there is no choice.

Time is running out in Angola. All we can look forward to is more bloodshed. The Portuguese will not surrender the colony. They will not abolish the practice of indentured labor. They will not extend civil liberties to the Africans. White civilians continue to carry arms. Racial feelings are stronger than ever. Almost 30,000 soldiers have been airlifted in to put down the rebellion. "*Isto e nosso*," the Portuguese say. "This is ours."

I believe the rebels will fight on. U.P.A. claims 120,000 members, a seasoned army of 25,000 guerrillas and thousands more in training in the bush. They want to move toward self-determination—they know they are not ready for independence now—and away from indignity. They believe the Salazar regime is prepared to exterminate them. They feel they have nothing to lose by fighting.

I have often heard Africans in Angola say, "Only God takes care of the black man." I hope not only God. THE END

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The story of a surprising ne'er-do-well.

Fast Women, Slow Horses

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

Now," said Madame Stransky firmly, "you may proceed." She was a commanding figure of a woman, well into her fifties and robust, but as she tightened her brows and compressed her lips she was enough to quell even the funeral director. He bowed respectfully and led the way up to the front of the small room, where the body of Madame Stransky's father reposed in an elegant black box under an expensive spray of red roses.

And how—said Rosa Stransky to herself—*how in all this world I am going to pay for it the Lord only knows.*

There were not many people in the room. There were those two semianonymous cousins from Connecticut, elderly ladies who appeared only once every ten years to borrow money for the mortgage. There were several persons whom Madame Stransky had once known in a dim and formless way. There was also, as she saw with a pang of sheer affection, the wardrobe mistress at the Metropolitan Opera House, a chubby angel who had somehow learned of this occasion and put in an appearance as if to recall the old days, the great days, the days beyond recall.

Rosa bowed her head and tried to think of her father. Napper Tandy, she used to call him, and also Yankee Doodle and other terms of abuse. He had enlivened her childhood and graced her glory and burdened her decline. She could hardly even think of the sums he had abstracted from her through the long years. The total must be, she reflected, something in the neighborhood of a fortune—hundreds of thousands, perhaps—some unimaginable total, something beyond even the dreams of her present penury. For Madame Stransky was poor, not rich-poor or poor-rich, but simply poor. She had no money.

People never could believe that a world-famous singer might be penniless. If your name was a household word you must—at least in the United States of America—be comfortably well off, or what they used to call "well fixed." Everybody supposed that Madame Stransky must have tucked away a couple of hundred thousands in her reticule now and then to guard against the slings and arrows. This she had not done. The slings and arrows, when they came, found her utterly defenseless. The voice went—a vocal cord is a feeble reed—and to her astonishment she then discovered that she did not know one single thing about singing. She could not even teach because she knew nothing to teach. And furthermore, the 20,000,000 American girls who annually fling themselves upon voice teachers with the demand to be created are almost entirely sopranos. Those who are not high sopranos are deep contraltos. For a middle-of-the-road singer like Madame Stransky, the greatest mezzo-soprano of her time, there was simply no clientele. Who wants to be taught *Carmen* and *Delilah?* That is, even if Rosa Stransky had known how to teach, which she did not. The few young ladies who came to her ten or twelve years ago, lured by her fame and the thing they call glamour, quickly repented and came no more. Now the principal problem was how to pay the rent.

Napper Tandy, Yankee Doodle, laddyboy daddy, had been above all that sort of thing, of course. He used to wear a gray bowler, a derby of derbies, when he went to the races at Longchamps or Ascot. With a deep-red carnation in his buttonhole. He never sported quite such ornaments at Belmont or Hialeah. He was nothing if not correct. And if the horse came in—which it very seldom did—there was champagne for dinner. How many oceans of champagne had Rosa paid for when the horse did not come in! She had paid no attention at all to money; she had other things to think about for the twenty years when she was singing in opera houses all over the earth. The maids and secretaries and butlers and cooks and chauffeurs had all cheated her outrageously, as she had known even while it was going on, but she had simply paid no attention. She had other things to do. Now that it was all over, she knew she had been a fool, but somehow or other it seemed to her that her father, Yankee Doodle and Napper Tandy, had been a greater fool.

But what a dapper, funny old dandy he was! And with all those strange women too. They were constantly changing, and the only thing Rosa Stransky could discern about them was that although they did not look very costly they obviously were. There were times when she simply could not remember the name of the incumbent and found herself uttering the pet nickname of the one before the last. They had large appetites and were fond of jewels. Some were blondes and some brunettes, while others fluctuated between the two. They generally laughed a good deal at anything daddy said, and their laughter was, musically speaking, what Rosa found most unbearable. Otherwise they were simply part of daddy's existence, like the gray bowler at Ascot. Or they were the chorus of an old musical comedy—Frou-frou, Mimi, Coco. Raucous and indistinguishable.

Well, anyhow, one of the aching worries was over; daddy could not possibly cost her any more money. Once she had paid for the present orgy, that is—if she could pay for it.

The hired preacher was droning on about eternal life, which, when she caught a word or two, seemed to Rosa rather a cruel thought. Daddy had never set his sights quite so high as that. He had found life quite enjoyable up to the age of seventy-five and then had dismissed it with his usual brisk elegance like a bad cook or a drunken valet. Exasperating though he was, daddy never dawdled. When

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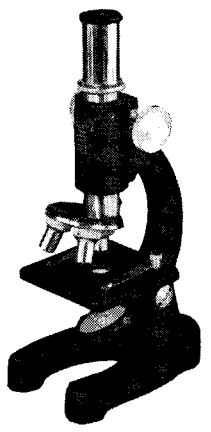

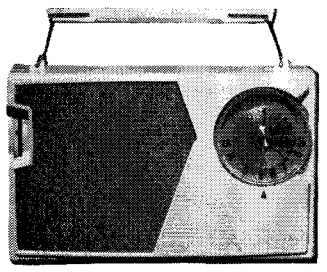

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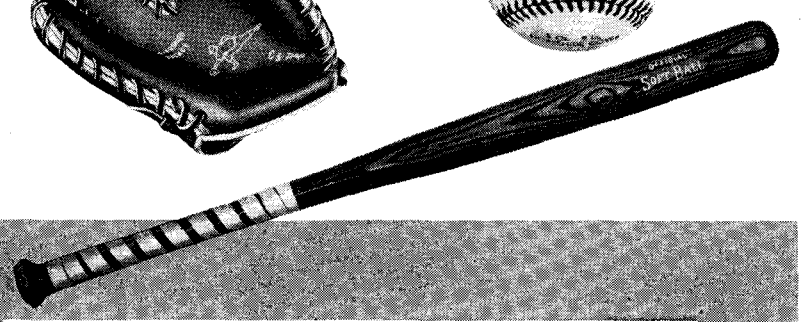

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Fast Women

he died he did it with expedition and no regrets in about thirty-six hours. "Rosa," he said, "don't think bad things about me. I always loved you." And this, oddly enough, she firmly believed. He may have exploited her and indeed robbed her mercilessly and incessantly, but he had always loved her. She was the constant factor—the only one—in his existence. No small thing has gone now, she thought—no small thing at all, but a great thing.

She remembered daddy on that day in Philadelphia when she first broke the news to him that a singing teacher—it was that Stransky, the old Pole whom she rashly but briefly married a few years later—thought she had a great voice.

"I'm to be an opera singer," she said, making a very stagy pirouette for his delectation. She was only seventeen. "I have a great voice. I have talent. I am somebody."

"Says you," said daddy rudely. "Who is this crazy man? Do I have to pay him?"

Daddy had a great deal of money in those days, and a large house and some horses. Something happened to the money—it crashed or smashed or something of that kind—but it disappeared just at the moment when Rosa came into her own fame and fortune, so she scarcely noticed. She could not help noticing, however, for the next twenty years, how eager daddy always was to obtain some shreds of this vanished commodity. Whether it was a dollar or $10,000, his hand was always out. She could not really tell and did not really mind whether it was the horses or the women that cost the most, but it did occur to her now and then that daddy was rather extravagant. He was an advanced case of a disease called spending. It made her think of some old saw or other—maybe it was a popular song—about "Fast women and slow horses." That was daddy's trouble.

She thought of it again now, while the preacher was preaching about eternal life, and she had some difficulty to keep from smiling, or indeed, if the full truth be known, from laughing. Daddy always had made her laugh. That made up for a good deal. However, it would scarcely make up for the expense she was now incurring for his funeral.

When her thoughts turned to money she was grim enough and gloomy enough for any funeral. She could never wholly forget that square-faced, hard-eyed man in the Treasury Department who admonished her with some frequency about her tax delinquencies. "You should have paid it when you had the money!" he would say, and she knew he was right. His being right did not mitigate the tortures of every such interview. They talked to her in a special language all their own, which she had never learned and which might as well have been Chinese so far as its meaning was concerned. Her head would go round, and occasionally she would bleed at the nose. It was no good anyhow; she simply could not understand them. And anyhow she had no money.

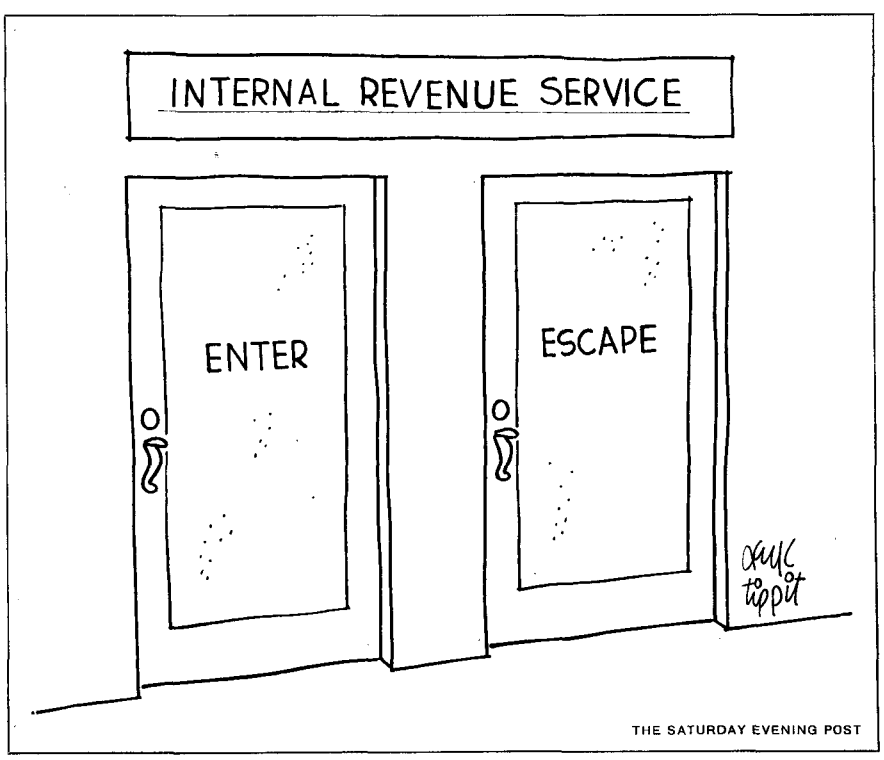
Well, as daddy would say, maybe tomorrow a rich young lady will turn up at the door and tap an enameled nail upon the panel and say timidly, "Madame, madame, would you consider teaching me *Carmen* if I paid you $10,000?" And then Madame would say haughtily and grandly, "Make it twelve thousand and I might oblige."

Like hell she would. Madame would grab that $10,000 so fast that the young lady might lose a fingernail with it. And in no time at all the $10,000 would be gone, what with the butcher and the baker and the Treasurer of the United States.

The preacher was now culminating his discourse, and the bored audience was stirring, ready to pass the corpse in review. Rosa stayed in her chair with her head bent. She did not want to speak to anybody.

A voice came into her ears—a voice soft and low, a remembered voice. "Stransky!" it said. "Stransky! There never has been anybody like you!"

She looked up and saw the wardrobe mistress from the opera house. Her throat and eyes and heart filled with tears. She could not say a word. All the golden time came back upon her in a flood, the golden moments, the golden hours. She remembered the curtain calls before the golden curtain, sometimes alone, sometimes with others, and the golden flowers and the golden trumpets. *Heart of my heart*, she said, *I have lived.* The wardrobe mistress understood and went away with moist cheeks. Thus it was in the opera house.



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Madame Stransky went away without asking the permission of either the hired preacher or the corpse. The corpse was only daddy, after all, and at any moment he might leap out of the box and ask her to "lend" him a thousand.

Stransky, she thought. Stransky. What a thrilling thing it is to be a family name, a name like a name, with no prefix or suffix or anything else, merely X, like a singer at the opera. Stransky. Nobody for years had called her Stransky to her face. Mostly they said "Madame" in a foolish way, thinking this to be the custom of her kind.

Now she longed actively, for one terrible moment, for those days when stagehands and mechanics and everybody else had felt entitled to yell at her, "Stransky, stop! Stransky, go there! Stransky, come here!" Stransky.

Well, of course, it wasn't her name. It was the name of that ludicrous old Pole she had married. It was better than her own name, which was Higginbotham. Rosamond Higginbotham, she was born, of the best blood of the Pilgrim Fathers, straight from 1620 and extremely proud of it. But of course a name of that sort did not look good on an opera program. Some sort of furtive and oleaginous name was required for these purposes, and it happened to be Stransky. Stransky she was. How wonderful to be called Stransky again, simply Stransky, Stransky *tout court*.

She remembered one night when she was making an entrance at the Paris Opéra in *Samson and Delilah*, and had forgotten to stick her feet into the box of rosin which is provided for the unwary singer. She might have slid straight across the stage if there had not been a man (Stagehand? Mechanic?) who shouted at her angrily, "Stransky! Stransky! Take a guard of your big feet!"

Actually at that time she had always had a slight resentment against those who called her Stransky without any courteous prefix. It was possibly the Pilgrim Fathers operating within her. She preferred, during her active life in the theater, to be called "Madame." Now it gave her an incomprehensible thrill, from the medulla oblongata to the base of the heel, to hear herself called Stransky. It was like the callboy calling the call. She was on.

So she walked down Lexington Avenue and reflected, not so much about daddy, really, as about life in its general aspect and condition. It had dealt very nobly with her and had left her then on the beach like a battered plank. Like one shoe, she thought, or one glove, or half of a pair of pajamas. What was the good of having put Milan and Vienna into an ecstasy twenty-five years ago if one could not even get a job today? When she died she would be very interesting news—front page and plenty of it—but at this moment she could not possibly see how she was going to pay for her father's funeral.

Pearls, diamonds, emeralds! These gauds, and rubies, too, had come her way, not in great quantity, because she was too concentrated on her work to pay much attention to men, but they had come.

And so they had gone. Here and there, and now and then, and mostly they had gone to daddy.

When it came right down to brass tacks, she thought, daddy was probably the true villain of her life. At least he was the one who had always been there, up until today. Taking, taking. Of course he also gave, but what he gave was intangible, and what he took was very tangible indeed.

She felt weary and hot. There was a cab loitering and she took it, although she had really not very far to go. When she reached her brownstone house in the eastern regions—that is, east of Park Avenue—she paid the driver as if the dollar she gave him might be her last on earth. A valedictory cloud had settled upon her. In saying farewell to her father, Yankee Doodle and Napper Tandy, him of the gray bowler and the dark-red carnation, she had kissed the world good-bye. Not that she minded, but it was so.

She had to climb three flights of stairs to reach her exiguous quarters. This afternoon the three flights seemed like a dozen. The stair carpet was worn and torn and sad, like herself. One hardly dared rely for support upon the shaky balustrade lest it, too, tremble and fall to oblivion. An air of yesterday dwelt upon everything.

When she opened the door there was an envelope of official character lying just underneath it. She thought of the Treasury of the United States and shuddered profoundly. Today of all days she was unfit to deal with such things. She stepped over the envelope and went into the single large room—it was all she had—and undressed.

The piano was in tune and she played it for a while. Then, admonishing herself sternly for cowardice, she returned to the door and picked up the envelope and opened it with a resolute finger. She saw that it was from that firm, that firm of lawyers, those boring and dreadful people who had poisoned almost her entire life. They were her own lawyers, her father's lawyers, and so far as she knew, everybody else's lawyers as well. And it said—and it said ——

Well, pull yourself together, Stransky, she thought. *Pull yourself together; this can't be what it says it is. Stransky! Take a guard of your big feet!*

It said that there was a trust fund. There was a very large trust fund. She sat and stared incredulously at the typewritten sheet.

Some doubt of her own sanity arose, but then she began to read it over again and again, quite methodically, pronouncing the actual words out loud to convince her own ears.

Napper Tandy. Yankee Doodle. Laddyboy daddy. Saving money. Can such things be? Trust fund? Bowler hat and dark carnation? Blondes and brunettes and Longchamps and Ascot and Belmont and Hialeah?

"Mr. Higginbotham particularly desired that you should not be informed of this trust fund until after his decease," she read, "although he started forming it twenty-five years ago."

Rosa slowly fell out of the chair and onto her knees and put her elbows into the seat of the chair and her hands over her eyes and tried to pray. Unfortunately she was incapable of remembering any prayers. The only words that came into her head were "Fast women and slow horses."

These words took command of her mind so as to drive out all others. The more she tried to pray the less she could remember a prayer. She prayed, then, with the only words she had. *Fast women, slow horses, daddy*, she said into her hands. It was a prayer in reality, whatever the words—as real as the tears that ran through her fingers. THE END

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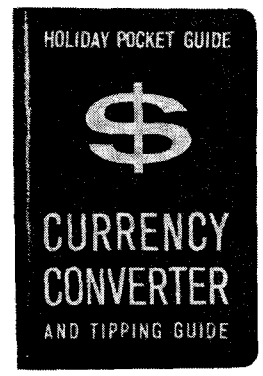

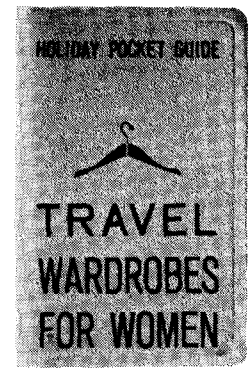

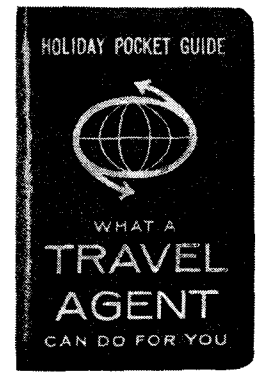

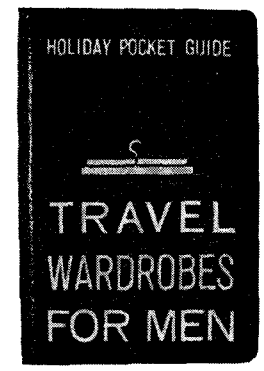

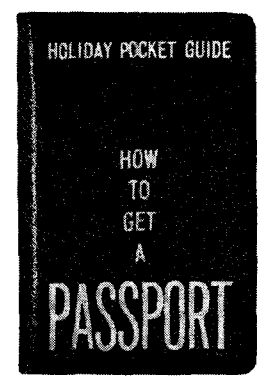

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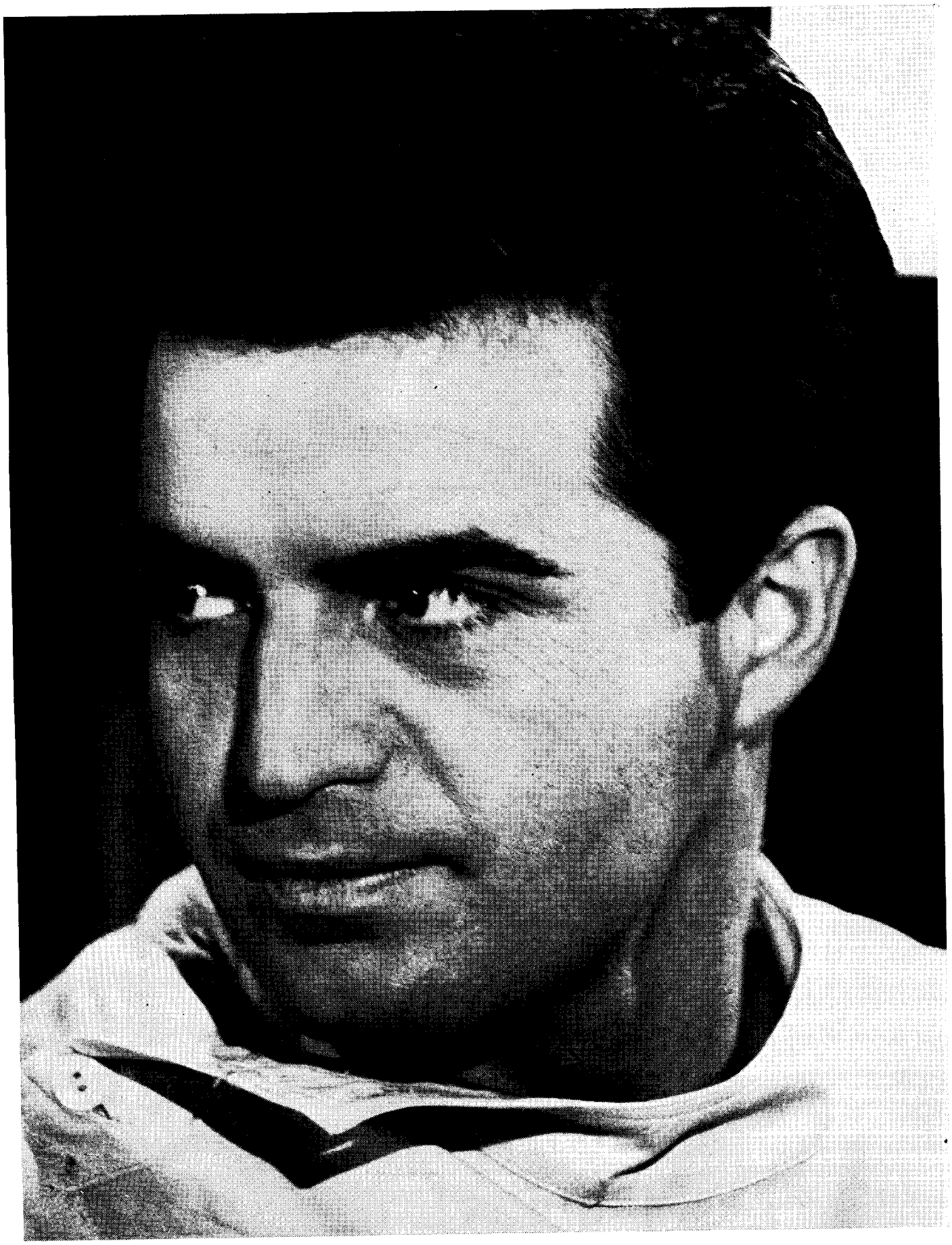
TV's SURLY MEDICO

Vince Edwards, the scowling star of the Ben Casey *series, electrifies women and annoys real physicians with his cantankerous bedside manner.* By BILL DAVIDSON



Edwards—"the original angry man," according to his director—is bitter about his slow rise to fame.

Recently I paid a visit to my mother, who has been an expert on the suture-and-stethoscope technique of all movie and TV doctors since the days of Ronald Colman's *Arrowsmith*. Her television set was tuned loudly to *Ben Casey*, a TV series in which a muscular youth named Vincent Edwards plays a surly and idealistic young neurosurgeon in a County General Hospital. Included in the captive audience around the television set were my father, who is a dentist, a physician friend of his and the physician's wife.

As Dr. Ben Casey's scalpel ripped ruthlessly into a patient's skull on the twenty-one-inch screen, my mother said, "Ah, what a fine, efficient doctor. He's such a man of determination."

Her physician guest grunted. "Determination, hell. If he used a scalpel like that in *my* hospital, we'd send him back to medical school."

The doctor's wife squealed, "Did you see those muscles? He's got a divine build, just like Burt Lancaster's."

My father snarled, "Some doctor! He looks more like a wrestler with hairy arms to me."

"Oops!" said the doctor. "There goes that patient's carotid artery."

By the end of the show the four viewers were split evenly into two armed camps. To the men, Dr. Ben Casey was an ill-tempered, unprofessional boor to whom they wouldn't even entrust the distribution of bedpans; the hospital in which he practiced his brand of medicine was, as my father put it, "like something that they have maybe in Outer Mongolia for treating yaks and camels." To the ladies, Casey was a divinity ministering to mortals in a sort of Mayo Clinic on Mount Olympus. The evening broke up with the doctor's wife flinging a shaft over her shoulder at her husband as they exited. "Let me tell *you* something," she remarked with cold hauteur. "You could use a little of what Ben Casey's got yourself. Do you think *he* would let his wife suffer from these gallstone attacks for so long without doing anything about it?"

As this vignette indicates, Vincent Edwards, in the role of Ben Casey, has had a greater impact on audiences than anything else that has occurred in television since Eliot Ness began to mow down bystanders in his fruitless attempts to get at gangster Frank Nitti. So successful is the *Ben Casey* series on the ABC network that it was renewed for a full season (from October, 1962, to June, 1963), after just nine programs had been viewed by audiences in 1961. Also, television's vast capacity for imitation being what it is, no less than twelve other TV medical series are in the hopper for next year—all patterned after *Ben Casey* and its successful NBC rival, *Dr. Kildare*. Come September the hapless American televiewer will be

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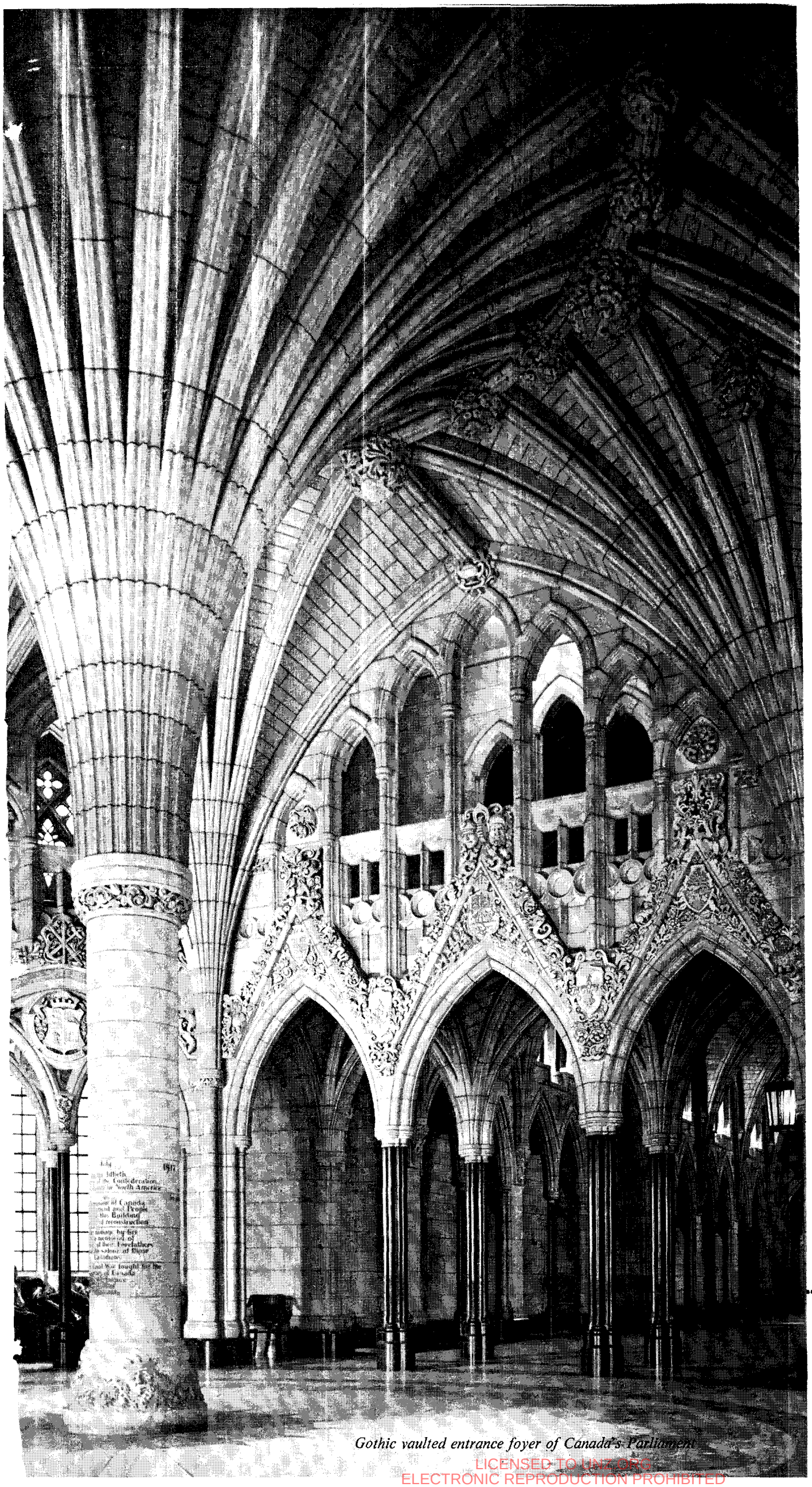

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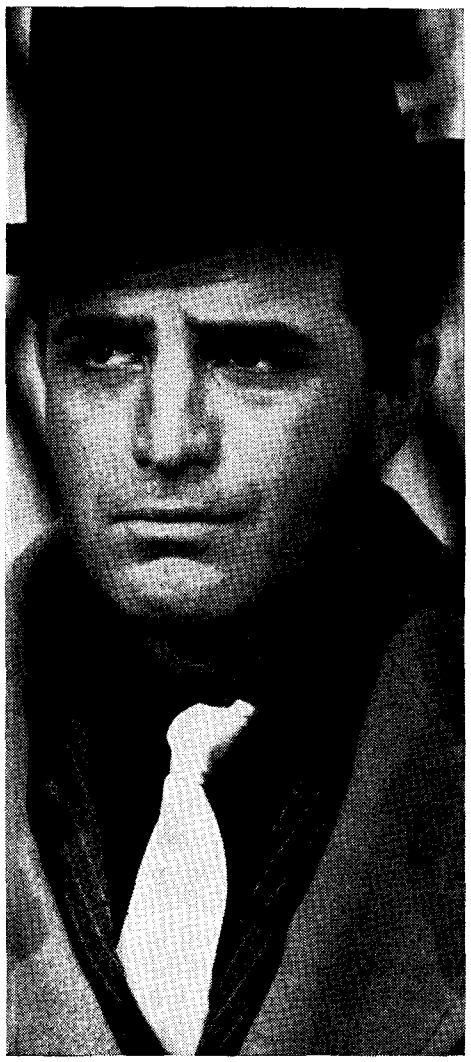

Decked out as a gangster for a recent television guest appearance. Before he hit the big time as a surgical knight in Ben Casey, *Edwards played hoodlum parts in a long string of low-grade movies.*

BEN CASEY

inundated with such new scalpel-and-syringe shows as *County General*, *The Nurses*, *Doctor on Horseback* and *The Medicine Man*.

Real-life doctors are interested. A recent issue of *Philadelphia Medicine* printed a tongue-in-cheek review of *Ben Casey* written for a high-school English class by Stuart Finkel, aged 15. "I understand there will be more programs like these next season," Stuart wrote. "Perhaps if we all eat apples. . .?"

"The stethoscope," an ABC executive told me, "is replacing the cowboy's six-shooter and the gangster's Tommy gun on television. We're proud to say that our *Ben Casey* led the way to the new trend. Vince Edwards is a glorious TV pioneer, just as Bill Boyd was with Hopalong Cassidy and Robert Stack was as Eliot Ness."

Mr. Edwards, the glorious pioneer, is singularly unimpressed with his role as a trail blazer. His principal emotion about his success, in fact, seems to be one of bitter annoyance that it was so long in coming, and one of his favorite expressions—repeated to me several times—is, "Big deal, I'm an eleven-year overnight sensation."

Edwards, now thirty-three, has been kicking around Hollywood since he was twenty. During that period he played a variety of killers, psychopaths and other villainous characters, mostly in obscure movies that you probably have never heard of. His metamorphosis into a good guy, a knight in sterile surgical armor, has not greatly changed his attitude, and, as one of his directors puts it, "He's the original angry man. He's sore at Hollywood for ignoring him for so long, and when he growls and gets mean in the character of Ben Casey on our show, he's really not kidding. Also, I sometimes have to remind him that he's playing a savior of mankind and not one of the thugs he used to specialize in."

Edwards snarled to me, "What difference does it make what part I play—as long as I get paid? It's basically the same thing. I used to be a dedicated killer with a switchblade knife; so now I'm a dedicated doctor with a scalpel."

My introduction to Edwards provided a sample of his unique philosophy. As I entered Sound Stage 6 at the Desilu Studios in Hollywood one day last January, I heard a fearful slamming of a door, followed by a crash of breaking glass. *Ah*, I said to myself, *there must be a lot of action in this* Ben Casey *show*. An instant later a young giant rushed past me and out of the sound stage. I recognized that it was Edwards.

I wandered onto the set from which Edwards had just stormed and saw a startled Keenan Wynn lying in a hospital bed where he had been playing the role of a patient. "What happened?" Wynn asked director Abner Biberman. "Did he just find out I don't use a man's deodorant?"

Biberman shrugged and didn't answer. He sat down at a table to play gin rummy with some stage hands. Other stage hands and cast members thereupon arranged themselves in attitudes of restful waiting on the hospital beds, as if such interruptions were routine. An actor in a hospital orderly's uniform noted my bewilderment and observed, "Oh, it's just a little blowup. Edwards doesn't want to pose for photos on Sunday, his day off. He'll go and complain to the producer and he'll be back in about fifteen minutes. It just means our boy is a star. Marlon Brando does this every day."

In exactly fifteen minutes Edwards was back, ready to work. The next scene called for him to upbraid another doctor. "Good," beamed director Biberman, "he's still real mad. This shot ought to work out just fine." The shot did work out fine, and ten minutes later Edwards was laughing and kidding with the crew. He did imitations of Jerry Lewis, Clark Gable and James Cagney; he sang snatches of songs in the manner of Billy Eckstine; and, though he is of Italian extraction (his real name is Vincent Zoino), he exchanged good-natured insults in Yiddish with his trainer-valet, Benny Goldberg, an ex-featherweight prizefighter from Detroit. Then, while director Biberman waited frantically for him to begin the next scene, he engaged in a long, tender conversation with his fiancée, Sherry Nelson, on an offstage telephone.

TV's surly doctor, as critic Jack O'Brian calls him, seems to be able to transmit this wide range of emotions to his audiences—especially the women. Unlike his rival Dick Chamberlain (who plays Dr. Kildare and appeals mostly to teen-age girls), Edwards hits the entire spectrum of femininity. When he appeared last winter as a $10,000 guest star on the Dinah Shore Show, the studio audience was dominated by the pimply-faced squealers who used to be known as bobby-soxers. When 75,000 fans mobbed him during his $10,000 participation in the opening of a new housing development in Phoenix, Arizona, in February, more than half of the idolators were middle-aged and elderly women, all of whom seemed to want to touch him and call him "doctor" and ask his advice about their high blood pressure and liver problems. One fortyish housewife joyously informed Edwards that she had been trying to become pregnant without success for fifteen years, but that she had conceived after watching the *Ben Casey* show for three weeks. "That's nice," mumbled Edwards, "but I can assure you, madame, I had nothing to do with it."

This phenomenon of Edwards's grip on the American female has been discussed throughout the television industry. According to one school of thought, "All women are in love with their doctors, especially when the doctors are young, handsome and virile—and maybe Ben Casey allows them to express this feeling vicariously, without getting into trouble with their husbands." A second theory is expressed by James Moser, the creator of *Ben Casey*, who failed badly with *Medic* a few seasons back. Says Moser, "I think it's Edwards himself. He's thoroughly masculine, which is quite a change from the dozens of pretty-boy actors who dominate television. But it goes beyond that. Women think, *Beneath that cave-man exterior there beats the heart of a poet*. It's a variation on the same theme that made big stars out of Humphrey Bogart and Clark Gable."

The similarities between Edwards and Gable are startling. Both were big, rugged, unroutinely handsome, late-blooming, childlike in their pursuits of pleasure and deplorably unskilled actors when their careers finally got started. Edwards is even more impressive in bulk than Gable was. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs 210 pounds and has the general physique of a weight lifter, which he is (he can "clean and jerk" 300 pounds of barbells from the floor and lift them over his head). Just as Gable's unlovely ears gave distinction to his face, Edwards has a magnificently broken nose which prevents him, as he says, "from looking like just another Bob Wagner." The artistically bent proboscis was acquired when he was a catcher in a softball game and he was flattened by the swinging bat of an erratic hitter.

Like Gable, Edwards had a wild and rather unproductive youth. For many years, while struggling for recognition as an actor, Gable made his living as a truck driver. Edwards was a lifeguard, an itinerant motorcycle racer and a cage-boy for a lion tamer.

Today Edwards earns upward of $100,000 a year, is worth about $2,000,000 to his producers. He now lives in an orthodox Hollywood apartment, is contemplating marriage and drives a sedate dark-gray Lincoln Continental. He expresses his peculiar individuality by reading the delicate poetry of Emily Dickinson and studying in his dressing room on the *Ben Casey* set the obscure metaphysical theory of Fyodor Ouspensky. Also, he is a health-and-strength faddist. He favors organic foods and exercises regularly in various Hollywood gyms. Jerry Lewis (in one of whose early films Edwards worked as a chorus boy) recently observed the bulging muscles of Edwards's herculean torso as he chinned himself with angry dedication from the high bar in the Beverly Hills Health Club. The comedian remarked, "Who ever would have thought that ox would become the American Dr. Schweitzer?"

That same question probably is being asked in Edwards's native Brooklyn, where young Vincent Zoino's earliest years indicated a far different area of future operations, say in Sing Sing or Madison Square Garden. He was born in the heart of the Murder, Incorporated territory of the 1930's. Vince's father was an Italian laborer who did construction work on the New York subways, and the cold-water flat in which he and his wife reared their family (Vince was the youngest of seven children) abutted those of such professional killers as Dasher Abbadando and Happy Mione, both of whom later died in the electric chair.

"We lived on Pleasant Place," Edwards told me, "and it wasn't very pleasant. I was with Abbadando's son the night Dasher was electrocuted and I'll never forget how all the kids in the block set up a wild howl that could be heard a half mile away when the news came over the radio that Dasher had been fried. My friends and I used to hang out in Katz's Pool Room. We rubbed elbows with hoods and gamblers. There was always a lot of big money changing hands and there were constant raids by the cops. I got hauled in several times myself when I got caught in crap games."

Edwards credits two factors for keeping him out of jail—which was the ultimate destination of many of his playmates. One factor was his mother, a hard-working, strong-willed woman who possessed the immigrant's classic zeal to make something of her children. (She recently told an interviewer, "I got one son an accountant and one son a merchant. I always wanted to have a son a doctor, and that's why I'm so happy about what Vincent is doing.")

Says Edwards, "When my mother saw what a bum I was becoming when I was a kid, she pulled me off the streets every night at seven and made me study. There were a lot of fights about my continuing in school, but I finally decided I wanted to be an aviation mechanic and I took the vocational course at East New York High School."

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Edwards says that the second factor in his early salvation was sports. He told me, "I was a big kid, 170 pounds when I was fourteen, and I was good at touch football, stick ball, everything we could play in the street. One day I went to Coney Island and saw the lifeguards, and I figured that would be a good job for me for the summer. I took a swimming course, faked my age—saying I was sixteen instead of fourteen—and I passed the test. That was the greatest thing that had happened to me. One of my fellow lifeguards that summer was a guy named Seymour Schlanger. He was a big swimming star for the Flatbush Boys Club and he got me to join the club and swim for the team. That *really* kept me off the streets. For the next three years I went to school during the day, trained with the swimming team at the Boys Club every afternoon, and then—because Schlanger got a scholarship at Ohio State University and I wanted to follow him there—I took college-entrance courses at night. It was a tough schedule, but it taught me discipline and it made me feel a notch higher than my environment."

In 1946 Edwards won the Metropolitan A.A.U. 100-meter backstroke championship and got his scholarship to Ohio State. "I never could have afforded to go to college otherwise," he says. He did well as a swimmer at Ohio State, placing sixth in the National A.A.U. championships, and fourth as a member of the Ohio State medley relay team in both the Big Ten and N.C.A.A. championships. In 1948 he transferred to the University of Hawaii so he could train all year and make the Olympic team. Academically he was in a state of confusion. He started out in business administration, then switched to English. He had no idea what he wanted to do as a career. He once considered becoming a prizefighter under the management of former heavyweight champion Max Baer, who saw him pulverize an opponent in a gym bout.

It was sports, strangely enough, which led to his ambitions to become an actor. During his summer vacations while he was at Ohio State, he got a job as a lifeguard at the Olympic Hotel in Fallsburgh, New York, in the Catskill Mountains. While there, in addition to picking up a considerable knowledge of Yiddish, the tall handsome youth was called upon to assist in the presentation of the acts of such touring entertainers as Milton Berle and Myron Cohen. Edwards sang, danced, filled in as master of ceremonies, served as a stooge for the comedians, and, as he puts it, "the acting bug bit me badly." When he went to the University of Hawaii to train for the Olympic Games, he found himself spending less and less time in the pool and more and more time with the University of Hawaii Players and the Honolulu Community Theater. That made up his mind. He left school abruptly in the middle of the semester and returned to New York, where he enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Among his classmates were Grace Kelly, Anne Bancroft and John Cassavetes. "In those days," muses Edwards, "I wore the dirtiest T shirt of all the dirty T shirt actors."

The dirty T shirt was all he could afford for a long time, for he had entered his eleven-year period of frustrations and dashed hopes. His first job was as a chorus boy in the Broadway musical, *High Button Shoes*. Then movie producer Hal Wallis signed him to a Paramount Pictures contract, and Edwards thought he had it made—at the age of twenty. What he didn't realize, however, was that Wallis was using him for one of the oldest stratagems in the movie industry—the dead-ringer gambit. Whenever a producer is having trouble with a star, he hires a youngster of the same general appearance and dimensions to stand in the wings. Then, when the star balks at doing a certain picture, the producer says, "OK, but I've got a kid under contract who's a dead ringer for you, and I can make him (or her) bigger than you ever were." In this case the star was Burt Lancaster, who didn't want to do *Come Back, Little Sheba*. As is customary when the dead-ringer gambit is employed, Lancaster capitulated and made the picture for Wallis. As is also customary in such cases, Edwards, after waiting hopefully for months in the anteroom of Wallis's office, was fired.

Edwards joined the army of young hopefuls in Hollywood, hanging around coffee shops and drugstores and taking odd acting jobs whenever they turned up. He got occasional television roles (*General Electric Theater, Alfred Hitchcock Presents*), he worked in theatrical stock companies, he sang in cafés. He was put under contract by Columbia Pictures in 1955, played a criminal in one good minor picture (*The Night Holds Terror*) and was dropped. He was briefly under contract to various independent producers, played criminals in two other good minor pictures (*The Killing* and *Murder by Contract*) and got nowhere. He belonged to Hollywood's Legion of Almosts. He was able to get up among his

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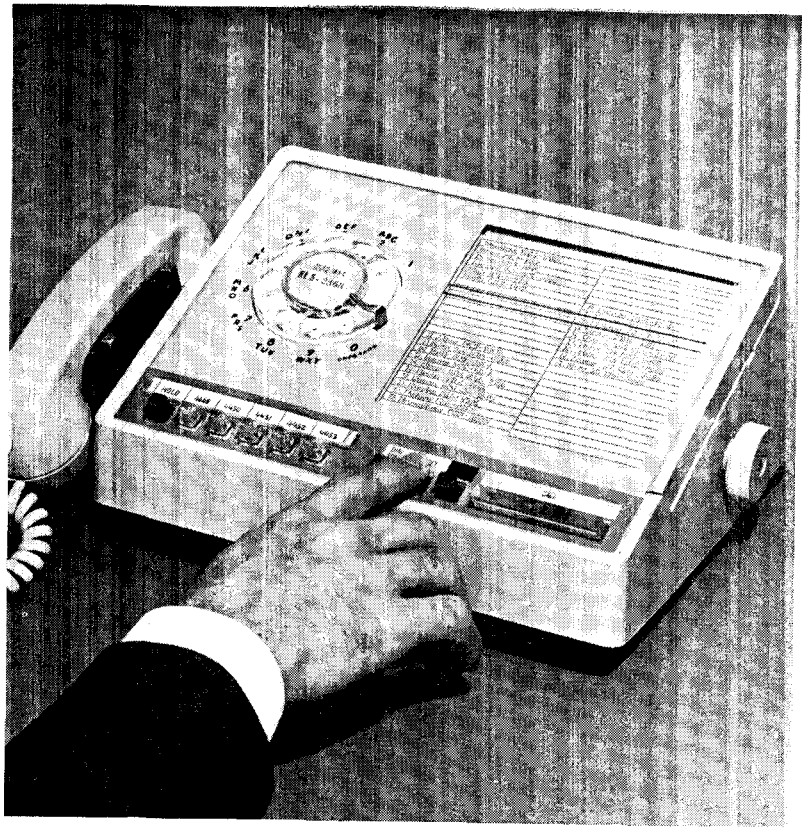

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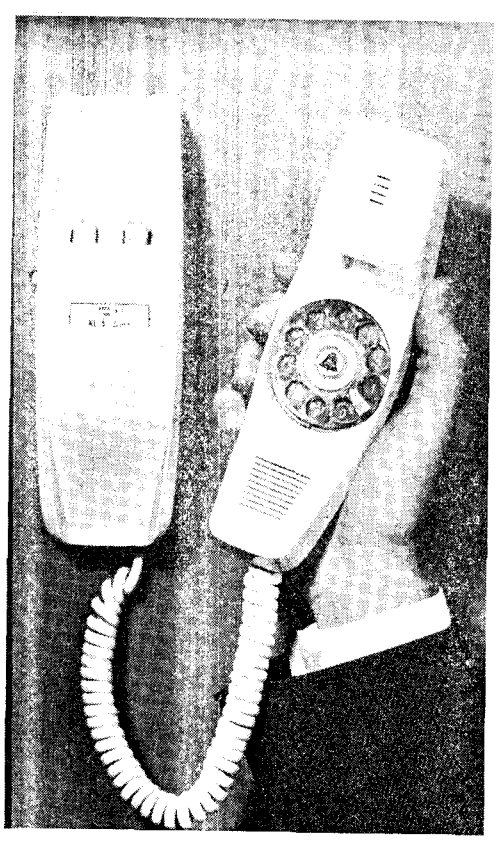

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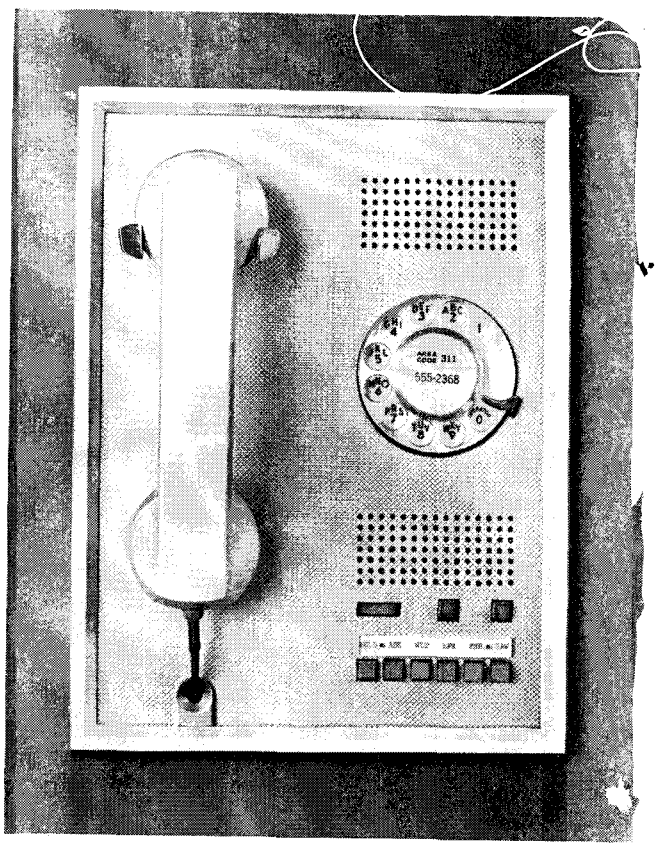

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BEN CASEY

fellow struggling actors at a drugstore counter and say, "I *almost* got Marlon Brando's part in *On the Waterfront*," and "I *almost* got Bill Holden's part in *Picnic*."

Aside from that his only other distinction was his reputation as a muscular nut and ladies' man. He dated Shelley Winters, Marilyn Monroe and a host of other actresses. He exhibited his physique on Muscle Beach in Malibu, he flew airplanes (until his friend, actor Robert Francis, was killed in a crash), and he picked up a few dollars here and there by racing motorcycles. Occasionally he would cause a stir by flattening somebody with one punch at a party. He was always broke and went heavily into debt (he is still paying off some of the obligations of those dreary days).

In 1959 he got a brief acting job in Hong Kong and nearly gave up the struggle once and for all. He remained in the Far East for a year as a sort of floating American vagabond. He sang in a Manila nightclub owned by a notorious American gambler, lolled about on beaches reading Oriental philosophy, caroused with Orson Welles in Hong Kong and with Jimmy Shigeta in Tokyo and nearly married a Japanese girl. He came back to Hollywood only when his old friend, John Cassavetes, offered him the part of a psychopathic bigot in the film *Too Late Blues*, starring Bobby Darin.

In the spring of 1961, when Edwards had in desperation turned to making rock-'n'-roll records, James Moser, a man he didn't know, came up with the idea for *Ben Casey* just so he could make use of the bales of research material he had gathered for his defunct *Medic* television series. He sold the idea to Bing Crosby Productions, which agreed to put up the money for a pilot film. The hunt then began for an actor to play the part of the dedicated and ill-tempered young doctor.

One day Howard Koch of the Crosby organization phoned a Hollywood agent named Abby Greshler, who had successfully developed such stars as Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin. Koch said, "Abby, we're desperately trying to find a Ben Casey. We've tested about a hundred guys, but they're all too effeminate, or something else is wrong with them. Do you know anybody we might try?"

"What's a Ben Casey?" Greshler asked. Koch explained and Greshler said, "Wait a minute. I *do* know a kid who's been kicking around here for years, and he might be perfect for you. I'm not his agent, but I think I can get him. The name's Vince Edwards." Greshler then suggested that Koch look at some of Edwards's films. Koch looked at the films along with Moser and producer Matthew Rapf. He called Greshler back. "We think this guy is right," he said. The next day Edwards had the job.

Today the *Ben Casey* show is prospering, and so is Edwards. Abby Greshler, who now has Edwards firmly signed as a client, says, "How do you know when you have a big star on your hands? You begin to get calls from people you haven't heard from in years. Every charity organization in the United States asks for him for telethons, to emcee fashion shows and so on. Major movie studios, where he couldn't even get arrested, inquire about his availability. Nightclubs, knowing that he can sing, ask if he is available and if he has an act. Every record company in the business has put out feelers. He's wanted for personal appearances at fairs and expositions. TV shows like *Dinah Shore* and *Perry Como* and *Garry Moore* ask for him. The Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra television specials have asked for him. But my big plan is to make big money for him through his own corporations, which will produce movies in which he will star. I've already got two of these lined up. I'd say that all things being equal, Vince, in the next three years, should wind up with better than a million dollars—free and clear."

And so we have here a repetition of the show-business phenomenon of the struggling reject hitting it big overnight. The vehicle for his astounding success is a television show which is not very good, and in which Edwards has yet to reveal any great range of acting ability. The TV critics have panned the synthetic dramatic situations in *Ben Casey*, and nearly all the physicians with whom I discussed the show have scoffed at its synthetic medical situations. Typical comments from doctors are: "They have so many litters rushing down the corridors that it looks more like a race track than a hospital"; "They try to take a spinal tap on a man who's thrashing about so much that they probably puncture his elbow instead"; "Those aren't operating rooms; they're conference rooms in which to argue over dying patients."

In filming the show, his directors complain, Edwards constantly blows his lines, holds up scenes while he makes interminable personal telephone calls and is wooden in his response to other actors. "He's learning," said one director, "but so far he can only play anger very well—which is when he basically is playing himself. He's no good in love scenes or when he has to exhibit humor."

Edwards himself admits that he has had difficulty in switching over from the stiletto to the scalpel. "I don't dig a lot of that neurosurgical jazz," he told me. In one show he came across a line about taking a Babinski test (a neurological diagnostic procedure) and he referred to it as the "bagel test."

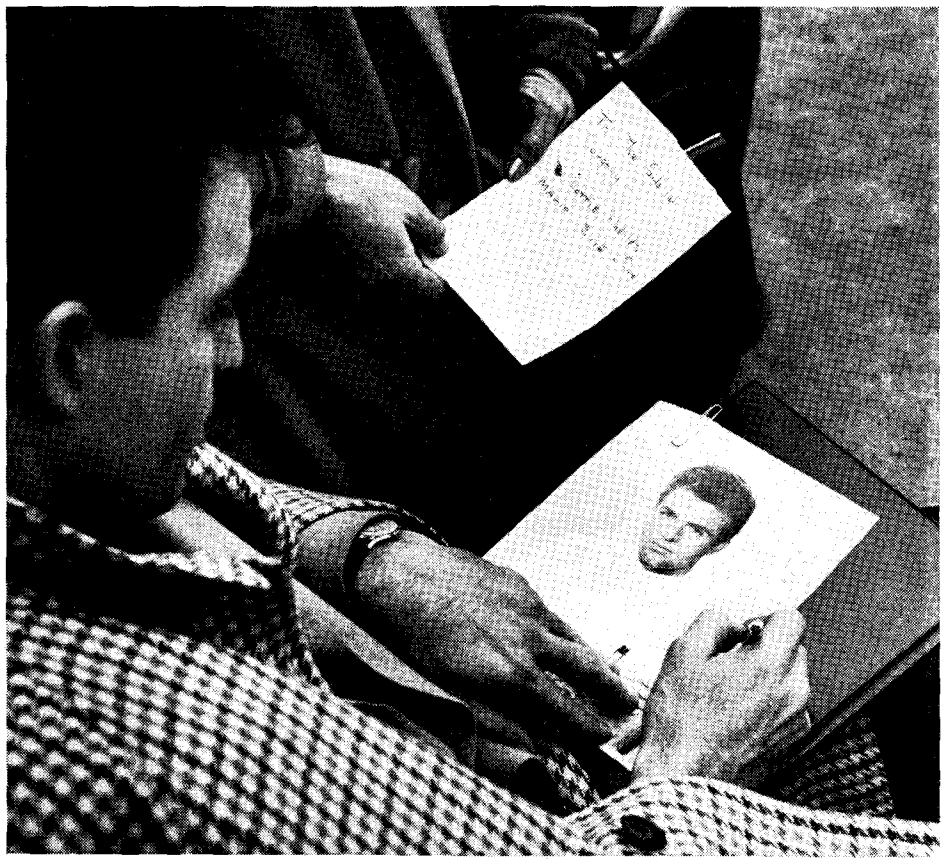
When I mentioned to him that actor Cliff Robertson looked quite healthy for a patient who was scheduled to die in the next scene, he remarked with high good humor, "Oh, he won't be so healthy when I get through with him." He recently enraged his fiancée, Sherry Nelson (an attractive and intelligent blonde who is the widow of a jockey), by sending her a box of chewy candy after she had had three wisdom teeth extracted. "Can't *some* of that medical knowledge rub off on you?" she wailed.

But the *Ben Casey* show rolls on to ever-increasing success—and so does Edwards. It is not inconceivable that he will become one of the great stars of the 1960's, with the same appeal Clark Gable had. Despite his continuing anger against the Hollywood that Gable typified, the analogy is unmistakably there.

Not long before he died, Gable, who also was tough and honest and angry, gave me a candid diagnosis of the phenomenon called stardom. He said, "You know, I'm just a lucky slob from Ohio. I happened to be in the right place at the right time, and I had a lot of smart guys helping me. Without them I'd probably still be driving a truck somewhere."

When I mentioned this bit of Gable philosophy to Edwards, I expected him to say, "Yeah, and I'm just a lucky slob from Brooklyn." He didn't. He growled, "That's what's the trouble with this business. They don't want actors. They're just waiting for the next truck driver to come along." THE END

Photographs by Bill Bridges



Autographing a picture for a fan, Edwards confronts his own photogenic image which makes idolaters of women viewers. Vince himself remains unimpressed: "I don't dig that neurosurgical jazz."

An admirer seeks him out at a Heart Association luncheon. Of his fame he says, "Big deal, I'm an eleven-year overnight sensation."

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No Road Too Hard

continued from page 27

obsession about Mount Trumble. Mr. Gordon hoped for Sally's sake that it would not turn into an obsession about flying lessons. But he felt sympathy for Timothy, who would someday have to be grown-up and struggle with the equivalent of hopeless real-estate deals in his role of husband and breadwinner and—in Mr. Gordon's case—stepfather.

"Your mother," he said, "doesn't quite understand the charm of Mount Trumble."

"I know, sir," said Timothy. "But I don't see why she minds my poking around on it."

Mount Trumble was an unimpressive mountain some seven or eight miles out of town. Undoubtedly it would be possible to break one's neck on its cliffs, but it was not a spectacular mountain. People picnicked on it. They got poison ivy on it.

"Indians used to live on it, sir," said Timothy absorbedly. "There's a clearing where somebody had a log cabin once upon a time. It was logged off once too, and you can still trace the road where they brought the logs out. It goes almost halfway up. And no car has ever got up to the top of it."

Timothy seemed to think the charm of Mount Trumble explained.

"I see," said Mr. Gordon.

He didn't. The highway to town here ran through a dismal area of filling stations and junk yards and places where old cars were wrecked and secondhand automotive parts were sold.

"I'd like to get out here, sir," said Timothy.

"I thought ——"

"I've a ride to the mountain, sir," said Timothy.

Mr. Gordon let his stepson out and drove on. He reflected that Timothy had explained nothing to his mother and still less to him. They were adults and hence aliens. But he, as a stepfather, was more remote than a mere alien. Much more remote. He felt lonely as he drove on. He had Sally, of course. Sally made existence endurable, and without her it would be impossible to get up day after day and go through recurrent frustration. It isn't written down in the psychology books, but the ultimate—and never completely accomplished—purpose of every man is to play his role with competence. If he is a street sweeper, to do his work capably; if a husband, to be an acceptable one; if a father, to play the part honorably; if a breadwinner, not to be too dismal a failure. He needed Sally's assurance of his worth.

He drove on, and his feeling of ineptitude was overwhelming. The Lurton business was plainly doomed. Lurton had money; he'd conceived the idea of a shopping center in a certain area. He'd asked Mr. Gordon to assemble the necessary property. Mr. Gordon had done so. He'd persuaded property owners, got options, arranged a zoning exception and had the parcel ready for closure. And now Lurton stalled, resurrecting difficulties he'd dismissed at the beginning. He was wholly likely to drop the whole project and then want to revive it again when it had become impossible.

Mr. Gordon tried to think of Timothy for relief. But that was not cheerful either. He yearned over Sally. But Timothy was her son, and he was only her husband, and he experienced that poignant loneliness a man knows when he feels that he isn't actually a member of his own family.

He reached his office. Somehow he had to make up for the Lurton failure. He worked doggedly to uncover something to hope for. Presently Steve Rodney came in. His face was pure gloom.

"No," said Mr. Gordon, "no word yet. Lurton's still thinking it over. He wants to change more details. Then he'll probably abandon the whole business."

"To hell with Lurton," said Rodney bitterly. "You know my son Jake?" Rodney's son was seventeen. He was sometimes an associate of Timothy. "Jake," said Rodney savagely, "crashed his car last night. He sideswiped a truck at ninety miles an hour, went off the road, turned over three times and as a result has one bandaged finger!" Rodney swallowed and then said helplessly. "He is extremely indignant with the truck driver. He is offended because his mother had hysterics when she heard about it. I've told him the car stays smashed and he drives no more, and he's protesting bitterly that I treat him like a child! If I only could!" He mopped his face with a handkerchief. Mr. Gordon remembered his own youth.

"I didn't come here to ask about Lurton," said Rodney, shivering. "I came to ask you something. Your Timothy's not like my son. Why isn't he? What did you do? I've got to do it—fast! I've got to start now! You made Timothy earn his car, and it was pretty much of a junk pile, I understand. But was it earning and rebuilding it that made him feel he had to drive it carefully?"

Mr. Gordon stared. He felt that he paled. He had a little trouble framing his questions. Timothy shouldn't have a car. His mother had refused him one, and Mr. Gordon assuredly hadn't bought him one! But—he had one. Rodney's son had helped him when he bought it, towing it from the junk yard, where it had lain, to the shed next to a secondhand-auto-parts place, where Timothy had worked over it and amazingly brought it to operating condition. But all the while he'd assured his mother that he was exploring Mount Trumble.

Mr. Gordon knew that this would be very bad for Sally. He had to do something about it—for her sake. In doing something, he would probably change Timothy's pitying aversion to undisguised loathing, but it had to be done. The possibility of Timothy's getting killed in a car his mother didn't know he had was much more appalling than any possibility connected with Lurton. It would hit Sally direct. Even to find out that he'd deceived her would be bad. The mother of any sixteen-year-old with a car suffers tortures of apprehension—when he is out in the car, because he is out in it; when he is not, because at any moment he may go. And if Sally learned that Timothy's automatic reaction to refusal was to sneak the thing refused —— She'd live in panic thereafter. Because everybody is refused many things that he would like to have. Stepfathers included.

When Rodney left, Mr. Gordon swallowed with a dry throat alone in his office. Presently he telephoned the city hall. He had a friend there in the real-estate-records department. He asked that friend to do him a favor, to look up something in the register of automobile-title transfers. He hung up the phone to wait. The phone rang almost immediately. It was Lurton's secretary. Lurton wanted him to come to his office. Immediately.

"I can't promise," said Mr. Gordon steadily. "I've something very important in hand. I don't know how long it will be before I can talk to Mr. Lurton."

He hung up. He paced back and forth in his office. In ten minutes the phone rang again. He picked it up. It was Lurton's secretary again. Lurton wanted to talk to him on the phone. Now.

"I'm expecting a very important call," said Mr. Gordon. "Ask him to wait until I call him."

He hung up and paced. And paced. And paced. Half an hour later the call came from his friend in the city hall. Yes, Timothy had bought a car. It was an Avion, a touring car, and it was thirty years old. It was now an orphan make.

Mr. Gordon expressed his thanks in a lifeless voice. He consulted the yellow pages of a phone book. He made a memo of secondhand-auto-parts dealers. He remembered, of course, where Timothy had got out that morning. He left his desk as it was. As he went out of the office the phone rang again. He did not stop to answer it.

It took him two hours to find the used-parts place where Timothy'd had his purchase towed. Then everything checked. Yes, Timothy had more or less rebuilt the car in the shed yonder. No, he'd come in this morning and triumphantly driven the car away. He'd headed down the Teterboro Turnpike to try it out on the open road. The auto-parts manager mentioned, grinning, that Timothy had borrowed a towrope to carry with him—in case. Then he added that Timothy had put an ax on the seat beside him. He looked curiously at Mr. Gordon for an explanation of the last item.

"Thank you," said Mr. Gordon politely. He started out after Timothy. The towrope was proof that Timothy had no great confidence in his car. Mr. Gordon watched the roadsides. When he passed filling stations, he looked at the car lifts. He did not come upon Timothy.

Five miles out, the road curved around a hill, and he saw Mount Trumble. It was partly granite rock but much more second-growth hillside. It reared up 3000 feet and behind it there were more impressive mountains. Standing alone and nearer, though, it challenged attention. The highway ran close by its base.

The auto-parts man had said Timothy had put an ax on the seat beside him. Abruptly Mr. Gordon saw many things. Not everyone could have done it. Only a man who remembered his own adolescence could have added together a towrope and an ax and an ancient wreck of a car and joined those items to Timothy's explanation of the fascination of Mount Trumble.

But Mr. Gordon made the addition. The sum total jolted him. He swore softly—and Mr. Gordon was not often profane. Then he drove on.

He came to a place where there was a rail fence alongside the road. Quite likely nobody else would have noticed, but he saw where car tracks left the road and went through the fence line. Somebody had removed the rails, driven a car through and put the rails back again.

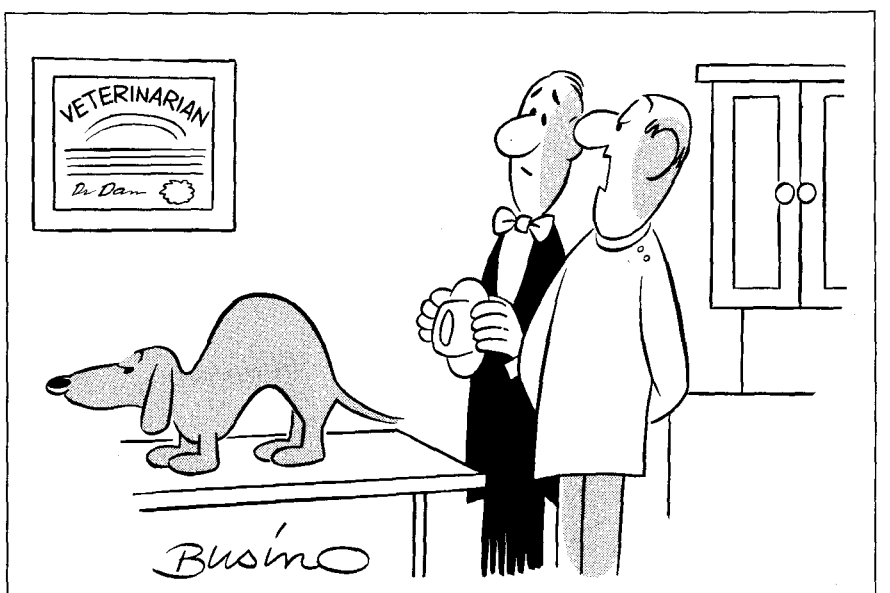
Mr. Gordon duplicated the action. Car tracks led across the soft ground inside the fence. They led up slanting ground and went out of sight. Mr. Gordon followed them. He drove through weeds. He followed a trail of thrust-down bushes. Then the trail became impracticable for his car.

He got out and locked the ignition. He continued on foot in the wake of the other car. The beginning was not especially steep, but there were ancient leaves and dried grasses on the ground. The earth had never been packed down, and the car he followed left inches-deep grooves in the woods mold. Mr. Gordon went on after it.

It was almost noon now, and the air was still. Mr. Gordon considered the tracks detachedly. He knew that they were—they had to be—the wheel marks left by an Avion touring car which was thirty years old and had been purchased in a junk yard and taken down, piece by piece, to be reassembled in incredible running order. The achievement roused his respect. Not every man could have done it. It was noteworthy in a boy of sixteen. When that boy was having to find needed spare parts by hunting through junk yards and moreover needed to do everything in secret lest he be forbidden. . . .

He came to a place where four three-inch saplings had been cut down and drawn aside so that a car could pass. The stumps were not fresh. They'd been cut weeks ago. Timothy had cut them in preparation for today. This was the old logging road Timothy had mentioned. He'd cleared it sufficiently for a car to pass. Perhaps.

The trail went up a steep incline. In years gone by, oxen had hauled empty log trips up this slant, but when the long



"He needs a larger doghouse."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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No Road chained burdens came down, they'd been eased by a rope around a stump. Timothy'd had trouble here. His car wheels spun and started to dig themselves hub-deep. He'd piled leaves and straw to give the tires a grip, and it hadn't worked. He'd cut some saplings to get room to back the car off, and then got a good start and made the ascent.

Mr. Gordon followed the logging road. It wound and twisted. Thriving second-growth trees grew on either hand. Before many years a second crop of timber could be taken here. He heard locusts whirring, and somewhere a bobwhite called in lonely fashion, and he heard a song sparrow and somewhere a crow. He heard the very faint whispering of leaves, which never ceases on even the stillest day. But he missed something. There were no traffic noises here.

Another slope, much steeper. Not today, but a long time back, Timothy had performed an engineering feat. At the worst part of the incline he'd laid saplings and brushwood to make a road surface approximating corduroy. His car had almost torn it up, but not quite. He'd gone on.

Mr. Gordon realized that he was not angry now. He hadn't been since the moment he'd added together an ax and a rope and a junked car and what Timothy had said about this mountain. Sally would not understand any of this, but a man could. Mr. Gordon abruptly knew a certain envy of Timothy's father. Up to this moment his feeling for that dead man had been only a certain guilty gratitude to him for dying before Mr. Gordon met Sally so that they could marry. Now he was envious because Timothy was his son.

He followed the trail. It wound and turned, and at two other places Timothy had paved dubious spots with stamped-down trash. Once the tracks went abruptly out into sunshine. Here bare granite curved out and downward. There was a cliff 300 feet high, with rounded furrows to guide a car's wheels to the brink. Dropped-off scraps of leafy mold told where the car had gone out upon it.

Mr. Gordon paled. It should not be possible to drive a car across such a surface. A car driven here should have its wheels tugged at—while it wallowed crazily—as if the stone persistently tried to urge it to destruction. But there were sections of tree trunk wedged here and there, filling in the worst of the gaps. Still, even on foot and leaning against the slope, it was much like walking on a slanting roof.

On the far side, where dirt and foliage began again, he drew a deep breath, but his expression was very strange. He pushed on over the flattened bushes the car had crushed and noted an oddity in the tire tracks. A tire had blown out in the crazy bucking of the car on the uneven stone. Timothy drove on the rim. It was insanity.

But Mr. Gordon climbed and now and again needed his hands to help. His thoughts went back to a long, long time ago.

He'd been Timothy's age then and had done something not less foolish than this. Like Timothy, he'd prepared for it in secret. Like Timothy he hadn't thought of an audience. He'd only wanted to know himself that he'd done it.

At the age of sixteen he'd swum the York where that estuary was four miles wide. He'd swum alone, with no one knowing of his intention—with no possibility of help if he needed it. He'd spent weeks building up his endurance. He'd spent many days studying the tidal currents. He'd begun the swim without a word to anybody, and he almost hadn't made it. He was seen, a bobbing speck in the water, by picnickers on the far shore. They got a boat and came to help him. But when they arrived he'd just reached a shallow where he could stand chin-deep and rest. Panting, he'd refused assistance. He waded and swam ashore, staggering as the water went down to his knees. He'd had to crawl the last few yards to the beach, and there he collapsed. It was a near thing, and it seemed to have no purpose except the unnecessary risking of his life, which at sixteen appears to be an end in itself.

Now he heard a rumbling noise high above. He stopped his climbing to listen while the car hummed and buzzed like an angry bee. He could tell when Timothy backed and sent the car forward and backed again. The car suddenly made a triumphant low growling sound. It crawled onward and around some elevation which absorbed the noise.

So Mr. Gordon climbed again. The woods thinned, and the trees that remained grew out of steeply slanting earth. The logging-road—overgrown as it was—had ended long ago. Now Timothy moved over virgin ground. There was much brushwood cut away. There was one place where Timothy had had to cut down trees four inches thick to clear a passage. Here today the cleared space was not enough. Timothy had used the towrope around a tree trunk to pull a boulder to one side, hauling it by the car. The undercarriage of the car would not have cleared it. Just beyond, the car rode over a totally improbable stony area like a rivulet of small boulders.

Another tire had blown out here. It showed plainly, where the car left tracks on earth again. And then Mr. Gordon came to a spot where no car could possibly pass. There was a sixty-foot drop-off to one side and a precipitous rock on the other.

Here Timothy had made an impossible turn by twisting his wheels as far to one side as they would go and driving ahead for a foot and a half, then backing that foot and a half with the wheels twisted in the opposite direction. His wheels came within six inches of disaster at every backing. This was where the car had sounded like an angry bee. No sane adult would have attempted this, but Timothy had.

Mr. Gordon sweated as he went on to where the sky suddenly opened out overhead and the horizon moved back an illimitable distance, and he had arrived at the top of Mount Trumble. He saw Timothy.

He had the car here. There was a rounded hummock of gray stone some thirty feet higher than the rest, and Timothy had coaxed the car even up on that. He'd locked the brakes so it would not roll backward. He sat quietly in the driver's seat, but Mr. Gordon saw him stir—and stir again. He was eating the sandwiches his mother had prepared for him that morning.

Mr. Gordon sat down to wait. He noted that his hands shook when he lighted a cigarette. He did not go to where Timothy sat in a car where no car had ever been before. He knew how Timothy felt. One should not attempt to share such a moment. So Mr. Gordon smoked and waited and reflected with an odd surprise how simple and how terrifying human instincts are and how absurd

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it is to try to defeat them with rules and instructions and mature decisions and the use of reason and common sense. Because instincts are not affected by such things.

Only civilized men, Mr. Gordon reflected, would try to make high-school graduation exercises take the place of those much more dramatic ceremonies which, before history began, marked the initiation of a boy into manhood. Savages tried no such absurdity. Among barbarians a boy proved himself before he was elevated to the status of a man. And all boys are barbarians. Indians sent their striplings off to endure hunger and cold and deadly peril all alone, and only when they came back triumphant were they worthy to sit beside a council fire. But this was not a requirement of the warriors. It was a need of the striplings. There is a need for a boy to know that he has become a man. He does not want to be told it. He wants to know it, by proof that satisfies even himself. So he swims a salt river in secret, or he drives a car where no car has ever been driven before, or—if he has been improperly raised and does not know what manhood is—he may prove his adult status to himself by acquiring a police record or by driving a car at ninety miles an hour where opposing traffic may appear suddenly at curves.

Soon Timothy had finished his sandwiches. The car's engine roared once more. It backed down the thirty-foot hummock of stone. It turned. It moved toward Mr. Gordon.

He stood up and waited. Timothy stopped beside him, looking at him with eyes that were completely hostile and completely defensive and totally noncommittal.

"May I ride down with you?" asked Mr. Gordon.

He got in the passenger's seat without even a look at the wheel. Timothy silently let in the clutch. Mr. Gordon leaned back while Timothy drove on and downward. At first, perhaps, Timothy was defiant. But Mr. Gordon said nothing whatever. When he came to the place where no car could possibly make the turn, and there was a sixty-foot sheer drop not more than six inches beyond the roll of the wheels, Timothy looked at him challengingly. But Mr. Gordon only nodded. Not encouragingly. Not reassuringly. He nodded as one man to another when facing a tricky problem. And then he lighted a cigarette. And—somehow—he kept his hands as steady as stones. He watched with interest as Timothy negotiated the crazy turn. And afterward he said nothing at all.

They blew out another tire on that space of ribbed and rugged slanting stone above the 300-foot cliff. Mr. Gordon still said nothing. When they reached brushwood and then second-growth trees once more, Timothy said uncomfortably, "How'd you happen to be here, sir?"

Mr. Gordon reflected. Then he said, "Once upon a time I swam the York River. I was your age. So I—well—I could sort of figure things out."

Timothy drove on. There were now three blown-out tires. He ignored them. So did his stepfather.

"You swam the York, sir?' Timothy asked.

Mr. Gordon told him about it matter-of-factly, detachedly, honestly—teaching no lesson, drawing no moral. He told about it the way it happened. There was no point in anything else.

They came to the bottom, beside Mr. Gordon's car. Timothy cut off the motor. "Three tires gone—and I'm sure a spring. The clutch is pretty well shot—and the brakes. It's a wreck again, sir."

Mr. Gordon nodded agreement. He went to his own car, and Timothy brought the ax and the towrope. He got in. Presently he got out and removed the fence rails so the car could get back on the highway. They rolled down the highway toward town.

"The day's shot," said Mr. Gordon. "I'll stop and pick up my briefcase at the office and then go home."

"Yes, sir," said Timothy. He regarded his stepfather with a peculiar, interested gaze. But then he leaned back and contemplated the fact that he had got a car to the top of Mount Trumble. He looked peaceful, satisfied.

The telephone was ringing when Mr. Gordon went into his office. He picked it up and had barely said "Hello!" when a secretary's voice said hurriedly, "Just a moment!" and Lurton was on the wire.

"Gordon!" he said indignantly. "Gordon! I've been trying to get you all day! What the hell kind of business is this?"

"I've been busy," said Gordon. "I'd something important to do."

"And I can guess what it is!" rasped Lurton. "You've found somebody else who wants that property you assembled for me, and you're trying to shake me loose! It's no go! I'm closing that deal tomorrow first thing in the morning, and if you try anything fancy I'll raise hell with the real-estate board and get your license!"

Mr. Gordon went out to where Timothy waited in the car. He tossed the briefcase in. He headed for home—and Sally. He was very glad he had Sally. He remembered something. "Timothy," he said matter-of-factly, "your mother wouldn't understand this business of today. Women don't understand such things. I advise you to keep your mouth shut."

Timothy looked at him with respect. Mr. Gordon realized that he had said a very wise thing. Among savages it is forbidden for women to know anything about the ceremonies initiating a boy into manhood. It is forbidden because if they knew about them, women would try to understand them. And they can't. But Mr. Gordon knew that Sally now had much less to worry about than before. He turned into the street where he lived with his family.

"Look here, sir," said Timothy slowly. "When I was eight or nine years old, I used to call my father pop. Would you—would you mind, sir, if I called you dad?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Gordon. "I'll like it a lot—son."

He turned into the driveway. It was good to be home.

When he awoke next morning, his first conscious act was to rebel against awakening. But he heard familiar sounds that would not let him go back to sleep. Timothy. Another day had begun. He put out his hand in search of comfort, but Sally was not there beside him. Dispirited, he foresaw another twenty-four hours differing in no way. . . . Then his eyes popped wide open. He remembered yesterday.

Suddenly, amazingly he knew that he wouldn't mind if today were like yesterday. And to be willing to live through yesterday again—that is happiness!

Mr. Gordon listened to the sounds with which Timothy greeted the new day. He grinned. This was a morning it was good to wake in. THE END

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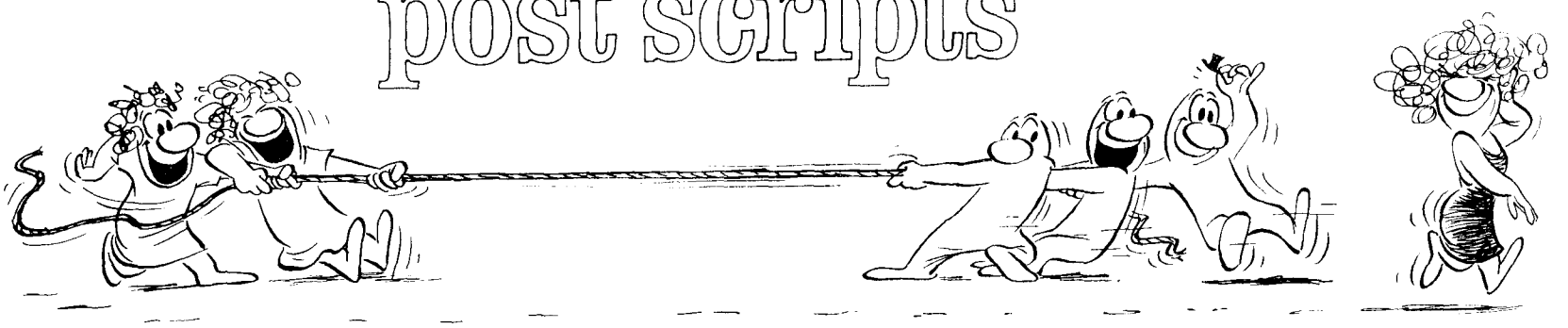

"Psst! Pictures of Stalin?"

"Well, our financial worries are over—we're out of money."

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It's one day in seven we don't see—thank heaven—
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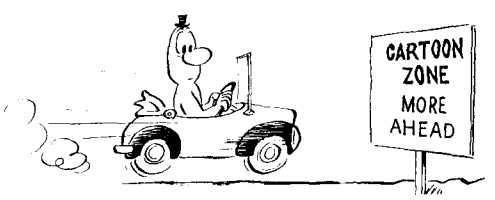
Of jeans obstructing the view,
One day when our glims get a gander at limbs
That call for a whistle or two.
It's one day that lacks the procession of slacks
(A very unfeminine style);
On Sunday the women are women, and trim in
A mode to bewitch and beguile.
When unlovely trousers don't fetter
The curves that win manly salaams;
On Sunday the scenery's better
When guys get a gander at gams.

BERTON BRALEY



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Over fragrant cups of coffee.
Because coffee adds a delight all its own:
Unmistakable aroma. Unforgettable flavor. Deep-down goodness.
Especially when you make it generously.
A tablespoon of coffee, heaped, for each rewarding cup.

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Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N. Y. 5, N. Y.

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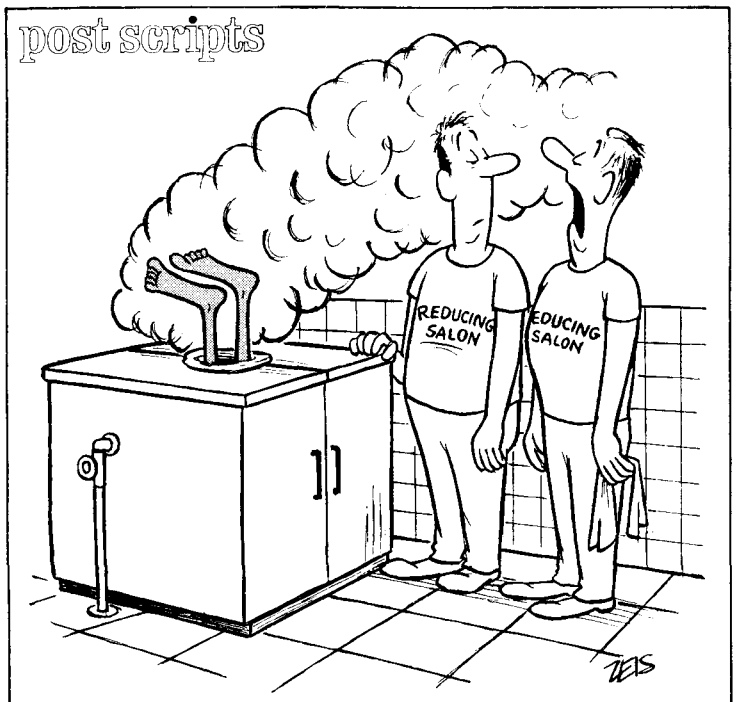
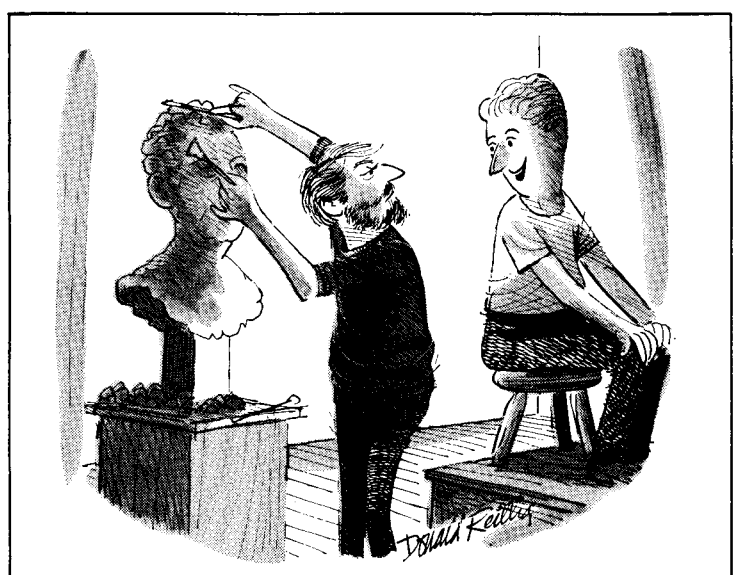
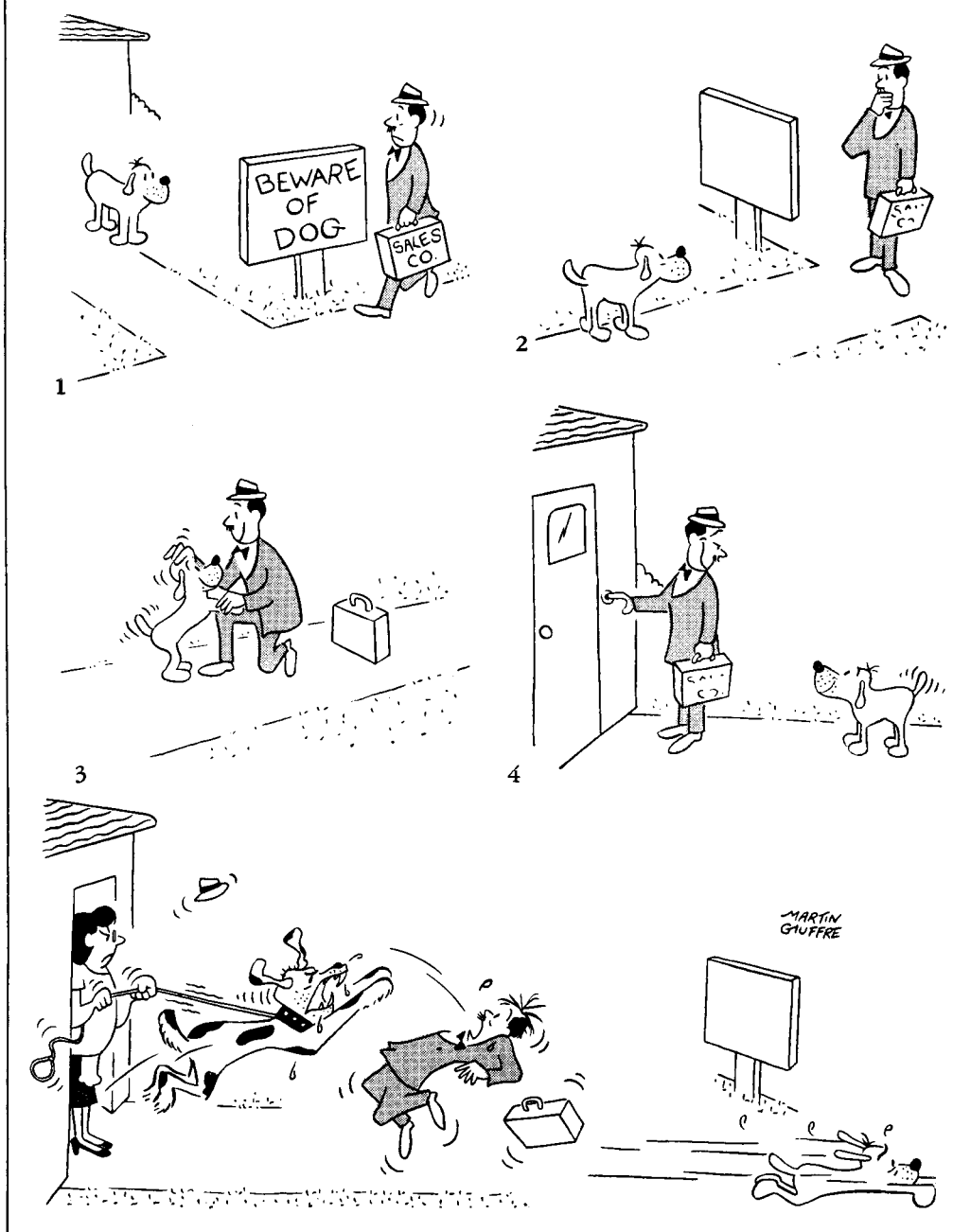


"You're the new man, I assume."

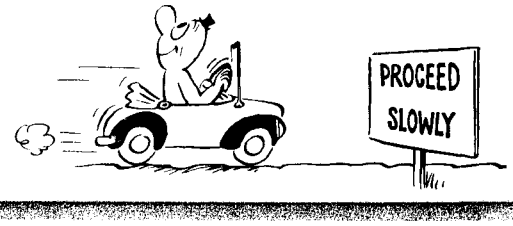


"A little more off the top, please."



"... and you call yourself a guide?"

"I've got to hand it to you, Edna, you're putting up a great fight."



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OR WIN ANY OF 1,242 OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES!

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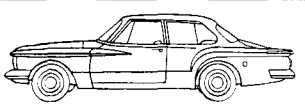
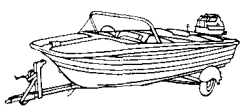


1962 Valiant. 2-door sedan model "V-100" equipped with heater and whitewall tires!

1962 Rambler. American custom convertible with heater and whitewall tires!

1962 Studebaker Lark. 2-door sedan equipped with heater and whitewall tires!



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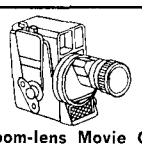
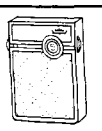
10 Admiral Color TV Sets. Ultraslim table model. Detachable legs. True-to-life color!



33 DeJur Zoom-lens Movie Cameras. 8mm automatic electric-eye camera. Zoom lens!



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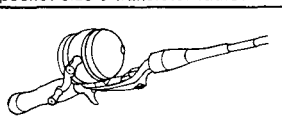

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Contest closes May 27. So hurry! Winners will be notified about July 31. Trip can be taken any time during the following 12 months. Drive in and ask for your free spark plug check and entry blank *today!*

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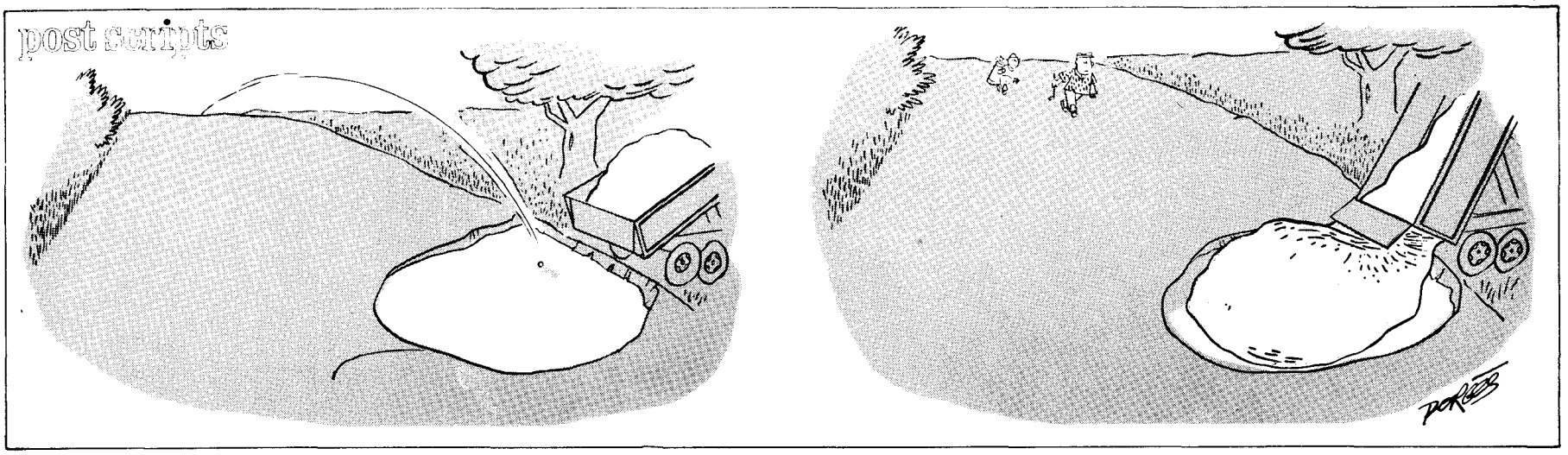


Heinrich Schnibble's Wordenbooke

TELEPHONE: Uppengecaller.
TELEPHONE BELL: Uppengecallertingledingler.
WRONG NUMBER: Uppengecallertingledinglermistookenringen.
BATH: Uppengecallertingledinglermistookenringencausermitoudtengefailen.

BABY: Bawlenburpenwetter.
BABY SITTER: Bawlenburpenwetterkeeper.
TEEN-AGE BABY SITTER: Bawlenburpenwetterkeepenfoodengestuffenicenboxenrobber.

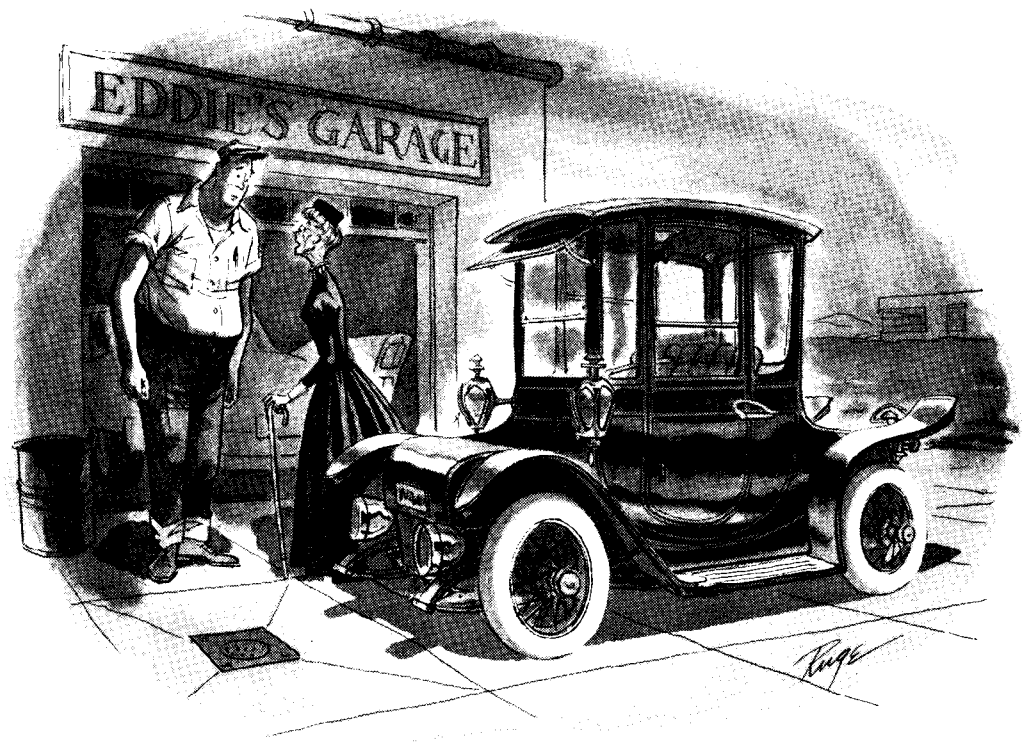
BASEBALL: Hittenmitrunnensportz.
BASEBALL STADIUM: Hittenmitrunnensportzenpark.
BASEBALL PLAYER: Hittenmitrunnensportzenbattenswinger.
UMPIRE: Hittenmitrunnensportzenbattenswingeroudtengecaller.
BASEBALL MANAGER: Hittenmitrunnensportzenbattenswingeroudtengecallerhatenfootenstomper.
BASEBALL FAN: Peanuttengestuffenhittenmitrunnensportzenwatcher.

PIANO: Plinkenplankenplunkenbox.
PIANIST: Plinkenplankenplunkenboxgepounder.
PIANO STOOL: Plinkenplankenplunkenboxgepounderspinnenseat.
PIANO RECITAL: Plinkenplankenplunkenboxgepounderoffengeshowenspelle.
FATHERS AT THE RECITAL: Plinkenplankenplunkenboxgepounderoffengeshowenspellegesnoozengroupe.
MOTHERS AT THE RECITAL: Plinkenplankenplunkenboxgepounderoffengeshowenspellegesnoozengrouperuppenwakers.

SCHOOL: Teachenhaus.
STUDENTS: Teachenhausendonderheadenbunch.
CLASSROOM: Teachenhausendonderheadenbunchersittenplatz.
STUDY PERIOD: Teachenhausendonderheadenbuncherspittenballengetossenhour.
EXAMINATION: Teachenhausendonderheadenbuncherblankischerthinkentime.
REPORT CARD: Teachenhausendonderheadenbuncherblankischerthinkentimeresultengetellengloomenbringer.

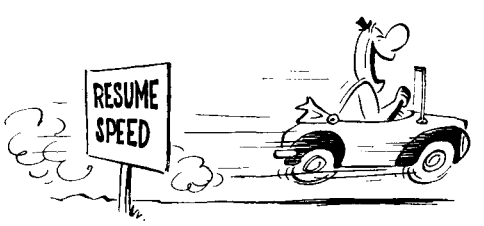
FLOWER: Buddenbloomer.
SPRING: Buddenbloomeroudtengepoppenseason.
GARDENER: Buddenbloomeroudtengepoppenseasonhopenwisher.
SEED CATALOG: Buddenbloomeroudtengepoppenseasonhopenwisherfoolenbooke.

DAVE MORRAH



"How long will it take you to install a set of seat belts?"

"Miss Wyatt, you were supposed to go in the boat with the women and children."



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the softy

He couldn't say no to anyone with a problem.

by Steve McNeil

Dan Rafferty was shaving on a Saturday morning, mindful of the golf game he had scheduled with Miss Judith Fry. He put his razor aside, and in the mirror peered critically at his chin. He also saw blue eyes, a wide mouth and a nose which had been set three times for the obvious reason that it had been broken three times.

He was putting on loafers in the bedroom when Mrs. McKenzie, who cooked and kept house for him, knocked on the door and then opened it. "Well," she said, "he's here again."

"Who's here again?"

"The Turk."

Dan worked a sweater over his head and pulled it down. "Give him some coffee."

"I already did." She peered at Dan in disapproval. "You going to listen to him again?"

Dan shrugged. "Why not?"

"Why not!" she yelped. "Because every time you listen to that character, it costs you money."

"I know," Dan said.

"I've seen pigeons in my day," she said, "but nothing to equal you. Really! How much of the long green is he into you?"

"Couple hundred, I guess."

"The which you'll never see again."

Dan frowned, trying to sort out some logical reasons. Then he looked helplessly at Mrs. McKenzie. "He's been having it rough."

"Everyone's having it rough. Those two brothers down the street—they were having it rough. How much did they put the arm on you for?"

"Not much," Dan answered. "They had to eat, didn't they?"

"And that clam digger from Warrenton, who had to have his jeep fixed. You went on the hook for that," she said.

"He had to have the jeep," Dan said in what he hoped was an appeal to reason. "He couldn't operate without it."

"You'll be operating without money if you keep this up. It isn't as if you were Rockefeller. You know what the grocery bill was this month?"

Dan shook his head and looked around to find an escape route.

"Two hundred and thirty dollars," she said, "and twenty-three cents."

"I was reading the other day," Dan said, "how the cost of living has gone up."

"It isn't the cost of living," she said severely, "it's the cost of giving."

"I read somewhere that you aren't supposed to count the cost."

"Uh-huh," she said, "I can quote it: 'Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest; to give and not to count the cost.'"

"You see!" Dan said triumphantly.

"Someone else said to give 'till it hurts,'" she said, "and that's what you're doing."

"Look, I have a golf game."

"Sure, with Judith Fry. You going to marry her?"

"Someday, I guess, when I can afford it."

"Well, one thing about it—the day she moves in, the free-loaders move out."

"Yes, I imagine you're right," Dan said thoughtfully and left the room.

The Turk, whose name was Alex Akar, was seated on the couch, a cup of coffee in front of him. He was a slender, well-muscled young man, with chiseled features, a black mustache and eyes the color of ripe olives. He was a mechanical engineer with degrees from two universities, but he was not a citizen, and certain industries were closed to him.

"Good morning, Dan," he said formally.

"Hi, Alex," Dan said.

"Dan, I think I have a job," Alex said. "They're building a new aluminum plant near Warrenton. Maybe you heard about it?"

"Yeah, I heard. I wish the Rafferty Sand and Gravel Company had the contract for the concrete."

"I talked to the contractor yesterday. He's giving me a call."

"That's fine, Alex. I know it's been rough."

"When I go to work, I'll start paying you what I owe."

Dan looked at his watch. "I'm not worried about it. Look, Alex, I'm late for a golf game."

"Of course, Dan. You have been so kind—there is one more thing."

Dan mentally figured his bank balance. "Yes?"

"A cousin of mine just arrived. I have a small place, and I thought ——"

"Of course, Alex," Dan said. "Bring your cousin over. No strain at all. I'll tell Mrs. McKenzie."

"Thank you very much, Dan."

Dan went back into the bedroom and told Mrs. McKenzie about the cousin. "The guy just got here and doesn't have a place to stay."

"And how do I communicate with this Turk—sign language?"

"Alex," Dan said, "speaks five languages. I imagine his cousin speaks at least that many."

"Well, I hope one of them is English."

"You'd better give him the northwest bedroom."

"Naturally," Mrs. McKenzie said. "It's the biggest, and the best, with its own bath and an ocean view. We wouldn't want to do anything to alienate the Turks."

"You got something against Turks?"

"Outside of the fact that they invented shish kebab and Alex can con you out of your socks, I got nothing against them."

"Fine. Don't forget clean sheets."

Dan went out to the garage, got into his car and drove over to Surf Pines Country Club.

Judith Fry, a sun-streaked blonde, was on the putting green when Dan arrived, twenty minutes late. Even in shorts she managed to look like a Boston librarian who had just banned a book.

"Well," she said, "so you finally got here."

"I'm sorry, Judith," Dan said. "Alex came by, I got held up and ——"

"I'll bet you did. How much?"

"He didn't want money."

"That's a switch. What did he want—blood?"

"His cousin arrived in town. He needs a place to stay for a few days."

"M'm-m-m," she said. "A few days. How long did those ex-marines stay?"

Dan winced. "Only two weeks. They were in my outfit in Korea."

"And at the same time you took in that truck driver, and that criminal."

"He wasn't a criminal," Dan said. "He'd run away from a foster home because he wasn't getting enough to eat. You know I talked to the judge and squared things."

"You sure did. And had the kid for three months."

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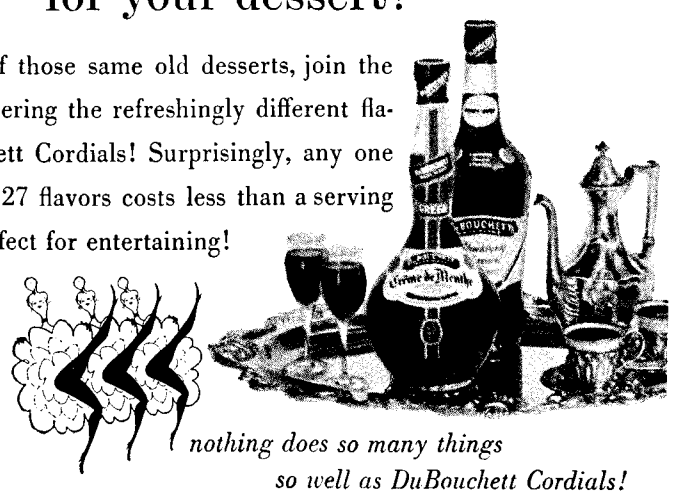


nothing does so many things so well as DuBouchett Cordials!

the softy

"And got him a job for the summer," Dan reminded her. "You know where he is now?"

"San Quentin?"

"The University of Oregon. Getting top grades."

"Who paid for it?"

"Never mind. You want to play golf?"

"You sure you haven't given away all your golf balls?"

"Don't be like that, Judith. If a guy can't help a few people along the way, he's going to be awfully lonesome."

"Especially," she said, "if he doesn't have a wife."

"Any time, Judith. You just say the word."

"The word is that you can't afford a wife. You're too busy taking care of dead beats, ex-marines, the Turk and now his relatives. Being married to you would be like joining the Salvation Army." She reached down and picked up two golf balls with which she had been practicing. "When you can force yourself to stop saving mankind, call me."

Dan watched her walk into the clubhouse, her back stiff and uncompromising. It seemed fairly obvious to him that he would be playing no golf with Judith Fry this day, or possibly any other day, so he went into the men's locker room and waited until three larcenous friends of his came along, looking for a fourth.

Afterward he and his partner, Dick Schroeder, reluctantly paid their losses. "You play like my Aunt Matilda," Dick said not unkindly.

"I thought I was worse than that," Dan said.

"You were, but I didn't say so."

"All right. I'll buy you a drink."

They went into the bar. Dick lighted a cigar and peered at Dan through the smoke. "Look, Dan, your mind seems to be on other things. If you need money ——"

"It isn't that, Dick," Dan said. "It's just a lot of things. The Turk, people who come around, needing help. Silas Jester from Warrenton, who needed his jeep fixed, a couple of buddies from the Fifth marines." He looked at Dick helplessly. "What am I supposed to do—resign from the human race?"

Dick dragged on his cigar. "You could learn to say No."

"I suppose so."

"You'll have to say No before Judith says Yes," Dick said, "so make up your mind. Are you going to concentrate on saving humanity or living a normal life?"

"I don't suppose I could do both?" Dan asked plaintively.

"Look, the Turk is over twenty-one. He can write to someone in Istanbul for help. Silas could have made a deal with Warrenton Motors, and that kid who ran away could have been sent back. You're a pigeon. It's even lousing up your golf game."

Dan straightened. "Come to think of it, you're right. Why, the Turk just conned me into putting up his cousin. Why should I take care of him? Have him call the United Nations!"

"Now you're talking."

"From now on," Dan said resolutely, "people will have to handle their own problems."

"From there to the little church around the corner with Judith is just a short step," Dick reminded him.

"And the first step is to get rid of the Turk's cousin. I'm on my way," Dan said. He drove home, his convictions as unyielding as reinforced concrete.

He went into the house through the kitchen door and walked into the front room. "How was the golf game? Did you beat the dame or let her beat you?" Mrs. McKenzie asked.

"I didn't play with her. She sounded off about the Turk, his relatives and other people, then walked off the golf course. I played with Dick, Ed and Jim."

"And what did that cost you?"

"Four dollars," Dan said, "but it was worth it. Dick finally made me see the light. From now on, humanity can take care of itself."

"Well, well," she said. "This I have to see."

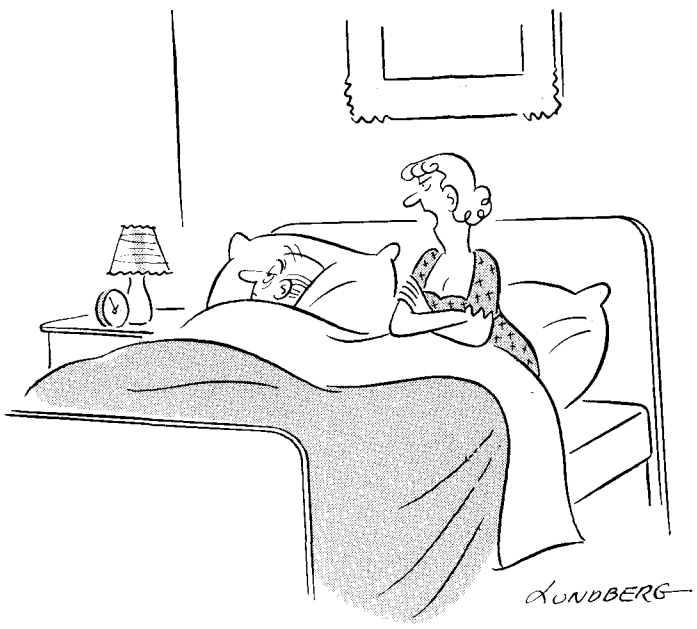
"I'm not fooling. First of all, did the Turk's cousin get here?"

Mrs. McKenzie nodded.

"That's the first order of business. Get rid of that relative."

"How you going to do that?"

"I'll just point out firmly but courteously that this isn't a hotel or even the Y.M.C.A. Tomorrow he'll have to find another place to stay."



"And another thing—how can you fall asleep so calmly on the salary you're making?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"I see. You going to do this right now?"

"Certainly. Where is he?"

"The Turk's cousin is taking a sun bath on the patio."

Dan walked to the window and looked out. He seemed to give a slight leap. She was stretched out on a chaise longue and left no doubt in anyone's mind that she would get plenty of sun in the outfit she was wearing. Her hair was as black as coal, and her bone structure was magnificent.

"Who's that?" Dan said.

"Why, that's the Turk's cousin."

"I thought his cousin was a 'he.'"

"Even from here I think you can tell the difference."

You could have told the difference from tee to green on the first hole at Surf Pines Country Club, which was 341 yards long.

"What's her name?"

"Theresa Calouri."

"Calouri!" Dan yelped. "That's Irish."

Mrs. McKenzie shrugged. "Well, you know how those Irish get around." She looked at Dan quizzically. "You going to throw her out now or wait until after dinner?"

"I'll let you know."

He opened the sliding glass doors leading to the patio and approached the reclining figure. She opened her eyes and sat up. He noted that her eyes were as green as the Olympic National Forest from 20,000 feet, and had the impression that he was about to spin in from that altitude.

"Something wrong?" she said.

"Uh—I thought you were a man," Dan said.

"Why in the world would you think that?"

"I mean, before I saw you."

"Well, that's comforting. I fractured the bank roll for this bathing suit. I'd hate to think that I look like a man in it." She smiled at him and her nose wrinkled. Her teeth were as white as a surgeon's gown. "You're Dan Rafferty?"

He nodded. "And you're Theresa Calouri."

"I can't thank you enough for letting me stay here. I suppose Alex explained."

"Oh, yes." He frowned. "You speak very good English."

"I should. I was born in San Francisco."

He fell back and regrouped. "Somehow I got the impression that you just got in from Ankara, or someplace."

"It was someplace, all right. Lake Tahoe. When I got here, I found that every motel and hotel was bursting with conventioning plumbers. I was starting to price sleeping bags when Alex told me about you. He made you sound like a legend instead of a man."

Dan turned red. This did not seem the time to tell the girl that in the morning she would have to go. "That's ridiculous."

"Hm'm'm," she said. "The truth is probably somewhere in between. You wouldn't want to take me to dinner tonight, would you, and talk about it?"

"Certainly, Miss Calouri."

She stood up. "Do I have time for a swim?"

"Sure."

She turned and walked toward the ocean. Dan went inside.

Mrs. McKenzie met him. "When does she evacuate?"

"I didn't discuss it."

Mrs. McKenzie beamed. "I thought you had better sense than to throw out the best-looking thing who's hit this beach since Lewis and Clark."

"That isn't the point!" Dan yelped.

Mrs. McKenzie looked at him sadly. "Before you cancel your foreign-aid program, open your eyes. The girl is sensational."

He looked at her helplessly. "What am I going to do? She's still a free-loader like the Turk."

"She may be a free-loader, but she isn't a bit like the Turk, and the difference is out of this world. You taking her to dinner?"

He nodded. "I'm going to take a shower and change clothes."

He showered and then put on his new gray flannel suit, which he had been saving for a state occasion. He did not ask himself why he put it on now. After checking himself in the full-length mirror, he walked into the front room, took one look and put on the brakes. Judith Fry, wearing about eighty-nine dollars' worth of cotton dress, and sipping a Martini, was seated on the couch.

"Hello, Dan," she said. "Mrs. McKenzie let me in, fixed me a Martini and said that you'd be right out."

"She did?" He promised himself that he would fire Mrs. McKenzie.

"Here," she said. "I'll pour you one." She did and handed him the drink. He took a larger gulp than he intended.

"I came by to apologize," Judith said. "I ran into Dick Schroeder at the club, and he told me that you finally decided to stop saving humanity."

"You bet," he said hastily, "so why don't we talk about it sometime? I mean, like tomorrow evening."

"Are you in a hurry to go somewhere?" she said frostily.

"No, not really. Just—you know—dinner."

"I'm sorry I was so ill-tempered today, but the thought of the Turk conning you into putting up his cousin was just too much."

"Well, don't give it a thought. Tomorrow the Turk's cousin will be gone, and ——" He stopped as he realized that Judith was looking past him. He turned to look. Theresa Calouri had just reached the bottom of the stairs. She was wearing a cotton dress, which clung here and flared there, and a cashmere sweater was draped over her shoulders. She was lovely enough to put a man into a state of shock. She crossed the room and said, "Hello, everyone. Cocktails?"

Dan nodded and performed the introductions.

Judith Fry, in a frigid voice said, "How do you do?"

"Judith Fry?" Theresa said. "Oh yes, I've heard of you." She refrained from saying what she had heard. "I see that I'll need a glass. Don't bother, Dan, I'll get one from Mrs. McKenzie." She headed for the kitchen.

"And who," Judith said, "is that?"

"Why, that's the Turk's cousin."

"Well! So you've given up saving mankind in favor of womankind?"

"I didn't know that he was a 'she'."

"And aren't you happy that she isn't a 'he'?"

Theresa came back into the room and poured herself a Martini. "Well, I must say that this beats a hotel."

Judith turned to Dan. "Have you told Miss Calouri that you're closing your own little Traveler's Aid Society?"

"Not yet," Dan said.

"You see, Miss Calouri," Judith said, "Dan Rafferty has been a pigeon. He's been so busy taking care of strays that he has never had the time or the money to get married, but that's all changed, isn't it, Dan?"

"That's right."

"Dan was telling me before you came downstairs, that he's through with philanthropy. Nothing personal in this, you understand."

"Hm'm'm," Theresa said. She looked at Dan as if she had never seen him before. "The legend just changed back into a man."

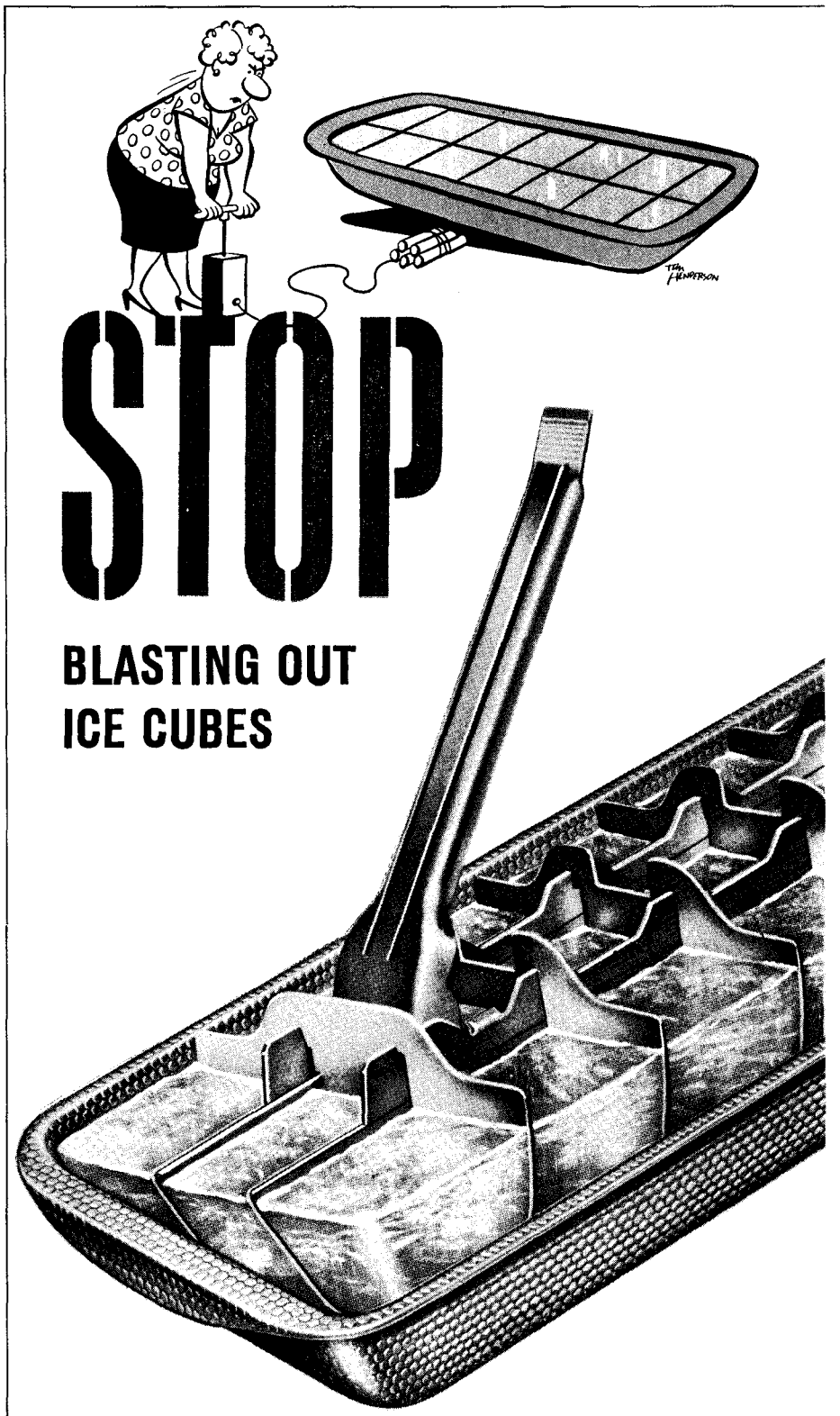
"At least," Judith said, "he'll be a solvent man." She finished her drink and stood up. "Well, I have to be going. Golf tomorrow, Dan?"

"I'll call you," Dan said. He walked to the door with Judith and then came back into the room.

"Well, I don't have to be kicked in the head," Theresa said. "I'll be gone before you can spell Traveler's Aid Society."

"Now wait a minute," Dan said. "No use being hasty about this. You see ——"

"I do now," she said. "The Turk told me a few things about you and I liked what I heard. It hardly seems possible that you're the same man." She walked away and ascended the stairs. Dan was



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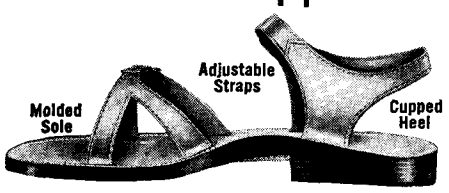

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sitting quietly, staring into the fireplace, when Mrs. McKenzie came in from the kitchen. "Where'd everybody go?" she said.

"Judith had to leave. Theresa is upstairs, presumably packing."

"Did that dame make some nasty remarks?"

"No, she made no nasty remarks. She merely told Theresa that I had decided to terminate the Rafferty giveaway society."

"That's nasty enough."

The phone rang. Dan picked it up and said hello.

It was Alex. "Dan, are you going to be home? Silas Jester and I have something we'd like to talk to you about."

"I'm going to be home, but I can tell you right now that the answer is no." He hung up the telephone.

"Who was that," Mrs. McKenzie said, "the Internal Revenue Service?"

"The Turk," Dan said.

Mrs. McKenzie peered at him. "First time I ever heard you turn him down. How does it feel?"

"It feels great. I just saved myself at least a hundred bucks."

They could hear the clicking heels of Theresa Calouri upstairs. From the kitchen came the sound of a dog whining. "Now what's that?" Dan said.

"A stray dog," Mrs. McKenzie said. "The one you always feed."

"Show him the door," Dan said.

Mrs. McKenzie went into the kitchen. Dan heard an automobile engine outside. The dog whined. Theresa's heels clicked. The engine stopped. "Mrs. McKenzie!" Dan called. "Who's outside?"

She came into the room. "Alex and Silas—sitting in Silas's jeep."

"Now they're laying siege to the place!" Dan yelled.

"Oh, simmer down. Has it occurred to you that they might not be looking for money?"

"Ha!"

Dan paced the floor. *Why should you feel like a heel, Rafferty, just because you stopped giving things away? You're doing the right thing and you know it.* He heard the sound of high heels on the stairs. Theresa Calouri was coming down, carrying two bags. He went to the stairs, took the bags out of her hands and carried them to the door. He looked at her, and his heart swelled with his own misery.

"Well, good-by, Dan," she said.

Mrs. McKenzie came back into the room. "What do you want me to do about dinner?"

Dan frowned. "I guess you and I will have to ——"

"Sorry, I'm going out," Mrs. McKenzie said.

Dan turned to Theresa. "You wouldn't " ——

She shook her head.

Dan looked at the two of them helplessly. "All right," he said. "I give up. I'm a pigeon and I'm going to stay a pigeon, no matter what Judith says, no matter what Dick or anyone else says. I've only been resigned from the human race a few hours and I'm miserable." He went to the door and opened it. The dog, a Dalmatian, bounded joyously into the room. "Feed him," Dan said.

"You bet," Mrs. McKenzie said, her eyes shining.

"The Turk and Silas still outside?"

"I imagine."

"Tell 'em to come in. And Mrs. McKenzie ——"

"Yes?"

"Might as well ask them to stay for dinner. Aren't there some steaks in the freezer?"

"No need for that," she said. "I got a seven-pound roast in the oven." She looked at Theresa. "You staying?"

"I am now," she said.

Mrs. McKenzie went to the door and waved at Alex and Silas. Presently they came in.

"I'm sorry about the phone call," Dan said. "I must have been out of my head. Can you stay for dinner—and how much do you need?"

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"Speaking. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We don't need anything, Dan," Alex said.

"You aren't kidding?"

"We've been figuring a little," Silas said. "You know that new aluminum plant that's going up?"

"Sure."

"Well, I've been paying taxes on twenty acres just half a mile from the site of that place. No good for anything except growing vine maple until Alex started nosing around."

"That twenty acres is all gravel, Dan," Alex said. "A day's work with a bulldozer and all you need is cement and water. You can underbid anyone for the concrete."

"There's a little more to it than that," Dan said, "but if the stuff's as good as you say, I could move my outfit in, wash and screen it right there, blend it and cut the cost from here to Peoria. I might have a chance."

"You'll have better than that," Theresa said. "My dad is Tom Calouri. He's building the plant."

Dan whirled on her and stared. "I thought you were the Turk's cousin!"

"Where in the world did you get that idea?"

Dan turned and stared at Alex, who stared at the ceiling, his expression that of a man caught without a driver's license. Then he grinned sheepishly. "I'm sorry, Dan. I knew Theresa at the University of California. She was looking for a place to stay when she got here, and I ——" He shrugged. "I was afraid you were going to marry that frozen-faced ——"

"How about breaking out that Napoleon brandy you've been hoarding for the last five years?" Mrs. McKenzie said.

"Oh, no you don't!" Dan screamed. "I may be a pigeon, but I'll be damned if I'll ——"

The phone rang and Dan picked it up. "O.K.," he said. . . . "Thanks. . . . Of course I expected to get it back. . . . Don't give it a thought. . . . Good-by." He hung up. "The two brothers down the street. They're mailing me a check." He grinned sheepishly at Mrs. McKenzie. "About the Napoleon brandy," he said. "Break it open."

Then he raised his voice. "But this does not mean that in the future every free-loader in the country can ——"

"We know," Mrs. McKenzie said. "I'll get the brandy." She turned and went into the kitchen.

Dan watched her go and then snapped his fingers. "I don't know what I was thinking of. We can't eat a seven-pound roast. I should have asked the brothers to have dinner with us." He went to the phone and started dialing, and he never felt better in his life. THE END

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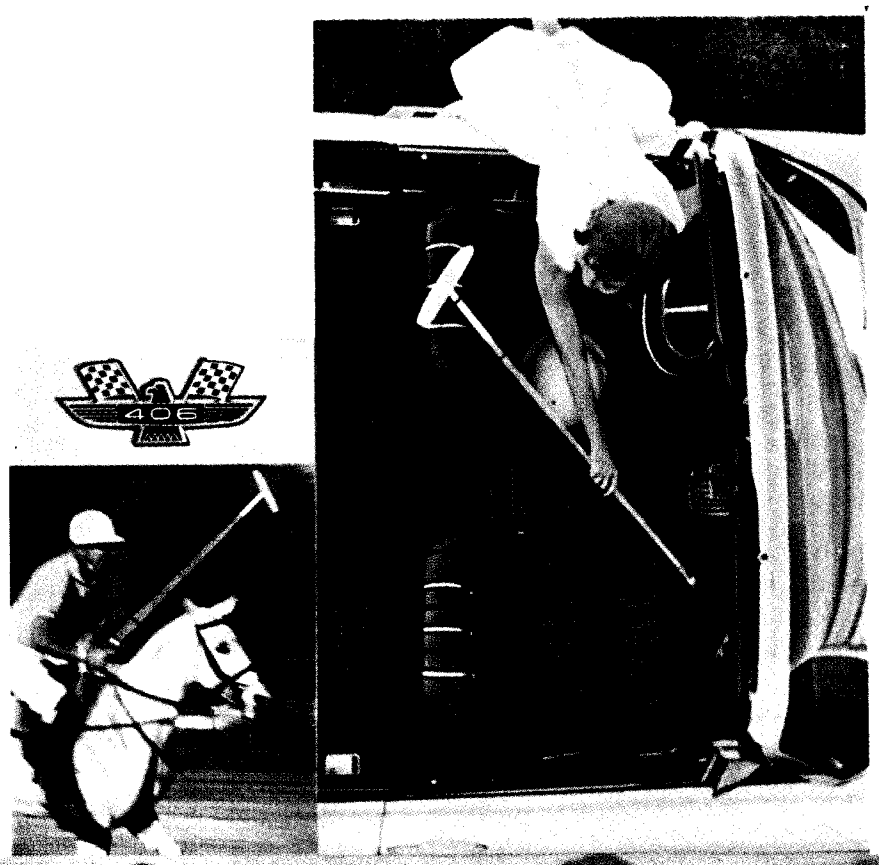

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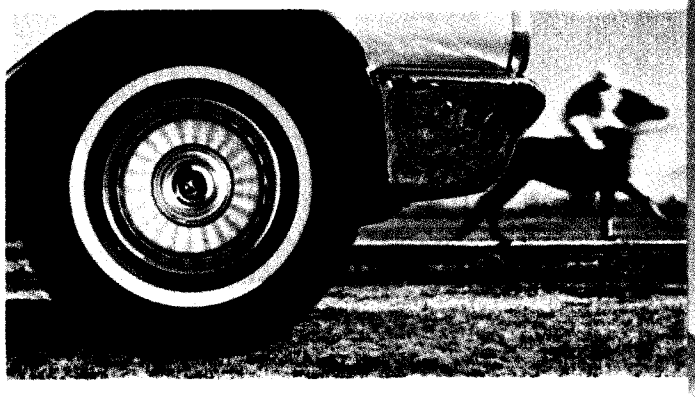

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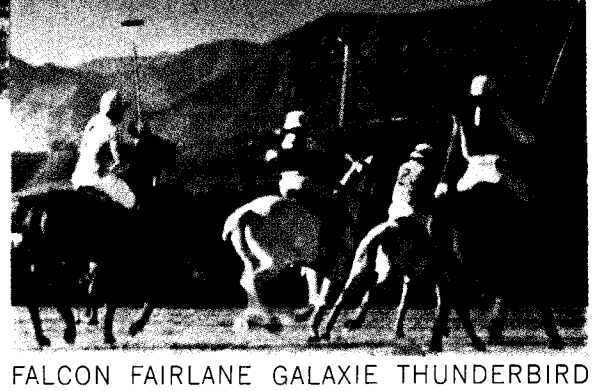

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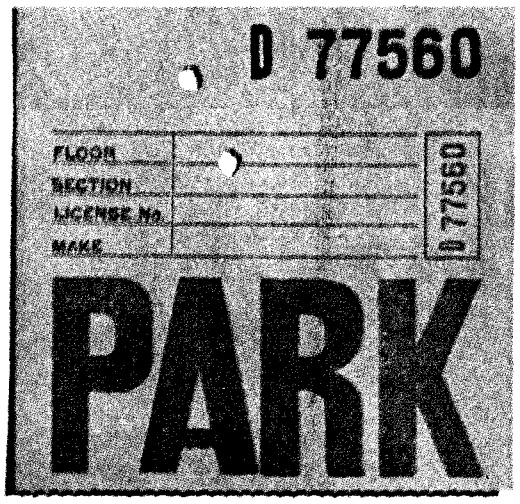

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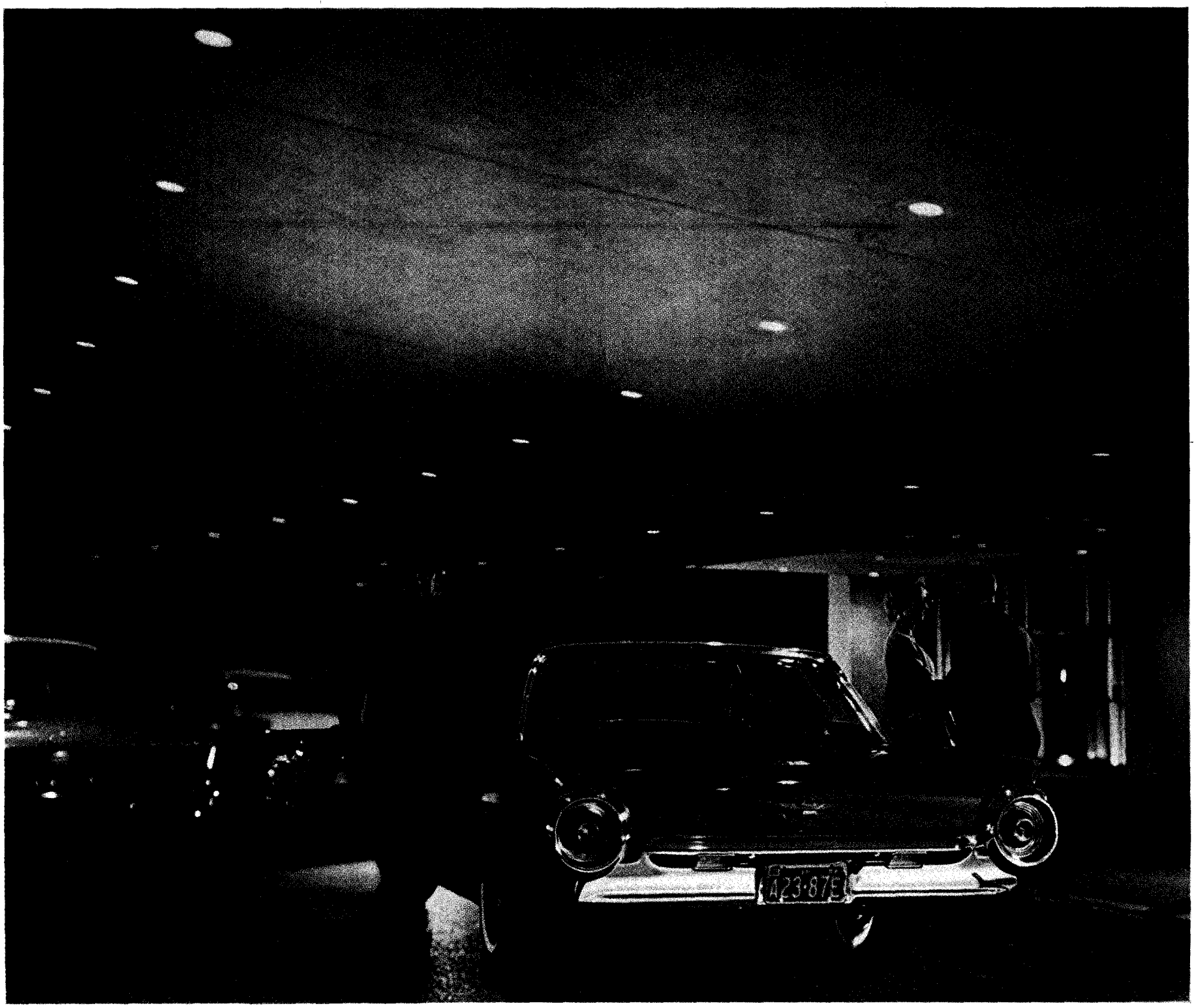

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An Exclusive Chat With JACKIE KENNEDY

She tells a close friend about her life as America's First Lady and reveals behind-the-scenes details of her recent good-will tour.

By JOAN BRADEN

"Jack was so nice to let me come. He says I'm young and ought to do things like this that I want to. I'm tired of course—almost as tired as at the end of the campaign—but I wouldn't have missed a minute of it."

Jacqueline Kennedy was on her way back to the United States after two fabulous weeks in India and Pakistan, and I was sitting next to her on Pan-American Flight 1 from London. The nearer we got to New York, the more her thoughts turned toward her husband.

"I just pray I was all right," Jackie told me, "and that the trip did some good. I'm glad I went, but I'd never take a trip like this again without Jack. There were moments like that time in Lahore at the governor's house, when I sat at the window and looked at the fantastic lighted trees reflected in moonlight pools, and wondered what I was doing so far away alone, without Jack or the children to see them.

"Jack's always so proud of me when I do something like this," she went on, "but I can't stand being out in front. I know it sounds trite, but what I really want is to be behind him and to be a good wife and mother."

During the 1960 campaign I worked for Bob Kennedy in Washington. Jackie and I talked a lot then about what it would be like to live in the White House if her husband won, and how hard it would be to see that Caroline lived a normal life and didn't get spoiled. I felt that if any woman in the world could do all the things that a First Lady has to do, and still be a good wife and mother, Jackie Kennedy could. But I knew that even for her the role would be demanding.

Now she told me: "Being in the White House does make friendships difficult. Nobody feels the same. Jack's even more isolated than I, so I do try to have a few friends for dinner as often as possible. Mostly it turns out to be the Charlie Bartletts or Bill Walton or someone we know really well, because I hate to call and have people feel they have to come.

"When we first moved into the White House," she continued, "I was too exhausted at the end of the day to do anything but the state dinners and things we just had to do. Now I'm better organized. I work from eight o'clock in the morning until noon at my desk and try to save lunch and as much of the afternoon as I can for the children."

I asked Jackie if she consulted the President about the running of the household and family.

"Even though Jack's so busy," she replied, "he's a great help to me. When I start to ask him silly little insignificant questions, though, about whether Caroline should appear at some reception, or whether I should wear a short or long dress, he just snaps his fingers and says, 'That's your province.' And I say, 'Yes, but you're the great decision maker. Why should everyone but me get the benefit of your decisions?' "

I went along on Jackie's two-week trip abroad. Part of the time she had seemed to me very much like a queen. As she walked through the Vatican for her audience with the Pope, or listened to *The Star Spangled Banner* in India or Pakistan, her shoulders were back, her eyes were straight forward and her face was composed with only a slight smile; her dignity and reserve were indeed queenly. Reporters who had always called her "Jackie" suddenly found themselves calling her "Mrs. Kennedy."

And sometimes she seemed to be Alice in Wonderland. When she saw the Taj Mahal for the first time, or when she watched 2000 men march with flaming torches at the Horse Show in Pakistan, her eyes were bright with excitement.

Jackie in Wonderland

By the end of that wonderful trip my image of Jackie was all mixed up. There was the queenly Jackie, and the Jackie in Wonderland, but seldom had I recognized the Jackie I'd known. Now, on the plane back, as we talked about her husband and her children, I saw that she was still Jackie and I was still a friend—albeit a friend turned reporter.

After the 1960 campaign and my stint in Washington, I returned to being just a wife—the wife of Tom Braden, publisher of the Oceanside *Blade-Tribune* in California—and the mother of seven children. Then one morning I read in Tom's paper that Jacqueline Kennedy was going to India. I told Tom I had to go to India. If I didn't, I said, obviously nothing was ever going to happen to me again. Tom was appalled, but I wrote Jackie and asked if there was any more room on the plane. She wrote back, "Great. Come along."

One person who wasn't appalled was Anita Mansfield, who somehow manages to take care of Tom and myself and our kids. She was as excited about the trip as I was. And when I queried *The Saturday Evening Post*, offering to give them a full

Pakistan's President Ayub Khan, a recent White House guest, greeted Mrs. Kennedy at the Lahore airport. "Ayub is like Jack—tough and brave and wants things done in a hurry."

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The First Lady to J.F.K.: "Why should everyone but me get the benefit of your decisions?"

Jackie sports the Astrakhan hat which President Ayub presented to her. "I asked to try his, and it was just right, so he gave it to me."

At the New Delhi embassy Mrs. Kennedy entertained Indian officials, including Prime Minister Nehru (right background) and Vice President Radhakrishnan (left). Ambassador Galbraith is at right.

report if they'd make my trip a paid assignment, the editors weren't appalled either. They took me up on it. I really began to feel wanted when the President, at a White House dinner a couple of weeks before the trip, said to me, "I hear you're going to India with Jackie. It'll be nice for her to have someone she knows along."

I did worry, though, how the professional reporters on the trip would treat an amateur horning in on their beat. As it turned out, they were all very nice and often did their best to help me.

Glorified Fashion Show

Most of the time they themselves had problems. Foreign correspondents like Phil Potter of the Baltimore *Sun* and Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News* found themselves covering what they dolefully called a "glorified fashion show." They would frantically ask me whether Jackie's dress was shocking pink or Schiaparelli pink, apricot or coral, whether her hat was a beret or tam and whether it was right to call her hairdo "bouffant."

Even Ken Galbraith, our ambassador to India, was enlisted as a fashion expert. Reporters asked, "What did she wear when she went riding?"

"What do you mean, what did she wear?"

"Did she wear boots?"

"I don't know. Sure, I guess she wore boots."

"Did she wear a hat?"

"Yes, I think it was a sort of hunting cap."

"How does she like India?"

"Why, I don't know. She seems to love it."

Everyone was guessing, and not only about fashions. Nobody really knew what Jackie Kennedy was thinking or feeling. She was always smiling, always beautiful, always loved, but she seldom said anything. Correspondents had little more to scribble down than her "How sweet" when she saw the camels dance or her "Oh, how magnificent!" when she first saw the Taj Mahal.

Because they knew I was a friend of hers, they kept asking me questions. Why had she come on the trip anyway? Were there really twenty-six trunks of clothing? Did she bring a hairdresser? Or was it a wig she was wearing? What did she talk about with the Pope? How did she get along with Nehru? With Ayub? What is she really thinking, what's she really feeling?

I didn't know the answers to these questions myself. The times I did see her, she just kept teasing me about my amateur standing as a reporter, so by the time our return journey brought us to London, I was as desperate as the rest of the reporters. Finally I got up all my courage and wrote Jackie Kennedy a note:

Dear Jackie:

Since I spent months in the campaign, keeping reporters from taking all your time, you can imagine how much I hate asking to see you now. But I'm writing a piece for *The Post*, and I've *got* to see you. To save my reputation, do you suppose I could see you for a little while on the plane going home?

Love,
JOANIE

The next day there I was on the plane sitting next to her. And there she was, telling me how Ken Galbraith first had the idea of her going to India.

"Ken first talked to Jack about it," she said, "and when we talked about it at the Cape, Jack said I could bring Lee [her sister, Princess Stanislas Radziwill] along, and it all sounded informal and fun. We'd always wanted to go to India and Pakistan; then it all seemed such a long way off. But by the time the trip had been postponed a couple of times, and so many things added to the schedule, I was almost sick before we left, thinking I just couldn't do it. Jack spent the whole last day of his vacation screaming over the telephone on a poor connection with Ken Galbraith, telling him he had to shorten the schedule. He was so busy, and yet he spent his whole last precious day of rest helping me."

Without her sister Lee, I really don't think Jackie could have made the trip. The week before we left, my husband Tom and I had had lunch with Lee and her husband, Prince Stanislas Radziwill. Lee and I felt scared to death, while Tom and Stas rather thought we should stay home and take care of our children. As Jackie said, "Stas was so good to let Lee come. You know he really believes all women ought to be in purdah."

Lee did her job well. "She was marvelous," Jackie told me. "It must have been trying sometimes. Though we'd often ride together, sometimes I'd go ahead with the most interesting person, and Lee would follow along five cars behind and, by the time I got there, I couldn't even find her. I was so proud of her—and we would always have such fun laughing about little things when the day was over. Nothing could ever come between us."

The other person Jackie admits she couldn't have made the trip without was Tish Baldrige, her secretary and longtime friend. "Do you know Tish went ahead and checked every detail in every place we went? When we got there everything was always perfect—the right presents for everyone and nothing mixed up. If she ever leaves the White House, I'm going too!"

Before we even started to talk about India or Pakistan, Jackie told me how especially honored she felt to have seen the Pope. "He's such a good man—so of the earth and centuries of kindness in his eyes. I was determined to curtsy three times on the way in, as you're supposed to do. I did once, and then he rushed for-

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ward so I barely got in one more curtsy. I read in the papers I had an unusually long audience, but it didn't seem long. It was all so simple and natural. We didn't talk of anything serious."

The other person at the Vatican who impressed Jackie as much as anyone she met on her trip was Cardinal Cicognani, the Vatican's Secretary of State.

"I had met him when he came to see Jack last winter and had such a wonderful talk with him in the White House, so it was a joy to see him again. When I think of the years I wasted when he was Apostolic Delegate in Washington and I didn't know him—though Jack and Bobby and Ethel did—I could weep. He is so wise and understands both worlds—the world of men and the world of God. A person like that could affect your life and thoughts so much by telling you what to read and talking to you. Well, at least the hour and a half of my life that I've spent with him is better than nothing at all."

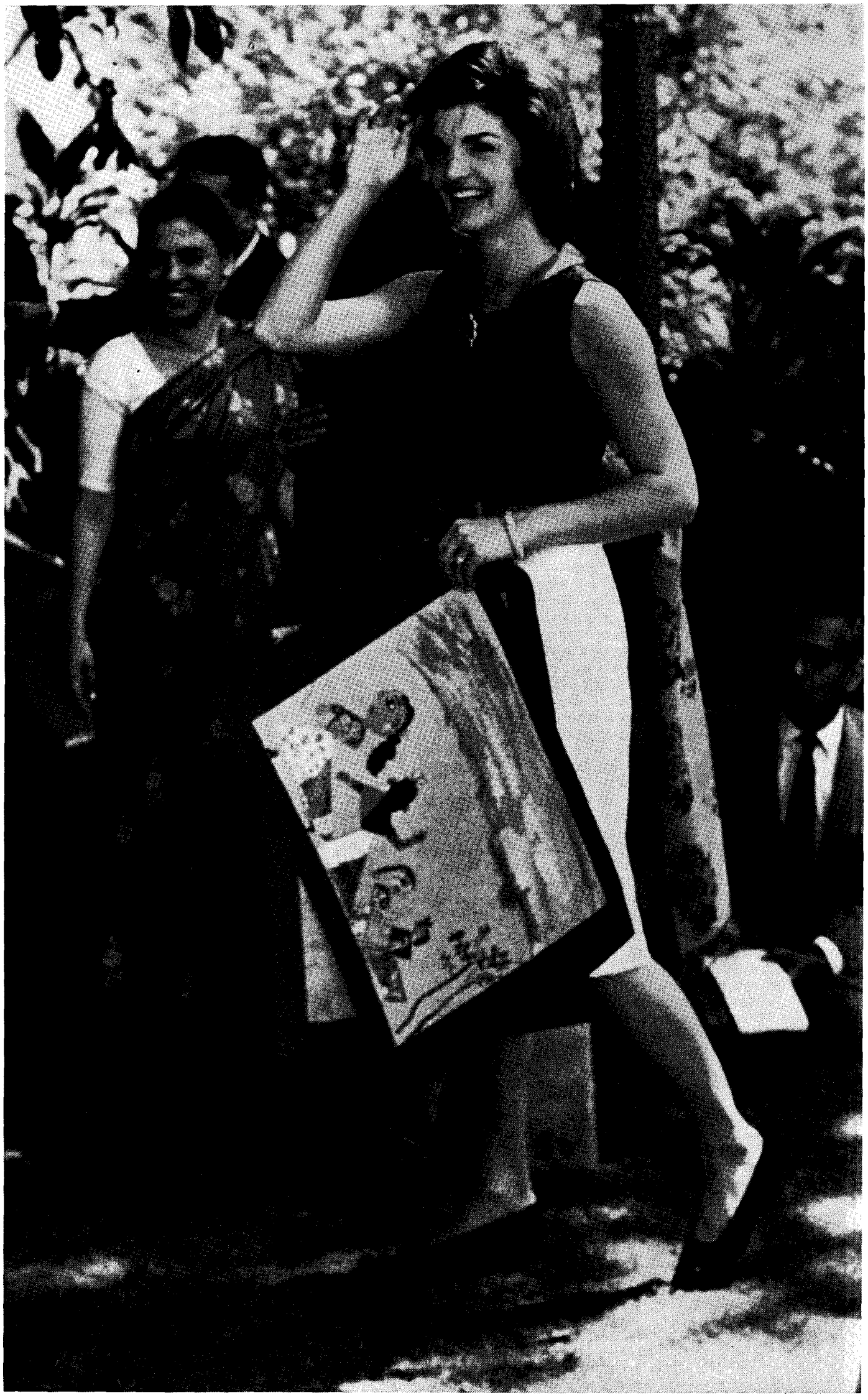
Galbraith Drops a Brick

When we did get to talking about India and all that we'd done there, Jackie first told me about Prime Minister Nehru and what a deep impression he'd made on her. "He was terribly good to us. He spent an hour or so each day walking in the gardens with Lee and me." And when I asked what they'd talked about, she said, "We never talked of serious things, I guess because Jack has always told me the one thing a busy man doesn't want to talk about at the end of the day is whether the Geneva Conference will be successful or what settlement could be made in Kashmir or anything like that. Only once did Goa come up. And that was one evening before dinner when we were all sitting around eating nuts that were in the middle of the table. Ken Galbraith asked where they came from. There was dead silence, and finally Ambassador B. K. Nehru said, 'From Goa.' Then Galbraith said, 'Oops, I didn't realize I'd dropped such a brick,' and everyone laughed."

One gift she particularly appreciated were the books the Prime Minister gave her as she was leaving. "I had wanted some books on Mogul art and had sent for some from the bookstore. They'd sent about a hundred, and I had just set aside those I wanted when the Prime Minister came by and looked at them with me. Remember the books he gave me as I was leaving? Well, those were the ones. Wasn't that thoughtful of him?"

When I told Jackie about my trips to the Indian villages and bazaars, I learned that she had wanted to visit both. "I don't know what happened," she said. "Before we left Washington I said I wanted to spend one night in a village. The date and the village had been decided upon, but somehow it got cut out of the schedule. You know," said Jackie, "the Indians decided our trip, and I don't blame them. When people come

Photographs by Marilyn Silverstone



In New Delhi, the First Lady announced the donation of a mobile workshop for the Children's Museum. She accepted in return a collection of children's paintings (see sample above) as India's gift to the children of America.

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"I was so proud of my sister—we would always have such fun. . . . Nothing could ever come between us."

to Washington, we show them Mount Vernon. When you go to France, they show you Versailles, not the poor sections of Marseilles. It's a courtesy to the visitor—all the more courtesy in the case of India and Pakistan. They could have shown me their deepest poverty, hoping I'd go home and say they needed more aid, but they were too thoughtful for that. They just wanted us to have magical memories of an enchanted visit."

Jackie's Shopping Spree

And some of the sight-seeing Jackie wanted to add to the schedule herself, once over there, the Secret Service forbade. She told me, for instance, that every time she suggested going to a bazaar "the Secret Service would look aghast and say 'No! No!' and before I knew it a bazaar was set up outside my front door. Once I spent almost $600 when I thought I was only spending fifty dollars. Ken Galbraith kept saying, 'Oh, I'm sure that sari is only about five dollars,' or an evening bag 'only ten dollars,' or a piece of raw silk for Jack 'only fifteen dollars'—and when I found out that night what I'd really spent, I nearly died. Only an economist could make such a mistake. Ken really was a saint on the whole trip. Do you know what Pamela Mountbatten said about him? 'I've read the ambassador's books and, if you skip the part about economics, they really are terribly witty.' So is he. Whenever we were tired and thought we couldn't take another step, he always made us laugh and gave us courage to go on."

By the time we'd finished talking about India; we'd eaten a five-course meal and were two or three hours out of London with Pakistan still to talk about. Jackie loved Pakistan, and she greatly admired Pakistan's President Ayub.

"Ayub is like Jack—tough and brave and wants things done in a hurry," she said. "Wasn't he magnificent in his uniform? I asked him why he hadn't worn it to meet me. He said it wasn't a military occasion, but he promised to wear it on Pakistan's Independence Day (March twenty-third). I told him he ought to wear it all the time. On the way to the airport we talked about his Astrakhan hat, and he promised to send me one. Then I asked to try his, and it was just right so he gave it to me. Lee and I bought gray and brown ones too."

At this point she turned to the Secret Service man behind us on the plane and asked where the hats were. "Maybe I can talk Jack into wearing one off the plane when he meets me! He always carries such a pathetic gray one in his hand."

The Khyber Pass she'd especially looked forward to, because the President had always wanted to go there. She admitted being just a little disappointed because "Adlai Stevenson had told me there would be men with swords and flying horses and, when I asked, I was told there never had been any horses. I adored the bagpipes and the officers' mess, though, and it was exciting when all the reporters were behind us and I walked alone up to the border and thought of Alexander of Macedon and all the people after him who had fought through the pass to reach the subcontinent, and how all we'd seen was because of him."

Whenever I talk to Jackie Kennedy, I'm always impressed with how much she knows about history. Before this trip, for instance, she had read all sorts of books on India and Pakistan. Not only did she know about Alexander of Macedon but she knew all about Emperor Akbar and what a great ruler he'd been.

"Just think," she said, "he was a contemporary of Elizabeth I, as enlightened a ruler as any I've ever heard of except Ikhnaton in Egypt—much better for his people than Louis XIV or Napoleon, and yet I'd never heard of him until I started reading for the trip. That's why I think travel is so important and I'll always care so much about student exchanges. Not only does it teach you about the past but, once you've been among the people and gotten to know some of them, their problems are so much more real to you than they are from home, and you become more sympathetic."

When we were at Fatehpur Sikri, Jackie already knew that Akbar had built this magnificent city to honor Saint Salim Chishti, who foretold the birth of his son. She knew he had ruled from the fort in Agra, where we went next, and that the Taj Mahal had been built by his grandson to pay tribute to his wife who died in childbirth. "By the time I left," she said, "I had begun to sort out who built what and who was a descendant of whom—it was a little like sorting out the Louises of France."

Among the books she'd read before the trip were several volumes by Radhakrishnan, the Vice President of India and author of many books on the philosophy of the east and west. Jackie told me, "Radhakrishnan is one man I'd really wanted to talk to, and then one day I sat next to him at lunch and didn't even know it. You know, I just saw VICE PRESIDENT on the place card, and I didn't realize he was the famous philosopher. Then I asked Madame Gandhi (Prime Minister Nehru's daughter) if there was a chance of meeting him, and she laughed and said I'd just sat next to him. I did see him again the night before I left, when I sat next to him at the American Embassy, and had a chance to ask him all the things I'd wanted."

As we talked and laughed I kept thinking of my friends the reporters and all their questions. Had she really brought twenty-six trunks and two maids? No, she hadn't. She took three half-filled trunks and one suitcase.

"The only reason I took that much was because Lorraine Cooper [wife of Senator Cooper, who used to be our ambassador to India] had lived there and said it might be so hot I'd have to change often. Lorraine had told me so many helpful things, such as to take along parasols, which saved our lives on really hot, sunny days."

And there was only one maid, a little woman named Provy, from the Dominican Republic. "She came to us when we were first married and living in Georgetown," Jackie said. "She used to pinch-hit whenever we needed her for cook or nurse or whatever."

On this trip Provy did all the packing and unpacking. And it was Provy who helped keep Jackie's hair looking so perfect that reporters suspected a wig.

Jackie told me, "For months before we left, Provy learned from Jean Louis every Friday how to set hair, and she used to practice on Anne Lincoln and Tish Baldrige at his shop. That's the greatest demonstration of loyalty of all because sometimes they really cared how they looked! Lots of times on the trip, instead of taking a nap, I washed my hair and Provy put in the rollers. I can't do that at all, but I'm pretty good at combing it."

Then she admitted, "I did think of taking a wig, but I couldn't find one that looked natural. The one night I did try one, when I walked in the room, Jack said, 'My God, what have you done to yourself?' "

Provy Sees the Pope

Jackie told me that toward the end Provy got so tired she had nosebleeds. But the trip was worth it for Provy all the same, because Tish Baldrige arranged a semiprivate audience for her with the Pope. The day Jackie and Lee left New York a surprise box arrived from Oleg Cassini—it was the dress Provy had ordered for her audience. Jackie told me, "The Pope asked me about Provy and said he had a special rosary for her. When she came back from her audience, she was walking on air. 'He spoke to me first,' said Provy, 'then he went all around the room and asked where I was and came back and shook hands with me again. I'll never wash my hands again.' And Lee and I said, 'That's just great, Provy.' "

Even if Jackie couldn't wrap the Secret Service around her little finger, Provy did. "While she ironed," Jackie said, "she dictated postcards to all her friends—including those at the White House—to one of the Secret Service men. When it came to the President, the Secret Service man said, 'I just can't do it, Provy.' And Provy herself wrote, 'Dear Mr. President: Having a wonderful time. That's me on the back of the camel in the picture. Love, Provy.' "

Another question my reporter friends had asked was: "Did Mrs. Kennedy herself change the schedule on the trip?"

Jackie told me, "I changed it only once, in Rawalpindi. Remember, that was my only day of rest when there wasn't anything until President Ayub's reception at five-thirty? Well, we were supposed to leave Lahore at daybreak, just to sit all day once we got there, so I suggested we postpone departure until noon. I don't think that was bad, do you?"

We talked for a few minutes about how she'd so often seemed like a queen, or Alice in Wonderland. She said, "Isn't it funny! I always felt myself. But how can anyone look at the Taj Mahal or Gandhi's tomb, with forty-five reporters hanging on your every word, and not seem like someone you're not?"

Jackie Verging on Tears

She went on to say that perhaps she seemed different because the Secret Service kept her from doing things she wanted to do. For instance, she said that when we were riding around the lake in Udaipur, she had wanted to stop at the ghats and get out and say hello to the people who were waiting to see her. But by the time the boat stopped, hundreds of people were there, and the Secret Service wouldn't let her get out.

"They almost kept me from shaking hands with those wonderful divers at Fatehpur Sikri who dived into the fifty-foot pool. And they did keep me from going with Ambassador Nehru to see the Prime Minister's favorite tomb in Agra that he had told me to try and see—just because there were bullock carts on the bridge going over to it. I was practically in tears and about to go anyway, but by then it was too late and too dark. They didn't even want me to play Holi (the day all Indians throw colored chalk powder at one another, regardless of caste, to signify the triumph of good over evil), because they said the powder was made from manure. That time I said I didn't care, and I did it anyway!

"Although I sometimes fret at the Secret Service restrictions," she added, "I don't know what we'd do without them. They are usually right, and every single one of them is so kind and dedicated and bright. Every President and his family must drive them mad, as it's such an adjustment to go from private life to constant surveillance. When the Secret Service tries to stop Jack from doing things, he just says 'no' and shakes hands with whomever he wants and does what he wants, but usually I can't get away with it."

Now the FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELT, NO SMOKING signs were on, and it was time to land in New York. For Jacqueline Kennedy it was the last time she would have to straighten her shoulders and walk alone down the ramp into a herd of reporters and photographers. The next time she landed she would be in Washington and her husband would be with her and her children would be waiting. THE END

In Karachi, Jackie and her sister Princess Lee Radziwill climbed aboard a rug-bedecked camel. Bashir Ahmed (left), the Pakistani camel driver who visited America last year as Vice President Johnson's guest, led the animal.

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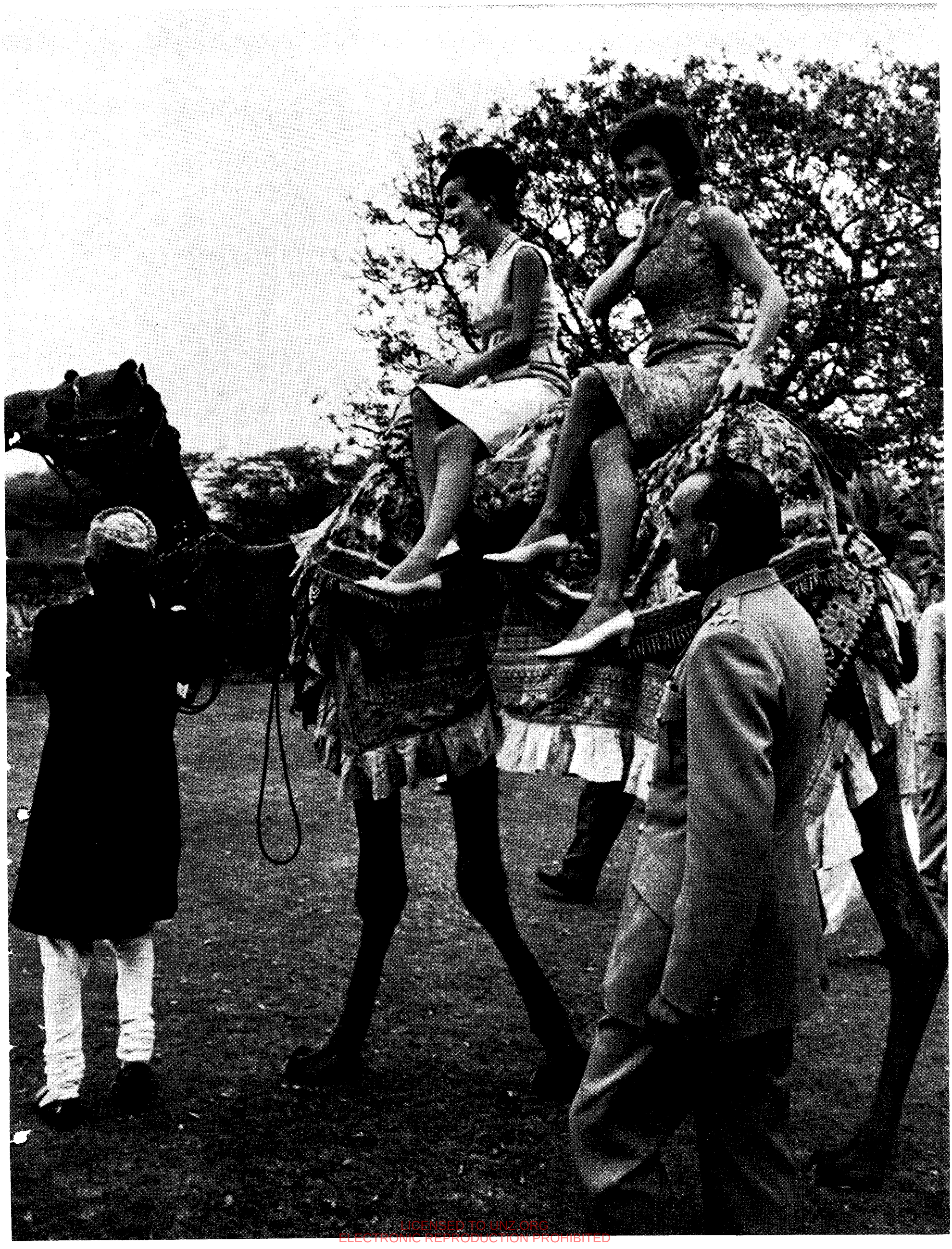

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EDITORIALS

The Coming Boom in Ignorance

The most fearful sound of our continuing population explosion could, within the decade, be a big boom in ignorance. American education, once a legitimate source of national pride because it provided a chance at learning for almost everybody, may wind up offering less and less for anybody. Right now, alongside the old three R's, almost every school system in the United States would have to chalk the four U's: Understaffed, Underequipped, Underfinanced and Under par. With each passing semester the situation gets worse.

Almost one and a half years ago, in a special message to Congress, President Kennedy asked Congress for a $5,600,000,000 aid-to-education bill. Impaled on a side issue concerning whether additional Federal assistance would be extended to parochial and private schools, the legislation died ingloriously in the House of Representatives. This year Mr. Kennedy, a Roman Catholic, repeated his plea for school legislation and once again omitted government aid to parochial schools on Constitutional grounds. Realizing that he may have to settle for half a loaf, the President has sliced his program into separate sections and has assigned highest priority to the less controversial features: funds for college construction; expanded training and more scholarships for teachers; adult education to eradicate the nearly 8,000,000 "functional illiterates" in the United States. Already this year the House and Senate committees have spent more than three months tinkering with the machinery of the college-aid bill alone.

Behind the heated congressional conferences on aid to education lie these cold statistics:

This year about 4,000,000 Americans are attending college; by 1970, 6,000,000 will be qualified to attend if funds and facilities are available.

To accommodate those 6,000,000 will require almost $15,000,000,000 worth of new facilities and repairs to existing facilities. (Kennedy has asked that the Government make available $1,500,000,000 of those construction funds.)

Nearly 100,000 of the country's public-school teachers either have not been certified to teach or have not graduated from college. (We have no minimum national standard for education, let alone for teachers' credentials.)

Today American public schools are awesomely crowded because we have a shortage of 127,000 classrooms; to meet the population demands of 1970, we require 600,000 new rooms.

Every day that legislators continue their debates, 11,000 Americans are born to be fed into the school system.

The argument that Federal aid to education is reprehensible is not impressive. School systems have been—and will continue to be—supported primarily by local community property taxes and controlled by states and communities. These taxes have already ballooned more than 200 percent across the country since the end of World War II. It is cruel truth that many American communities simply cannot afford anything approaching an adequate school system given today's costs and tomorrow's population.

Federal aid in some form is an old fact of American education life. In 1785 parcels of Federal land were set aside in every township for public-school use. In the middle of the nineteenth century Government land grants began for agricultural schools; today there are sixty-eight land-grant colleges. World War I prompted the Government to finance vocational training. World War II produced the famous GI Bill of Rights. After Sputnik, we enacted the National Defense Education Act which, this year alone, provides about $200,000,000 for training engineers and scientists. In short, we have always extended some Federal aid to education. But never has education required aid the way it does right now.

Those who would still argue that any Government assistance must at the same time include aid to parochial and private schools should immediately consider some basic arithmetic. Today there are 43,000,000 Americans in elementary and high schools. About one in seven of those students attends a private or church institution. Without prejudice as to how the debate will finally be resolved, it seems not only unfair but unconscionable to keep an entire nation wanting for education while the church-state arguments continue interminably. Eventually the issue appears certain to wind up in the Supreme Court anyway.

Several portions of President Kennedy's educational program now stand a chance of passage during the present Congress: loans for college construction; competitive Federal college scholarships for deserving students, aid to medical and dental schools, expansion of the Defense Education Act. His program for expanded teacher training might pass. But aid to public schools, surely the primary problem of them all, remains ensnarled and entangled on the same old hook: the question of aid to parochial and private institutions. If we are not smart enough to solve that controversy—and soon—then we cannot expect our children to be smart enough to assert American leadership for the years to come.

A New Era: No Doubt About It

One day shortly after the end of World War II a handful of British troops landed near Saigon to accept the surrender of Japanese forces and await the arrival of the French to take over the administration of Indochina. The British immediately became the object of a wild attack by a Vietnamese mob which was determined to show that no more colonial rulers were wanted.

The command post of the British general fell under intense fire and, but for the extraordinary heroism of some Japanese soldiers, it would have been wiped out. The grateful general, in telling of the episode, mused, "Under different circumstances I would have recommended two of those enemy chaps for the Victoria Cross." At the time the whole idea was absurd on the face of it.

Well, the "different circumstances" are here, and it has happened not to the British but to the Americans. Last month a Japanese who helped plan the attack on Pearl Harbor received the highest award the United States bestows upon a foreigner, the Legion of Merit in the degree of commander. Accepting the award was Gen. Miroru Genda, recently retired chief of Japan's air force; doing the honor was no less a personage than the chairman of the U. S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer. Times change, as the Latin proverb says, and indeed we do change with them.

Members of Congress promptly asked what in hell was going on. How, demanded an angry public, could the United States commend a man who only last year said of that "day of infamy" at Pearl Harbor, "We should not have attacked just once. We should have attacked again and again."

President Kennedy had ready an answer when the matter came up at his press conference: "We are in a new era in our relation with Japan, fortunately." And the Defense Department explained that, in the years following the 1951 Peace Treaty with Japan, General Genda had proved to be America's friend. He had been instrumental in building up Japan's postwar air force and thus bolstering Free World strength in Asia. As for helping plan the Pearl Harbor attack, Genda was only obeying military orders. As for advocating repeated strikes against Pearl Harbor, Genda was Monday-morning quarterbacking his side's military tactics.

Between exclamation and explanation lies a moral to this medal. In the Western tradition, the United States has proved that it is easier to forgive a former enemy when you swallow some national pride. In the Oriental tradition, Japan has proved that it is easier to embrace a new friend when you can gain some national face. As a symbol of the operation of the two traditions, the award to General Genda seems both well deserved and appropriate.

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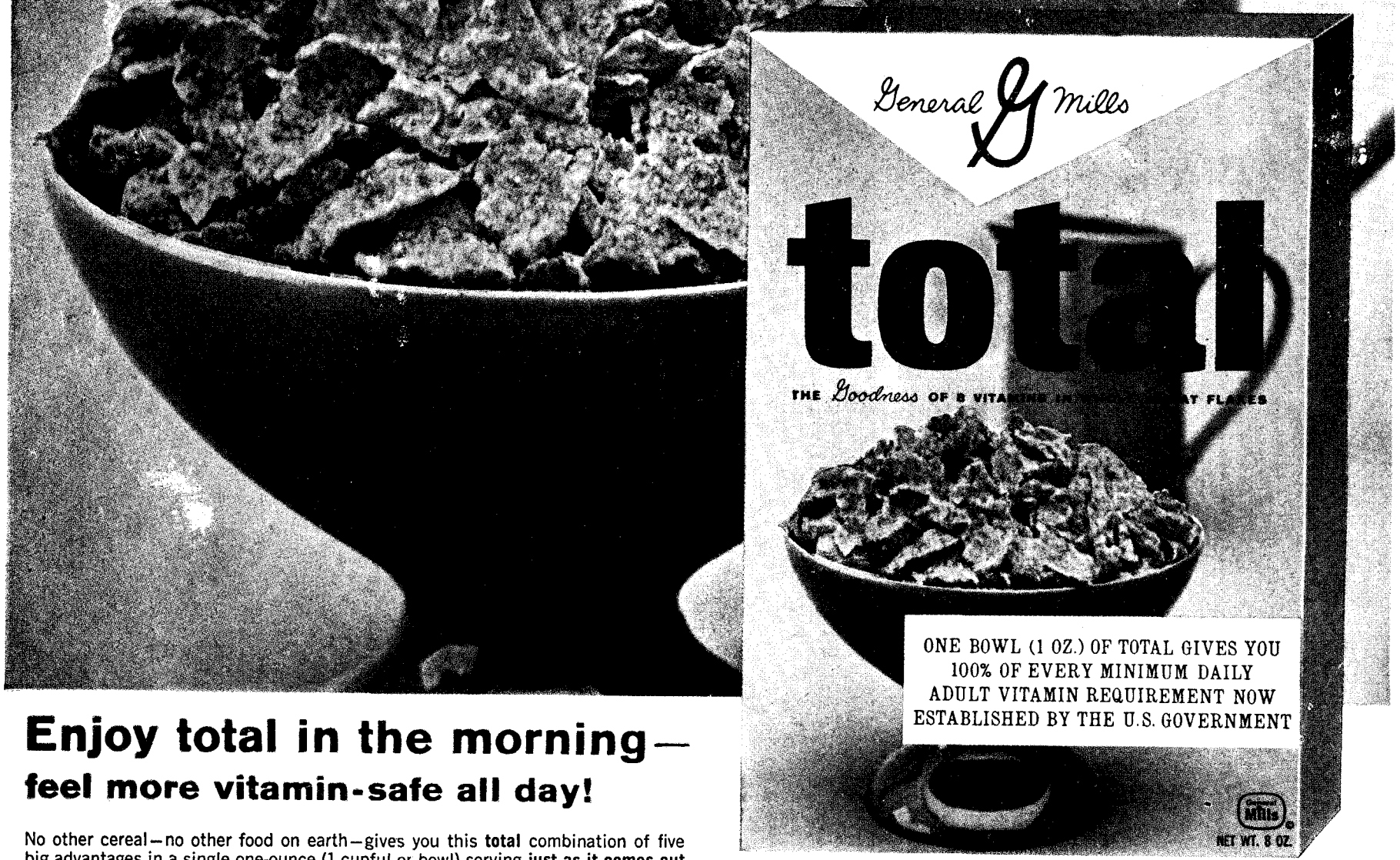
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